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ENGLISH IMPERIALISM.

I.

THE rise of imperialism has been the natural, the almost inevitable consequence of English experience during the century that is closing. The lessons were so obvious that they were easily learned. Our most important acquisitions are economic truths, in regard to which the people of the United States have been our principal teachers.

(1.) Just seventy years after the Declaration of Independence, the commercial and industrial policy which England had pursued for three centuries was not merely discarded, but totally reversed. We had been consciously endeavoring to build up the power of England as a maritime country by every expedient, — to subordinate all private interests at home and abroad to this end. Industry was guided into the directions that seemed most profitable for the nation; lines of commerce that proved desirable for the nation were fostered; colonial development was controlled in the national interest. Eventually, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, we began to feel that we had been acting rather foolishly; for it appeared as if all the legislation by which our naval power had been promoted was quite unnecessary. The effort to maintain the control of the crown in America had led us into a war of which we were heartily ashamed; attempts to retain exclusive commerce had drawn us into the quarrel of 1812, with all its disastrous results on our industry and trade.

Hence, under the influence of the classical economists, we definitely set aside the national economic policy we had pursued, and became consciously and frankly cosmopolitan. Academic writers had demonstrated truths which experience confirmed; and practical men were convinced that the best market for our goods, the best food supply for our people, and the largest field for the employment of our shipping were to be found by encouraging the freest communication with all the world. The leading Englishmen of that date were of opinion that political control was useless for commercial and industrial advance, while it was terribly costly. In 1846, the new movement had its most signal triumph by the repeal of the Corn Laws; national ambition was denounced as an evil, and political entanglements of every kind were dreaded as possible dangers. Cobden and Cobden's ideas became dominant, and the old exclusive policy of nationalism was abandoned, never to be revived subsequently by England. From that time forward, all our economic policy has been, not national, but cosmopolitan in character. And this result has been largely due to experience we acquired in our commercial relations with the United States. Doctrinaires might have written any number of disquisitions without producing much result; practical men are guided by concrete instances. The fact that there had been an expansion of trade between England and America, in the last decade of last century and the beginning of this

century, exhibited the futility of striving to retain political control as a basis of commercial intercourse.

(2.) Those statesmen who urged the adoption of this cosmopolitanism as the true economic policy for England were conscious that they were taking a course that entailed new and very serious national dangers; but they entered upon it boldly, and the men of later generations have constantly tried to guard against the imminent risk under which we in England habitually live. For our food supply we are dependent on commercial intercourse with other countries, and we must have a navy strong enough to guard our mercantile marine. Cobden, peace-at-any-price man as he appeared, saw this clearly. We are bound to keep up our navy. America can do as she likes in the matter, — for her it is a question of prestige; but for England it is an absolute necessity to maintain intercourse with distant lands at all hazards. The expense of the royal navy is heavy, but it is the premium England has to pay to insure her people against starvation.

II.

This was the standpoint from which Cobden looked hopefully forward, and his attitude was generally adopted in England during the fifties and sixties; but it was a position which could not be permanently maintained. The advocates of free trade believed that the advantages of cosmopolitan intercourse were so great that when the example had once been set, all other countries would soon follow it; they imagined that England, without political expenditure, would have easy access to all the markets of the world. In this they were grievously mistaken; they failed to see that commercial intercourse, which was essential for our very existence, was of far less importance to other nations, and that there might be more pressing interests for which they had to care. Friedrich List showed clearly that

though England found it worth while to take up a cosmopolitan policy, other nations were still at a stage of development where the national scheme of economic regulation, which she had pursued so long and then discarded, might be persistently followed with advantage. This has been the view of practical politicians in many countries. As a matter of fact, free trade has not been generally adopted; and England is being gradually excluded from the markets of foreign countries, and of the lands which come under the influence of foreign powers. The attempts of Russia, Germany, and France to acquire great tracts of territory in which our commerce shall be placed at a disadvantage, together with the high tariffs which are imposed in the United States, have wakened us out of our Cobdenite dream. If we are to hold our own and preserve that large trade upon which we depend, we cannot dispense with political influence in distant places. We must have political influence, not to pursue a nationalist policy of our own, but to keep neutral markets open to cosmopolitan trade, and to give our own industry a fair chance. We are driven back into seeking political influence in Asia and Africa by the economic conditions in which we live. We had given up our scheme of national advance, and had believed that we could pursue peaceful commerce and friendly intercourse without political entanglements. But the people of the United States have been among the instructors who have taught us our mistake; we have learned that we must expand the area of our political control, if we are to have fair play for our industry and commerce.

III.

The imperialist policy of England at the present day is easily confused with the nationalist policy which we have abandoned; but the two are absolutely and entirely different. Last century we sought to maintain political power in

America, so as to continue to control and direct and develop the resources of this territory in the interest of England ; we make no such attempt anywhere to-day. It is the constant complaint of our manufacturers that they have to contend with obstacles in our own dependencies ; that Lancashire mills are restricted in their operation by factory acts which do not apply in Bombay ; and that our own colonies set up hostile tariffs against us. According to the present economic policy of the English government, we never grasp at exclusive advantages for English producers or consumers, but simply insure fair play for all, English, American, French, and German alike. It is a cosmopolitan policy, — the policy that is necessary for ourselves, but a policy which leaves all others free to take full advantage of the markets and the industrial opportunities afforded by any territory under the government of our Parliament.

The difference between the old nationalism and the new cosmopolitanism comes out very clearly in the attitude we take, in our new possessions, toward the capital and industry of other civilized nations. We are exercising a control in Egypt with considerable difficulty and under great provocation ; but the French capitalist does not want to get rid of us. He is taking a large part in the industrial and trading development of the country. We have lately opened up the Nile Valley, at our own expense ; but we do not restrict the enjoyment of the industrial advantages of this area to Englishmen. Our government know that the American method of bridge-building is more rapid, and they adopt it ; and our own ironmasters get very little sympathy, either from the government or from the public, when they grumble. We think the English engineers had better learn by experience, and that it is good for them to be made to keep up with the times. The English subjugation of India by Clive was of no direct advantage to the colonies

in America, for at that time we were working on national lines ; but the policy of England in Egypt and on the Nile, at the present day, is just as beneficial to the American as to the English manufacturer. The United States are reaping advantage from our imperialism, and we do not grudge it to Americans.

There is an equal difference in our attitude toward subject races, under the old order of nationalism and the new methods of imperialism. Last century the government of India was conducted on a commercial basis ; the colonies were not depleted for the sake of the mother country, but their development was controlled, and to some extent hampered, so as to avoid any risk of impoverishing England. Of India it is true to say that it was partly exploited in the interest of certain Englishmen. The shareholders of the East India Company had a valuable franchise, and the officials of the company had great opportunities of adding to their private income. As the company was unwillingly forced to enlarge its political responsibilities, a greater and greater area of the country and a vast population came under the government of a joint stock company, which made no pretense of considering the good of the natives or any other object than the increasing of trade. There is an extraordinary difference in the attitude of the average Englishman toward India to-day : there never has been, in the history of the world, such a body of rulers as the Indian Civil Service, — so earnestly anxious as they are to study the people whom they govern, so free from corruption of any kind, so deeply conscious of their responsibilities, and so careful to make the very most not only of that marvelous country, but of all the various races of men who inhabit it. This service offers the finest career to which a British subject can aspire, and a desire to enter it rouses the laudable ambition of the best men in our universities.

The revolution in the character of the

English government in India — from the time when it was conducted in a huckstering spirit to the conditions which we find to-day — was not a sudden thing. The real change in that spirit of administration may perhaps be dated from the sentiment that was roused by the impeachment of Warren Hastings and the governorship of Lord Cornwallis. In the later days of the company, there were many individual officials who had a deep sympathy with native tradition, and attracted to themselves an enthusiastic personal devotion. But the recasting of the system as a system was forced upon us by the most terrible of all our experiences in this century. It was the Indian mutiny which compelled Parliament to take the matter in hand, and has brought the vast populations of India under the direct control of the English Empire; they are subjects of the crown, but they are not, as we see, fit for self-government. We have to keep the mountain tribes from pillaging the peaceful population of the plains; we have to keep the Hindus and the Mahomedans from flying at one another's throats. We give them opportunities for local self-government; we open to them appointments in the Indian Civil Service, and place on them all the responsibility they can bear. We do not expect to assimilate them or make them English; we offer them the opportunity for development in every way; we only deny them the power to oppress and misgovern one another. We furnish effective police control at the expense of the great dependency; we gain nothing for ourselves, but we insure such law and order as India has never known before.

IV.

The contrast between English imperialism and English nationalism may be most clearly seen in our Eastern empire. Neither India nor America gained much from the successes of the East India Company; both have reaped advantages from the expansion of the English Em-

pire. But this work of establishing an effective police control over diverse races and subject populations is not confined to India; it is coming to the front in every part of the globe. It is the modern problem *par excellence* to combine free self-government with effective police control over large areas which are inhabited by men of different races, who have different standards of duty and different capacity for self-government. In the ancient world, when citizenship meant membership of a city, the problem did not arise as it does with us. But as intercourse develops more and more between the highly civilized peoples and the less advanced races, the problem becomes more pressing. It was felt in India long ago, when we had mere commercial settlements, established for export trade. It was felt more decidedly when our merchants began to undertake internal trade; it became necessary that there should be some authority to which they could appeal in civil suits. Systematic commercial intercourse between the white man and the black involves common civil authority of some sort; and if white men are to be allowed to use their capital in developing industries, or in carrying on mining, or in opening up the country, they must have a recognized status. The traders and the capitalists of the West are not to be kept out of undeveloped regions; and wherever they go, they are apt to demand protection for themselves and their property. There is need of effective police control, too, not only to protect the white trader, but to protect the black man. It is not a satisfactory condition of things when the strong man armed takes the law into his own hands, and punishes offenses with indiscriminate ruthlessness. The problem of governing diverse races on the same soil is the political problem of the future; and it is one which England has dealt with in India, with terrible difficulties and many mistakes, but yet with such success that she does not shrink from trying to face

it in other parts of the globe. This is the meaning of English imperialism. We see that police control is necessary, if the contact of civilization and barbarism is not to be a continued curse to mankind; there must be strong civil authority established to keep the peace and punish the wrongdoer, whether black or white; and Englishmen are ready to undertake this police control wherever they are called on to exercise it.

We do not grasp at it; we know the strain it involves and the jealousy it breeds; but we will not shirk the responsibility when it comes to our hands. The thing must be done; there must be the maintenance of law and order somehow, and we are prepared to do our best. If others will join us in it, good and well. We invited France to share the work in Egypt, and she left us to do it alone; we have combined with Germany and America to attempt it in Samoa, and we wish we had left it to them, or they had left it to us. Conventions do not work quite easily; under the imperialist system there is far less danger that a squabble about the succession to a barbarian chieftainship should endanger the peace of two friendly European powers. The position of the English imperialists is this: it is necessary that some civilized power should exercise effective police control in every part of the globe: if other people like to do it, good and well; if they leave it to us, so much the better. It is preferable, from our point of view, on two grounds: first, because, with our experience of governing conflicting races, we are as likely to set about the task satisfactorily as anybody else; secondly, because any country that is under our political control, and that is not ripe for self-government as our colonies are, will pursue a cosmopolitan economic policy, and so give a fair chance — no preferential advantage, but only a fair chance — to our trade. The spread of English imperialism, with its free play for the commerce of all nations, is the chief factor

in diminishing the risks of commercial quarrels between civilized powers. It is the one practical step that is being taken at the present day to secure the peace of the world, and at the same time to afford the greatest possible scope for national self-development. The men of the eighteenth century could not have understood it; and those who are still standing on the eighteenth-century platform, so far as political experience goes, cannot recognize it. But that is what we English think about our empire, and that is why it rouses our enthusiasm.

v.

English imperialism is the outcome of our national experience, and it has a solid basis in our economic condition and requirements: but it is not merely a hand-to-mouth expedient; for it has been to a great extent an academic movement, thought out and advocated by the late Regius Professor of History in the University of Cambridge. Sir John Seeley was a writer whose work was admired on both sides of the Atlantic, but only those who knew him intimately or attended his conversation classes realize the personal influence he exercised. Lord Rosebery recognized the service he was doing to the country, and his writings awakened an eager response throughout the colonies. It is happy for any country when the best intelligence of the land and its ripest scholarship are brought to bear in shaping the political enthusiasms of the day; and that is the work which Seeley did in our English Cambridge. Nor is it only in beautiful and academic prose that these aspirations have found expression. He was a wise man who held that if he wrote the songs of the people, he did not care who made their laws. We English imperialists know that Rudyard Kipling writes our ballads, and we do not much care how the constitutions are devised.

Of course it is a decadent age. We have pessimists among us who warn us

that this new empire cannot hold together; that it is a great drain on our resources, and so forth; that the colonies gain nothing by their connection with the mother country, and that the whole magnificent polity must break up sooner or later; that as one set of colonies demanded their independence once, so will all other colonies and dependencies in the course of time. We do not much dread it if they do, but we do not think it very likely that they will. There are no bonds of interest, it is true, but there are ties of sentiment which are strengthening and growing; the loyalty to the crown in England has been intensifying very markedly during the last thirty years, but to Londoners it was a surprise to find how strong this feeling was in the colonies, as they saw it in the response that was elicited at the great jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. The royal and imperial crown gives a rallying point for English sentiment throughout the world; and our distant colonies value the symbols of authority that connect them still with the great traditions of the past of the Anglo-Saxon race.

On the other hand, the English sentiment of paternity is very deep. We are proud of the achievements of all our colonists, for we count them as indirectly our own; and in that feeling America and American achievements are included. Whatever readiness there is in England to appreciate the triumphs of the industrial development of the United States, and to rejoice in the success of their army and navy, rests, not on any calculation of English interests, but on the sense of kinship, since we feel that Americans come of the old stock. English pride has its advantageous side. There are serious, perhaps widening differences of opinion and interest between the Old England and the New; but the paternal pride we feel in all American successes is the true guarantee, so far as England is concerned, of continued peace and deepening friendship. We believe

that England had no small part in making America what she is. The first settlers had a heritage of training in self-government when they landed here, and it was under British leadership that the vital question between French and Anglo-Saxon ascendancy on this continent was decided. England may not have been a very wise or a very kindly parent, but after all she did her bare duty by her offspring. She gave her colonies a good education and a start in life; and Englishmen of this generation feel a genuine pride in the great things America has achieved in her independent career. The English parental pride in America is very strong, and it is assuredly no weaker sentiment that attaches us to the more dutiful children of the mother country. The bond of sentiment is increasingly powerful, and the occasions which gave rise to trouble in the past are not likely to recur.

There were two grounds of difference that no longer exist. Loyalty to their religious principles impelled the Pilgrims to cross the water and claim freedom from the Anglican Church. But the Anglican Church is not imposed on English colonists to-day; it has its hold upon some of them, because they find in its services the fullest witness to their Christian faith and the best expression of their religious devotion. Religion and religious association are no longer a badge of differences, but a stronger bond of union.

Then there was that other cause of difference, — the commercial disabilities which had been imposed on our colonies. That too is a thing of the past. Englishmen are not now trying to develop colonies in the interest of the mother country; in this respect we have learned the lesson America taught us.

It is thus that we Englishmen look out on the twentieth century: in no decadent humor; with much anxiety, indeed, but with no misgivings as to the result. We know that our national debt

is large, and that our coal is being exhausted; our material advantages are not so great as they once were; but for all that we seem to have the men who

are fitted to do the very thing the world needs most, and we hope to rise to any new responsibilities that the future may have in store.

William Cunningham.

THE PLOT OF MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.¹

THE text of *Much Ado about Nothing* in the First Folio is not the earliest. It had already appeared in a Quarto form twenty-three years before it was there printed. Nevertheless, there is in reality but one text, inasmuch as it is from this Quarto that the Folio itself was printed. If this printed text of the Folio, over which we pore so earnestly, had been ever scanned by Shakespeare's eyes, then we might accept it as a legacy where every comma becomes respectable; but since we know that when the Folio was printed Shakespeare had been in his grave seven years, we discover, of a surety, that we are dealing with the skill, intelligent or otherwise, of an ordinary compositor, and that in our minute collation we are devoting our closest scrutiny to the vagaries of a printer.

When we seek to discover the source of the text of the Quarto, we are met by the mystery which seems inseparable from all things connected with Shakespeare's outward life (I marvel that in the four thousand ways, devised by Mr. Wise, of spelling Shakespeare's name no place is found for spelling it "*m-y-s-t-e-r-y*"), and yet, in the present instance, I doubt that "mystery" is the appropriate term. It is merely our ignorance which creates the mystery. To Shakespeare's friends and daily companions there was nothing mysterious in his life; on the contrary, it possibly appeared to them as unusually dull and commonplace. It certainly had no incidents so far out of

the common that they thought it worth while to record them. Shakespeare never killed a man, as Jonson did; his voice was never heard, like Marlow's, in tavern brawls; nor was he ever, like Marston and Chapman, threatened with the penalty of having his ears lopped and his nose slit; but his daily life was so gentle and so clear in the sight of man and of Heaven that no record of it has come down to us; for which failure I am most fervently grateful, and as fervently hope that no future year will ever reveal even the faintest peep through the divinity which doth hedge this king.

We are quite ignorant of the way in which any of the Shakespearean Quartos came to be published. Were it not that Heminge and Condell pronounced them all to be "stolne and surreptitious," we might have possibly supposed that Shakespeare yielded to temptation and sold his plays to the press, — a dishonest practice indulged in by some dramatists, as we learn from Heywood's Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, where he says, "Some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse." But not thus dishonestly would the sturdy English soul of Shakespeare act, — a trait not sufficiently considered by those who impute to him an indifference to the offsprings of his brain. His plays once sold to the theatre passed forever from his possession, and to all allurements of subsequent money-getting from them he gave an honest kersey no.

coming edition, gives here as much as relates in general to the plot and the characters. — ED.

¹ Dr. Furness, from the Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing*, to be published in his forth-

There is one item in reference to the text which I think worthy of note. When it is asserted that the Folio is printed from the Quarto, we assume that the compositors of the Folio had before them, as "copy," the pages of the Quarto. There was a time when I believed that this was the custom followed by compositors in the days of Elizabeth, as it is by compositors at the present day, and I went even so far as to quote with entire approval Dr. Johnson's remark that the printers who had the manuscript before their eyes were more likely to read it aright than we who saw it only in imagination. Nevertheless, there always remained in my mind an unexplained problem, when it happened, as it unquestionably does happen, that the pages of the Folio were set up from the printed pages of the Quarto. At the present day, when compositors set up from printed copy, they follow that copy slavishly, almost mechanically. Surely, the same must have been true of the less intelligent compositors of Shakespeare's time, and we might expect, as of right, that the printed page of the Quarto which had served as copy would be exactly reproduced in the Folio, in spelling, in punctuation, in the use of capitals and of Italics. Yet this is far, very far, from being the case: "don Peter of Arragon" in the Quarto of the present play becomes "*Don Peter of Arragon*" in the Folio, in Italics, and with a capital *D*; with "happy" before him in print, it is almost unaccountable that the compositor of the Folio should take the trouble of adding another type and spell the word "happie," or that he should change "4 of his five wits" into "four of his five wits," or change "lamb" into "Lambe" with a needless capital and a needless *e*; and so we might go on in almost every line throughout the play. Yet it is incontestable that the Folio was printed from the Quarto; the very errors of the Quarto are repeated in the Folio, such as giving the names of the

actors, Kempe and Cowley, instead of the names of the characters they impersonated.

The solution of the mystery is to be found, I think, in the practice of the old printing offices, where compositors set up the types, not from copy which they themselves read, but by hearing the copy read aloud to them. We now know that in the printing offices of aforetime it was customary to have a reader whose duty it was to read aloud the copy to the compositors. This will not only explain all these trivial differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of Italics which I have just mentioned, but will also reveal the cause of that more important class of errors which Shakespearean editors have hitherto attributed either to the hearing of the text delivered by actors, in public, on the stage, or to the mental ear of the compositor while carrying a sentence in his memory. The voice believed to be that of the actor is in reality the voice of the compositors' reader. Be it understood that I here refer mainly to the instances where the Folio was printed from a Quarto. That plays were sometimes stolen by taking them down from the actors' lips on the stage, we know. Heywood denounces the practice in that same address "To the Reader" prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*.

To Shakespeare the plots of his dramas were of trifling importance, be it that they are as involved as the plot of the *Comedy of Errors*, or be it that the imaginary characters are as few as they are in his *Sonnets*; he took plots wherever he found them made to his hand. Any situation that would evoke characteristic traits in any dramatic personæ was all that he needed. Dr. Johnson, as we all know, went so far as to say that Shakespeare "has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed." What need, then, had Shakespeare to invent plots? Under his hand all stories

were available, but, apparently, those especially with which his audience was familiar, who, *possibly*, found a certain pleasure in recognizing old friends under new faces, and who could, assuredly, bestow on the characters themselves an attention which would not be distracted by the need of unraveling an unfamiliar plot. Has a comedy ever been written which gives more pleasure than *As You Like It*? Well may it be called flawless. And yet it contains absurdities in construction so gross that their readiest explanation is the supposition that the original commonplace thing upon which the play is founded has been allowed, by Shakespeare's careless indifference, here and there to obtrude: there are two characters bearing the same name, — it is unthinkable that a dramatist, in devising a play, should have committed such an oversight; in one scene Celia is taller than Rosalind, and in another Rosalind is taller than Celia; the Touchstone of the first act is not the same Touchstone as in succeeding acts, and though he has been the clownish Fool about the old court all his days, neither Jaques nor the exiled Duke has ever before seen him when they meet in the Forest, where the Duke has been in exile only a few months. And can there be any device to end a story more preposterous than that a headstrong, violent tyrant at the head of "a mighty power" should, merely after "some question with" "an old religious man," be "converted," and instantly relinquish a campaign and retire from the world? But what did Shakespeare, or what do we, care for all such things? They are no part of the play. It is Rosalind who entralls our hearts, and love is blind. Were there oversights ten times as gross, the play would still have power to charm. They are worth mentioning solely as indications that Shakespeare's play is a superstructure. And thus it is, also, with this present *Much Ado about Nothing*. We may read every story in literature wherein parallels to this play

may be traced, and yet the *fons et origo* will not be there. The old, insignificant play (had it been other than insignificant, it would have survived), whereof the dramatic possibilities Shakespeare detected and moulded into living forms, — this old, insubstantial play, discarded as soon as its brighter offspring appeared, has long since faded and left not a wrack behind, except where here and there its cloth of frieze may be detected beneath Shakespeare's seams of the cloth of gold. At the very first entrance of the players on the stage, for instance, there is what I regard as an unmistakable trace of the original play: Innogen, the wife of Leonato and the mother of Hero, is set down as entering with the others, and yet she utters no single word throughout the play, not even at that supreme moment when her daughter is belied before the altar, and when every fibre of a mother's heart would have been stirred. That her name is here no chance misprint is clear; she reappears in the stage direction at the beginning of the second act. Her recorded presence merely shows that for one of the characters with which the original play started Shakespeare found no use, and through carelessness the name was allowed to remain in the manuscript prompt-book, where nobody was likely to see it but the prompter, who knew well enough that no such character was to be summoned to the stage. Then, again, it is likely, or rather, *possible*, that in the old play the paternity of Beatrice was distinctly given. In the present play there is no hint of it; indeed, it is not unreasonable to ask of a dramatist that in developing his action he should give some account of his heroine; a line will be sufficient, and perhaps will save some confusion, which in this instance has really arisen. One able critic speaks of Beatrice as the worthy daughter of "the gallant old Antonio." Undoubtedly Brother Anthony was both gallant and old, but in neither attribute so advanced as

to be obliged to commit his daughter to the care of a "guardian." We see clearly why, dramatically, Beatrice must be a niece, not a daughter, and an orphan; a father or a mother would have checked that saucy tongue of hers, and where would our pleasure have been then, I should like to know? All I urge is that a dramatist, in writing a new play, and not rewriting an old one, would hardly have failed to refer to the parents of his heroine. Furthermore, many a critic has somewhat plumed himself on what he considers his singular shrewdness in detecting that Beatrice and Benedick are in love with each other at the opening of the play. But the assertion of Beatrice, in the first scene of the second act, is always overlooked, — that "once before" she had possessed Benedick's heart, and he had won hers; which is only one of the many allusions to events which occurred before the opening of the play, — when, for instance, Beatrice had promised to eat all the victims of Benedick's sword, and when Benedick had set up his bills in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight. In all these allusions I think we may discover traces of the original groundwork of Shakespeare's plot. It is *possible* that in the old play of Benedick and Betteris we have this original, and in it the hero and heroine are acknowledged lovers, but become separated by a lovers' quarrel, in the course of which Beatrice earns the name of "Lady Disdain," and the quarrel is smoothed away by the device which Shakespeare afterward adopted. This, of course, is all pure conjecture; but does it herein differ from the majority of Shakespearean assertions?

In the present play, as in others of Shakespeare, there are two separate actions: there is the false personation of Hero, and the deceit practiced on Beatrice and Benedick. Unless we suppose that there existed a preceding play com-

binning both actions, which I by no means believe to be necessary, Shakespeare must have drawn from two separate sources. For the dual deception of Beatrice and Benedick no parallel has been found; we may therefore concede thus much to Shakespeare's originality, but we must do it on tiptoe lest we waken the commentators, who will not listen to Shakespeare's originality in any direction; but for the former action, the false personation of Hero, it is said that he had but to go to Ariosto, or to Ariosto's translator, Harington, where he might find this false personation of a heroine by one of her ladies in waiting. He would find this there, it is true, but he would find nothing more; there is no feigned death and burial to bring repentance to her lover, but instead a grand tournament whereat the false contriver of the harm is slain by the renowned Rinaldo. When, therefore, Pope said that the plot of the present play was taken from Ariosto, he was only partially correct, — which is, after all, about as exact as Pope is generally in his notes on Shakespeare; so that really no great harm is done. And when we come to look still further into details, we find the discrepancy between Ariosto and Shakespeare becomes still greater. The scene in Ariosto is laid in Scotland; in Shakespeare the scene is in Messina. Genevra in Ariosto becomes Hero in Shakespeare; Ariodante, Claudio; Dalinda, Margaret; Polynesso, Don John. Polynesso is prompted to his wicked stratagem by love of Genevra; Don John, by innate depravity. Polynesso attempts to kill Dalinda, his mistress and the decoy; Don John has no acquaintance with Margaret, who is supposed to have been an unwitting and innocent accomplice. When Ariodante becomes convinced of Genevra's falsehood he attempts to drown himself, but changes his mind in the water, unromantically, though not unnaturally, and swims ashore; how very far Claudio's

thoughts were from suicide we all know, together with his treatment of Hero. Without continuing this comparison further, it is evident, I think, that Ariosto could not have been among the direct sources whence Shakespeare drew this portion of his plot. The sole incident common to both Ariosto and *Much Ado about Nothing* is a woman dressed in her mistress's garments, at a midnight window; and for this incident Shakespeare might have been indebted to ordinary gossip concerning an actual occurrence, — an explanation which I do not remember to have seen suggested. Harington, in a note at the end of his translation of the fifth book of the *Orlando*, wherein is set forth the story of Ariodante and Genevra, remarks: "Some others affirme, that this very matter, though set downe here by other names, happened in Ferrara to a kinsewoman of the Dukes, which is here figured vnder the name of *Geneura*, and that indeed such a practise was used against her by a great Lord, and discovered by a damsell as is here set downe." "Howsoever it was," he goes on to say, "sure the tale is a prettie comicall matter, and hath beene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace) though in verse of another kind, by *M. George Turberuil*."

Here we have the story stated as a fact, and mention of a translation of Ariosto into English; the commentators can now resume their secure nap, which we had like to have disturbed by suggesting that Shakespeare could have originated anything. Turbervil's version, however, has not come down to us, according to Collier, who therefore casts some doubt on its existence, and suggests that Harington's memory played him false. But this need not daunt us: in the same breath Collier tells us of a version whereof the title is given by Warton as *The tragedall and pleasaunte history of Ariodante and Jeneura daughter vnto the Kynge of Scots*, by Peter

Beverley. This evidently points to Ariosto, which is more than can be affirmed of the title as it appears in the Stationers' Registers, under date of 22 July, 1565: "Recevyd of henry Wekes for his lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled tragedall and pleasaunte history Ariounder Jeneuor the Doughter vnto the kynge of [?] by Peter Beverlay."

All inquiry, however, into these English sources is needless, if Shakespeare never used Ariosto's story at all; and I think it is clear that he did not use it. The one solitary incident of a maid's appearance in her mistress's robes does not form an adequate connection, when that incident might have been well known as a fact within the general knowledge of Italians, or of Italian actors, then in London.

It is to Capell, the learned, discriminating, intelligent, and infinitely uninteresting editor, that we are indebted for the discovery that a story similar in many respects to that of Hero is to be found in a version, by Belle-Forest, of one of Bandello's novels, — the same source to which we owe a version of the story of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Twelfth Night*. We have not, it is true, in this novel by Bandello, a maid personating her mistress, but to offset this we have several springs of action common to both novel and play; and springs of action are more potent in revealing paternity than identity of names or even repetitions of certain words or phrases: these may have occurred by haphazard, but those are of the very fibre of the plot. Bandello and Ariosto were contemporaries, and it is extremely unlikely that the *Orlando Furioso* was unknown to the Bishop of Agen; and as the latter was fond of imparting to his stories an air of truth by fixing dates and giving well-known scenes and names in them, he may have changed this personation of a lady by her maid, for the very purpose of taking it out of that realm of allegory in which the *Orlando* is written. Be this as it may, we have

in Bandello the ascent of a man at night by means of a ladder to the chamber of the heroine, the despair and fury of the lover, his rejection of his mistress, her death, her secret revival, her seclusion, her pretended funeral, with an epitaph on her tomb. At this point there is a divergence in the two stories: in Bandello, the repentance and confession of the villain, whose motive had been jealousy, are brought about by remorse, and, at the tomb of his victim, he proffers his sword to the heart-broken lover, and entreats the latter to kill him; but the lover forgives, and the two disconsolate men mingle their tears over the past,—a situation of such dramatic power and pathos that I cannot but believe that, had Shakespeare ever read it, we should have received *Much Ado about Nothing*, from his hands, in a shape different from that it now bears. There is one character who figures prominently in Bandello that the elder dramatist adopted, to wit, the heroine's mother; she appears by mistake, as I have just noted, in the stage directions of Shakespeare's play, under the name *Innogen*. As far as any inference to be drawn from the similarity of names is concerned, Bandello is only very slightly better than *Ariosto*. The scene, however, is laid in Messina, with both Bandello and Shakespeare; we have Don Pedro and Leonato common to both, and there an end. Hero is *Fenecia*; Claudio is Don Timbreo di Cardona; Don John is Signor Gironde Olerio Valentiano; and Brother Anthony is Messer Girolamo. The conclusions of the story and the play run parallel, and the end in Bandello is reached amid the gayest of festivities, wherein, *perhaps*, we may see the dance at the end of *Much Ado about Nothing*,—a jocund ending used nowhere else by Shakespeare.

Here, then, we have what is unquestionably a source of a *Much Ado about Nothing*,—whether or not it be Shakespeare's source and Shakespeare's *Much*

Ado about Nothing, who can tell? Bandello's novels had never been translated, I believe, into English until within recent years. For those, however, who would deny Shakespeare any knowledge of Italian, there is a version of Bandello—it cannot be called a translation—by Belle-Forêt. But this version is in French, and therefore, to those who would begrudge to Shakespeare any learning whatsoever, is almost as unpalatable as the Italian of the original. But there is no help for it. Shakespeare read it either in French or not at all. I incline to the latter opinion, not by any means because I think Shakespeare could not read French, but because he needed to read nothing but the old play which he remodeled. I would eliminate Belle-Forêt entirely from consideration. I do not believe Shakespeare made use of him, nor do I believe that the elder dramatist made use of him. There are dramatic elements in the French version—such as the prolonged wooing of the heroine, accompanied by languishing love songs, and high moral sentiments expressed in return—of which a dramatist with the story before him would be likely to retain some trace.

In brief, the remote source of the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing* is, I think, Bandello's novel. The immediate source I believe to be some feeble play, which vanished from sight and sound on the English stage the day that Shakespeare's play was first seen and heard.

There still remains another question which deserves consideration in any investigation of the source of the plot. We meet with it in dealing with *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and others of Shakespeare's plays. To enter into all the details of this question, which concern the history of the German stage far more deeply than the English, would exceed the present limits. It must be suf-

ficient here to give merely general conclusions.

In 1811, Tieck called attention to the remarkable fact that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was traveling through Germany a troupe of English comedians, who performed plays, in their own language, before German audiences, mainly at court.

From that day to the present, German scholars have been busy ransacking archives and court journals, until now, thanks to Hagen, Koberstein, Cohn, Genée, Trautmann, Meissner, Tittmann, and many others, we know not only the routes traveled by these strolling English players, and the companies into which they were divided, but even their names, and occasionally the titles and subjects of their performances. It is these last two — who the actors were, and what were their plays — which chiefly concern us here.

That the visits of English actors to Germany were well known in England, and that they were actors of repute, though some of them were mere clowns and posturasters, we learn from an unexpected English source. Heywood, Shakespeare's fellow actor and dramatist, informs us that, "at the entertainment of the Cardinall Alphonsus and the infant of Spaine in the Low-Countreyes, they were presented at Antwerpe with sundry pageants and playes: the King of Denmarke, father to him that now reigneth, entertained into his service a company of English comedians, commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester: the Duke of Brunswicke and the Landgrave of Hessen retaine in their courts certaine of ours of the same quality." Elsewhere, Heywood refers incidentally to these his strolling countrymen, and to their fair reputation: "A company of our English comedians (well knowne) travelling those countreyes [Holland], as they were before the burghers and other chiefe inhabitants, acting the last part of the

Four Sons of Aymon," etc., etc. This company commended to the King of Denmark by the Earl of Leicester touches us more nearly than would be at first supposed. It is not unlikely (this unfortunate refrain, which is fated to accompany, as a ground tone, every assertion connected with Shakespeare), — it is not unlikely that at one time Will Kempe was a member of this same troupe, which Leicester took with him on his ill-fated expedition to the Netherlands. Sir Philip Sidney accompanied Leicester, and a few months before his own honorable and pathetic death wrote, under date of 24 March, 1586, to his father-in-law, Mr. Secretary Walsingham: "I wrote yow a letter by Will, my lord of Lester's jesting plaier, enclosed in a letter to my wife," etc. Mr. Bruce shows, by a process of exclusion, that this "Will" can be none other than William Kempe, named in the First Folio as the actor of Dogberry.

The list of names which the records in Germany reveal is scanty; naturally, the names, not of every individual in a troupe, but only of the leaders, are recorded. Among these we find George Bryan and Thomas Pope, all-sufficient to bring us close to Shakespeare: these two are familiar to us in the list of twenty-six actors given in the First Folio. Thus we learn that actors from Shakespeare's own troupe traveled in Germany, and went even further south into Italy (we know that Kempe, for instance, went to Venice), just as Italian companies came to London, where in 1577-78 there was an Italian *commediante* named Drousiano, with his players, — a fact, by the way, disclosing an intimate relationship at that early day between the English and the Italian stage of which far too little account is made by those who wish to explain Shakespeare's knowledge of Italian manners and names. That these foreign trips of English actors to Germany were profitable may be inferred from the comfortable fortune of

which Thomas Pope died possessed, as shown by his will.

With his fellow actors thus combining pleasure and profit on the Continent, can it be that Shakespeare remained at home? Of course, there are not wanting those who maintain that Shakespeare actually did travel professionally. Mr. Fleay, for instance, says that inasmuch as Shakespeare's company, Lord Strange's, "visited Denmark and Saxony, he [Shakespeare] in all probability accompanied them; we are not told which way they came home, but if Kempe took the same route as he did in 1601, he came through Italy. This would account for such local knowledge of Italy as Shakespeare shows."

This "probable" transportation of Shakespeare into Germany and Italy incites me to say that, profound as are my veneration for Shakespeare and gratitude to him as a poet, they are deeper in regard to him as a man. With that prophetic glance vouchsafed only to the heaven-descended, he foresaw the inexhaustible flood of imaginings which would be set abroad to account for any prolonged obscurity enveloping his life. Clearly, with this end in view, he evaded all public notice for seven long years. From 1585, when his twin children were baptized (common decency must assume that he was present at this ceremony), until 1592, we know absolutely nothing of him. For one momentary flash, in 1587, when the terms of a mortgage given by his father had to be adjusted, we may possibly catch a glimpse of him; but for all the rest a Cimmerian midnight wraps him. And what a priceless boon! It was during these seven silent years, while holding horses at the doors of theatres for a livelihood, that he became, if we are to believe all the critics and commentators, a thorough master of law and practice down to the minutest quillet; a thorough master of medicine, with the most searching knowledge of the virtue of every herb, mineral, or medicament, including

treatment of the insane and an anticipation of Harvey's circulation of the blood; he became an adept in veterinary medicine, and was familiar with every disease that can afflict a horse; he learned the art of war, and served a campaign in the field; he went to sea, and acquired an absolute mastery of a ship in a furious tempest, and made only one slight mistake, long years afterward, in the number of a ship's glasses; he studied botany, and knew every flower by name; horticulture, and knew every fruit; arboriculture, and knew the quality and value of all timber; that he practiced archery daily, who can doubt? and when not hawking or fishing, he was fencing; he became familiar with astronomy and at home in astrology; he learned ornithology through and through, from young seamels on the rock to the wren of little quill; he was a pigeon fancier, and from long observation discovered that doves would defend their nest, and that pigeons lacked gall; he was a printer, and not only set up books, but bound them afterward; as we have just seen, he was a strolling actor in Germany and traveled in Italy, noting the tide at Venice and the evening mass at Verona; he got his Bible by heart, including the Apocrypha; he read every translation of every classic author then published, and, possibly, every original in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French (of course he learned German while strolling); and, finally, he read through the whole of English literature, from Chaucer down to every play or poem written by his contemporaries, and as he read he took voluminous notes (sly dog!) of every unusual word, phrase, or idea, to palm it off afterward as his own!

My own private conviction is that he mastered cuneiform; visited America, and spent ten days in Boston, — greatly to his intellectual advantage.

Having discovered who these English comedians are, it behooves us next to

learn something of the plays they acted. Here a curious fact is revealed. Although nowhere are the plays of these English comedians professedly printed, there yet exist certain German plays, written during the years that these English players were strolling in Germany, whereof the titles and the plots impressively remind us not only of plays then on the English stage, but even of certain plays by Shakespeare himself. Among the earliest of these German plays are those written by a certain Duke Heinrich Julius of Wolfenbüttel, who in 1590 went to Denmark, to marry the sister of that king to whom, four years before, Leicester had handed over his company of actors. It is highly probable (pardon the stereotyped phrase!) that the duke brought away with him some of these former players of Leicester. Be this as it may, certain it is that from this date Duke Heinrich Julius, during eleven years, wrote about as many comedies, tragedies, and tragi-comedies, which remained for a long time unrivaled in the German drama, such as it was; they bear unmistakable signs of English influence. The only one which concerns us here is the *Comœdia von Vincentio Laidislaio*, wherein Hermann Grimm, whose opinions are always worthy of all respect, finds the prototype of Benedick.

As certain critics, mostly German, found the plot of *The Tempest* in Jacob Ayer's *Die schoene Sidea*, so here in the same old ponderous folio of Ayer (printed at "Nürnberg Anno MDC XVIII." with thirty-six farces added, printed at "Nürnberg. Im Jahr MDCX."), it is alleged, the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing* is to be found; that is, as much of the plot as relates to Hero and Claudio. If Hermann Grimm be correct, what is lacking in Ayer is supplied by Duke Heinrich Julius, and Shakespeare's entire plot stands revealed. It is hardly worth while to enter here into a discussion of the date when the excellent Ayer wrote his comedies. He died in

1605, and Cohn thinks that it is "beyond a shadow of doubt that he wrote nearly all his pieces after 1593." How immaterial Ayer's date is, in regard to the present play, we shall at once see when we learn the title of the play which is supposed to be the one from which Shakespeare drew his inspiration. The full title of it is: "*A Mirror of Womanly Virtue and Honour. The Comedy of the Fair Phœnicia and Count Tymbri of Golison from Arragon, How it fared with them in their honourable love until they were united in marriage. With 17. Characters, and in 6. Acts.*" There is almost sufficient evidence in this title alone of the direct source of Ayer's plot. It is not *Bandello*. In *Bandello*, Don Timbreo is never once styled a "Count," and far less "Count of Colisano;" that he had received the "County of Colisano" is mentioned only once at the beginning of *Bandello's* story. It is *Belle-Forest*, who speaks habitually of the "Comte de Colisan." Moreover, *Belle-Forest*, within the first few lines of his story, speaks of the conspiracy of Giovanni di Procida, which led to the Sicilian Vespers, and styles the conspirator Jean Prochite. *Bandello* refers to the Sicilian Vespers, but never mentions Procida. In Ayer, at the very beginning, when Venus enters and complains of the coldness in love affairs of "Tymborus Graf von Golison," she acknowledges that he fought most bravely "when, in Sicily, that great slaughter was made by Prochyte." The presence of this name, and in its French form, is quite sufficient, I think, to show that Ayer's source was not Italian, and that it was *Belle-Forest*. Other parallels between Ayer and *Belle-Forest*, such as love letters and love songs, are manifest. My present purpose is attained if it be clear that while Ayer's source was *Belle-Forest*, Shakespeare's was *Bandello*; we are hereby made sure that Shakespeare was not indebted to Ayer. Somewhat a barren conclu-

sion, it must be acknowledged; but not without its gain, if it set at rest the supposition, held by not a few, that in Ayrrer we have the original plays which Shakespeare afterward remodeled. I think it was conclusively proved in the New Variorum Tempest that there is no connection whatever between that play and Ayrrer's Schoene Sidea. Nevertheless, Mr. Fleay, in speaking of these plays of Ayrrer, together with those contained in another collection, first printed in 1620, four years after Shakespeare's death, says: "A close examination of these German versions convinces me that they were rough draughts by juvenile hands, in which great license was left to the actors to fill up or alter extemporaneously at their option. Successive changes made in this way have greatly defaced them; but enough of the originals remain to show that they were certainly in some cases, probably in others, the earliest forms of our great dramatist's plays. I have no doubt he drew up the plots for them while in Germany."

If this last assurance be correct, it is pleasing to reflect how thoroughly our great dramatist emancipated himself in after years from these juvenile draughts. That these first feeble bantlings of the German drama were the offspring of the plays acted by the English comedians I have no doubt; at times we feel the very whiff and wind of the early London stage; than this there is, I think, nothing more substantial. Nay, does not the very Preface of Ayrrer's folio acknowledge that his plays were written after the new English fashion, "*auff di neue Englische manier vnd art*," and are not four of his operettas — so to call his Singets Spil — sung "to the tune of the English Roland"? These early German dramas will always remain a curious and interesting study to English and German students. But I doubt that we shall ever find among them anything which might be called a translation of an English play, however primitive or ru-

dimentary; there may be here and there scenes, or names, or allusions, like Corambis in Hamlet or like Prochyte in The Fair Phœnicia, but there an end. The original will be recalled, not reproduced. It would be pleasant to think that we might turn to Germany to find the plays, lost to England, which Shakespeare remodeled, but, I fear, it is not to be. Possibly, the connection between Much Ado about Nothing and The Fair Phœnicia is as close as any we shall ever find between the English and the German plays. I have said that Belle-Forest is the direct or indirect source of The Fair Phœnicia. If it be the indirect source, there may have been a play acted by the English comedians, some of whom were Shakespeare's fellow actors, which served as the original both to Ayrrer and to Shakespeare. Nearer than this, I think, we shall never get.

Coleridge is recorded to have said that "Dogberry and his comrades are forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." *Aliquando bonus Homerus*, etc. This remark by him who is, perhaps, our greatest critic on Shakespeare has been, it is to be feared, the cause of much misunderstanding not only of Shakespeare's plays in general, but of this present play in particular. An idea is thereby conveyed that Shakespeare worked, to a certain extent, at haphazard, or at least that at times he lost sight of the requirements of his story, and was willing to vary the characters of his creation at the suggestion of caprice, — to introduce a blundering constable here or a drunken porter there, just to lighten his play or to raise a horselaugh in the groundlings. It would be difficult to imagine a falser imputation on Shakespeare's consummate art. Never for one instant did Shakespeare lose sight of the trending of his story: not a scene, I had almost said not a phrase, did he write that does not

reveal the true hard-working artist laboring, with undeviating gaze, to secure a certain effect. The opinion is abroad that Shakespeare produced his Dogberry and Verges out of the sheer exuberance of his love of fun, and that in this "star y-pointed" comedy they are the star of comicality merely to give the audience a scene to laugh at. This inference is utterly wrong. They do, indeed, supply endless mirth, but Shakespeare *had* to have them just as they are. He was *forced* to have characters like these, and none other. The play hinges on them. Had they been sufficiently quick-witted to recognize the villainy of the plot betrayed by Borachio to Conrade, the play would have ended at once. Therefore, they had to be stupid, most ingeniously stupid, and show "matter and impertinency" so mixed that we can understand how they came to be invested with even such small authority as their office implies. Men less stupid would never have had their suspicions aroused by what they supposed to be an allusion to "Deformed, a vile thief." Even this allusion is not haphazard: stupid by nature as these watchmen are, no chance must be given them to discern the importance of their prisoners; their attention must be diverted from the right direction to something utterly irrelevant, which shall loom up as significant in their muddled brains. Hence, this "Deformed" is not a mere joke, but a stroke of art, and does not of necessity involve a contemporary allusion, as is maintained. At no previous point in the play could Dogberry and Verges have been introduced; where they first appear is the exact point at which they are needed. Through the

villainy of Don John and the weakness of Claudio the sunshine of this sparkling comedy is threatened with eclipse, and the atmosphere becomes charged with tragedy. Just at this point appear these infinitely stupid watchmen, all whose talk, preliminary to the arrest of Borachio and Conrade, is by no means merely to make us laugh, but to give us assurance that the play is still a comedy, and that, however ludicrous may be the entanglement in which these blundering fools will involve the story, the solution, the denouement, will be brought about by their means, and that the plot against Hero which we see is hatching will by them be brought to naught. Had Dogberry been one whit less conceited, one whit less pompous, one whit less tedious, he could not have failed to drop at least one syllable that would have arrested Leonato's attention just before the tragic treatment of Hero in the marriage scene, which would not then have taken place, and the whole story would have ended then and there. Dogberry *had* to be introduced just then to give us assurance that Don John's villainy would come eventually to light, and thereby enable us to bear Hero's sad fate with such equanimity that we can listen, immediately after, with delighted hearts to the wooing of Benedick and Beatrice.

I do by no means say that Shakespeare could have dramatized this story in no other way, — his resources were infinite; but I do say that, having started as he did start, he was *forced*, by the necessities of the action, to have stupidity rule supreme, and no whit less than supreme, at those points where he has given us the immortal Dogberry.

Horace Howard Furness.

THE TENEMENT: CURING ITS BLIGHT.

I STOOD at Seven Dials and heard the policeman's account of what it used to be. Seven Dials is no more like the slum of old than is the Five Points to-day. The conscience of London wrought upon the one as the conscience of New York upon the other. A mission house, a children's refuge, two big schools, and, hard by, a public bath and a wash house stand as the record of the battle with the slum, which, with these forces in the field, has but one ending. The policeman's story rambled among the days when things were different. Then it was dangerous for an officer to go alone there at night.

Around the corner there came from one of the side streets a procession with banners, parading in honor and aid of some church charity. We watched it pass. In it marched young men and boys with swords and battle-axes, and upon its outskirts skipped a host of young roughs — so one would have called them but for the evidence of their honest employment — who rattled collection boxes, reaping a harvest of pennies from far and near. I looked at the battle-axes and the collection boxes, and thought of forty years ago. Where were the Seven Dials of that day, and the men who gave it its bad name? I asked the policeman.

"They were druv into decency, sor," he said, and answered from his own experience the question ever asked by faint-hearted philanthropists. "My father, he done duty here afore me in '45. The worst dive was where that church stands. It was always full of thieves," — whose sons, I added mentally, have become collectors for the church. The one fact was a whole chapter on the slum.

London's way with the tenant we adopted at last in New York with the slum landlord. He was "druv into decency." We had to. Moral suasion

had been stretched to the limit. The point had been reached where one knock-down blow outweighed a bushel of arguments. It was all very well to build model tenements as object lessons to show that the thing could be done; it had become necessary to enforce the lesson by demonstrating that the community had power to destroy houses which were a menace to its life. The rear tenements were chosen for this purpose.

They were the worst as they were the first of New York's tenements. The double-deckers of which I have spoken had, with all their evils, at least this to their credit, that their death rate was not nearly as high as that of the old houses. That was not because of any virtue inherent in the double-deckers, but because the earlier tenements were old, and built in a day that knew nothing of sanitary restrictions, and cared less. Hence the showing that the big tenements had much the lowest mortality. The death rate does not sound the depths of tenement house evils, but it makes a record that is needed when it comes to attacking property rights. The mortality of the rear tenements had long been a scandal. They are built in the back yard, generally back to back with the rear buildings on abutting lots. If there is an open space between them, it is never more than a slit a foot or so wide, and gets to be the receptacle of garbage and filth of every kind; so that any opening made in these walls for purposes of ventilation becomes a source of greater danger than if there were none. The last count that was made, in 1898, showed that among the 40,958 tenements in New York there were still 2379 rear houses left. Where they are the death rate rises, for reasons that are apparent. The sun cannot reach them. They are damp and dark, and the tenants, who are al-

ways the poorest and most crowded, live "as in a cage open only toward the front," said the Tenement House Committee. A canvass made of the mortality records by Dr. Roger S. Tracy, the registrar of records, showed that while in the First Ward (the oldest), for instance, the death rate in houses standing singly on the lot was 29.03 per 1000 of the living, where there were rear houses it rose to 61.97. The infant death rate is a still better test: that rose from 109.58 in the single tenements of the same ward to 204.54 where there were rear houses. One in every five babies had to die, that is to say; the house killed it. No wonder the committee styled the rear tenements "slaughter houses," and called upon the legislature to root them out, and with them every old, ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement in the city.

A law which is in substance a copy of the English act for destroying slum property was passed in the spring of 1895. It provides for the seizure of buildings that are dangerous to the public health or unfit for human habitation, and their destruction upon proper proof, with compensation to the owner on a sliding scale down to the point of entire unfitness, when he is entitled only to the value of the material in his house. Up to that time, the only way to get rid of such a house had been to declare it a nuisance under the sanitary code; but as the city could not very well pay for the removal of a nuisance, to order it down seemed too much like robbery; so the owner was allowed to keep it. It takes time and a good many lives to grow a sentiment such as this law expressed. The Anglo-Saxon respect for vested rights is strong in us, also. I remember going through a ragged school in London, once, and finding the eyes of the children in the infant class red and sore. Suspecting some contagion, I made inquiries, and was told that a collar factory next door was the cause of the trouble. The fumes from it poisoned the children's eyes.

"And you allow it to stay, and let this thing go on?" I asked, in wonder.

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders. "It is their factory," he said.

I was on the point of saying something that might not have been polite, seeing that I was a guest, when I remembered that, in the newspaper which I carried in my pocket, I had just been reading a plea of some honorable M. P. for a much-needed reform in the system of counsel fees, then being agitated in the House of Commons. The reply of the solicitor general had made me laugh. He was inclined to agree with the honorable member, but still preferred to follow precedent by referring the matter to the Inns of Court. Quite incidentally, he mentioned that the matter had been hanging fire in the House two hundred years. It seemed very English to me then; but when we afterward came to tackle our rear tenements, and in the first batch there was a row which I knew to have been picked out by the sanitary inspector, twenty-five years before, as fit only to be destroyed, I recognized that we were kin, after all.

That was Gotham Court. It was first on the list, and the Mott Street Barracks came next, when, as executive officer of the Good Government Clubs, I helped the Board of Health put the law to the test the following year. The Health Department kept a list of 66 old houses, with a population of 5460 tenants, in which there had been 1313 deaths in a little over five years (1889-94). From among them we picked our lot, and the department drove the tenants out. The owners went to law, one and all; but, to their surprise and dismay, the courts held with the health officers. The moral effect was instant and overwhelming. Rather than keep up the fight, with no rent coming in, the landlords surrendered at discretion. In consideration of this, compensation was allowed them at the rate of about a thousand dollars a house, although they were really entitled only to

the value of the old material. The buildings all came under the head of "wholly unfit." Gotham Court, with its sixteen buildings, in which, thirty-five years ago, a health inspector counted 146 cases of sickness, including "all kinds of infectious disease," was bought for \$19,750, and Mullen's Court, adjoining, for \$7251. They had been under civilized management since, but nothing decent could be made out of them. To show the character of all let two serve; in each case it is the official record, upon which seizure was made, that is quoted:—

No. 98 Catherine Street: "The floor in the apartments and the wooden steps leading to the second-floor apartment are broken, loose, saturated with filth. The roof and eaves gutters leak, rendering the apartments wet. The two apartments on the first floor consist of one room each, in which the tenants are compelled to cook, eat, and sleep. The back walls are defective; the house wet and damp, and unfit for human habitation. It robs the surrounding houses of light."

"The sunlight never enters" was the constant refrain.

No. 17 Sullivan Street: "Occupied by the lowest whites and negroes, living together. The houses are decayed from cellar to garret, and filthy beyond description,—the filthiest, in fact, we have ever seen. The beams, the floors, the plaster on the walls, where there is any plaster, are rotten and alive with vermin. They are a menace to the public health, and cannot be repaired. Their annual death rate in five years was 41.38."

The sunlight enters where these stood, at all events, and into 58 other yards that once were plague spots. Of 94 rear tenements seized that year, 60 have been torn down, 33 of them voluntarily by the owners; 29 were remodeled and allowed to stand, chiefly as workshops; 5 other houses were standing empty, and yielding no rent, in March, 1899. The worst of them all, the Mott Street Barracks, are yet in the courts;

but all the judges and juries in the land have no power to put them back. It is a case of "They can't put you in jail for that"—"Yes, but I am in jail." They are gone, torn down under the referee's decision that they ought to go, before the Appellate Division called a halt. In 1888 I counted 360 tenants in these tenements, front and rear, all Italians, and the infant death rate of the Barracks that year was 325 per 1000. There were forty babies, and one in three of them had to die. The general infant death rate for the whole tenement house population that year was 88.38. In the four years following, during which the population and the death rate of the houses were both reduced with an effort, fifty-one funerals went out of the Barracks. With entire fitness, a cemetery corporation held the mortgage upon the property. The referee allowed it the price of opening one grave, in the settlement, gave one dollar to the lessee and one hundred and ten dollars to the landlord, who refused to collect, and took his case to the Court of Appeals, where it is to be argued this summer. The only interest that attaches to it, since the real question has been decided by the wrecker ahead of time, is the raising of the constitutional point, perchance, and the issue of that is not doubtful. The law has been repeatedly upheld, and in Massachusetts, where similar action has been taken since, the constitutionality of it has in no case been attacked, so far as I know.

I have said before that I do not believe in paying the slum landlord for taking his hand off our throats, when we have got the grip on him in turn. Mr. Roger Foster, who as a member of the Tenement House Committee drew the law, and as counsel for the Health Department fought the landlords successfully in the courts, holds to the opposite view. I am bound to say that instances turned up in which it did seem a hardship to deprive the owners of even such

property. I remember especially a tenement in Roosevelt Street, which was the patrimony and whole estate of two children. With the rear house taken away, the income from the front would not be enough to cover the interest on the mortgage. It was one of those things that occasionally make standing upon abstract principle so very uncomfortable. I confess I never had the courage to ask what was done in their case. I know that the tenement went, and I hope — Well, never mind what I hope. It has nothing to do with the case. The house is down, and the main issue decided upon its merits.

In the 94 tenements (counting the front houses in; they cannot be separated from the rear tenements in the death registry) there were in five years 956 deaths, a rate of 62.9 at a time when the general city death rate was 24.63. It was the last and heaviest blow aimed at the abnormal mortality of a city that ought, by reason of many advantages, to be one of the healthiest in the world. With clean streets, pure milk, medical school inspection, anti-toxin treatment of deadly diseases, and better sanitary methods generally; with the sunlight let into its slums, and its worst plague spots cleaned out, the death rate of New York came down from 26.32 per 1000 inhabitants in 1887 to 19.53 in 1897. Inasmuch as a round half million was added to its population within the ten years, it requires little figuring to show that the number whose lives were literally saved by reform would people a city of no mean proportions. The extraordinary spell of hot weather, two years ago, brought out the full meaning of this. While many were killed by sunstroke, the population as a whole was shown to have acquired, in better hygienic surroundings, a much greater power of resistance. It yielded slowly to the heat. Where two days had been sufficient, in former years, to send the death rate up, it now took five; and the infant mortal-

ity remained low throughout the dreadful trial. Perhaps the substitution of beer for whiskey as a summer drink had something to do with it; but Colonel Waring's broom and unpolitical sanitation had more. Since it spared him so many voters, the politician ought to have been grateful for this; but he was not. Death rates are not as good political arguments as tax rates, we found out. In the midst of it all, a policeman whom I knew went to his Tammany captain to ask if Good Government Clubs were political clubs within the meaning of the law, which prohibits policemen from joining such. The answer he received set me to thinking: "Yes, the meanest, worst kind of political clubs, they are." Yet they had done nothing worse than to save the babies, the captain's with the rest.

The landlord read the signs better. He learned his lesson quickly. All over the city, he made haste to set his house to rights, lest it be seized or brought to the bar in other ways. The Good Government Clubs did not rest content with their first victory. They made war upon the dark hall in the double-decker, and upon the cruller bakery. They opened small parks, exposed the abuses of the civil courts, the "poor man's courts," urged on the building of new schools, compelled the cleaning of the Tombs prison and hastened the demolition of the wicked old pile, and took a hand in evolving a sensible and humane system of dealing with the young vagrants who were going to waste on free soup. The proposition to establish a farm colony for their reclamation was met with the challenge at Albany that "we have had enough reform in New York city," and, as the event proved, for the time being we had really gone as far as we could. But even that was a good long way. Some things had been nailed that could never again be undone; and hand in hand with the effort to destroy had gone another to build up, that pro-

mised to set us far enough ahead to appeal at last successfully to the self-interest of the builder, if not to his humanity; or, failing that, to compel him to decency. If that promise has not been kept, the end is not yet. I believe it will be kept.

The movement for reform, in the matter of housing the people, had proceeded upon a clearly outlined plan that apportioned to each of several forces its own share of the work. At a meeting held under the auspices of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, early in the days of the movement, the field had been gone over thoroughly. To the Good Government Clubs fell the task, as already set forth, of compelling the enforcement of the existing tenement house laws. D. O. Mills, the philanthropic banker, declared his purpose to build hotels which should prove that a bed and lodging as good as any could be furnished to the great army of homeless men at a price that would compete with the cheap lodging houses, and yet yield a profit to the owner. On behalf of a number of well-known capitalists, who had been identified with the cause of tenement house reform for years, Robert Fulton Cutting, the president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, offered to build homes for the working people that should be worthy of the name, on a large scale. A company was formed, and chose for its president Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould, author of the government report on the Housing of the Working People, the standard work on the subject. A million dollars were raised by public subscription, and operations were begun at once.

Two ideas were kept in mind as fundamental: one, that charity that will not pay will not stay; the other, that nothing can be done with the twenty-five-foot lot. It is the primal curse of our housing system, and any effort toward better things must reckon with it first. Nineteen lots on Sixty-Eighth and Sixty-Ninth streets, west of Tenth Avenue,

were purchased of Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, who took one tenth of the capital stock of the City and Suburban Homes Company; and upon these was erected the first block of tenements. This is the neighborhood toward which the population has been setting with ever increasing congestion. Already in 1895 the Twenty-Second Ward contained nearly 200,000 souls. Between Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Second streets, west of Ninth Avenue, there are at least five blocks with more than 3000 tenants in each, and the conditions of the notorious Tenth Ward are certain to be reproduced here, if indeed they are not exceeded. In the Fifteenth Assembly District, some distance below, but on the same line, the first sociological canvass of the Federation of Churches had found the churches, schools, and other educational agencies marshaling a frontage of 756 feet on the street, while the saloon fronts stretched themselves over nearly a mile; so that, said the compiler of these pregnant facts, "saloon social ideals are minting themselves in the minds of the people at the ratio of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." It would not have been easy to find a spot better fitted for the experiment of restoring to the home its rights.

The Alfred Corning Clark Buildings, as they were called in recognition of the support of this public-spirited woman, have been occupied a year. When I went through them, the other day, I found all but five of the 373 apartments they contain occupied, and a very large waiting list of applicants for whom there was no room. The doctor alone, of all the tenants, had moved away, disappointed. He had settled on the estate, hoping to build up a practice among so many; but he could not make a living. The plan of the buildings, for which Ernest Flagg, a young and energetic architect, with a very practical interest in the welfare of the Other Half, has the credit, seems to me to realize the ideal of mak-

ing homes under a common roof. The tenants appeared to take the same view of it. They were a notably contented lot. Their only objection was to the use of the common tubs in the basement laundry, — a sign that, to my mind, was rather favorable than otherwise, though it argued ill for the scheme of public wash houses on the Glasgow plan that has seemed so promising. They were selected tenants as to trustworthiness and desirability on that score, but they were all of the tenement house class. The rents are a little lower than for much poorer quarters in the surrounding tenements. The houses are built around central courts, with light and air in abundance, with fireproof stairs and steam-heated halls. There is not a dark passage anywhere. Within, there is entire privacy for the tenant; the partitions are deadened, so that sound is not transmitted from one apartment to another. Without, the houses have none of the discouraging barrack look. The architecture is distinctly pleasing. The few and simple rules laid down by the management have been readily complied with, as making for the benefit of all. A woman collects the rents, which are paid weekly in advance. The promise that the property will earn the five per cent to which the company limits its dividends seems certain to be kept. There is nothing in sight to prevent it, everything to warrant the prediction.

The capital stock has since been increased to \$2,000,000, and the erection has been begun of a new block of buildings in East Sixty-Fourth Street, within hail of Battle Row, of anciently warlike memory. James E. Ware & Son, the architects who, in the competition of 1879, won the prize for the improved tenements that marked the first departure from the boxlike barracks of old, drew the plans, embodying all the good features of the Clark Buildings with attractions of their own. A suburban colony is being developed by the company,

in addition. It is not the least promising feature of its work that a very large proportion of its shareholders are workmen, who have invested their savings in the enterprise, thus bearing witness to their faith and interest in it. Of the entire number of shareholders at the time of the first annual report, forty-five per cent held less than ten shares each.

The success of these and previous efforts at the building of model tenements has had the desired effect of encouraging other attempts in the same direction. They represent the best that can be done in fighting the slum within the city. Homewood, the City and Suburban Homes Company's settlement in the country, stands for the way out that must eventually win the fight. That is the track that must be followed, and will be when we have found in rapid transit the key to the solution of our present perplexities. "In the country" hardly describes the site of the colony. It is within the Greater City, on Long Island, hardly an hour's journey by trolley from the City Hall, and only a short walk from the bay. Here the company has built a hundred cottages, and has room for two or three hundred more. Of the hundred houses, seventy-two had been sold when I was there last winter. They are handsome and substantial little houses, the lower story of brick, the upper of timber and stucco, each cottage standing in its own garden. The purchaser pays for the property in monthly payments extending over twenty years. A plan of life insurance, which protects the family and the company alike in the event of the death of the bread-winner, is included in the arrangement. The price of the cottages which so far have found owners has averaged about \$3100, and the monthly installment, including the insurance premium, a trifle over \$25. It follows that the poorest have not moved to Homewood. Its settlers include men with an income of \$1200 or \$1500 a year, — policemen, pilots, letter carriers,

clerks, and teachers. This is as it should be. They represent the graduating class, as it were, from the city crowds. It is the province of the philanthropic tenement to prepare the next lot for moving up and out. Any attempt to hasten the process by taking a short cut could result only in failure and disappointment. The graduating class is large enough, however, to guarantee that it will not be exhausted by one Homewood. Before the houses were contracted for, without advertising or effort of any kind to make the thing known, more than eight hundred wage earners had asked to have their names put on the books as applicants for suburban homes.

Others had built model tenements and made them pay, but it was left to Mr. D. O. Mills to break ground in the field which Lord Rowton had filled with such signal success in London. The two Mills Houses, in Bleecker and Rivington streets, are as wide a departure as could well be imagined from the conventional type of lodging houses in New York. They are large and beautiful structures, which, for the price of a cot in one of the Bowery barracks, furnish their lodgers with as good a bed in a private room as the boarder in the Waldorf-Astoria enjoys. Indeed, it is said to be the very same in make and quality. There are baths without stint, smoking and writing rooms and games, and a free library; a laundry for those who can pay for having their washing done, and a separate one for such as prefer to do it themselves. There is a restaurant in the basement, in which a regular dinner of good quality is served at fifteen cents. The night's lodging is twenty cents. The dearest Bowery lodging houses charge twenty-five cents. The bedrooms are necessarily small, but they are clean and comfortable, well lighted and heated. The larger house, No. 1, in Bleecker Street, has room for 1554 guests; No. 2, in Rivington Street, for 600. Though this represents more than twelve per cent

of the capacity of all the cheap lodging houses in the city, both have been filled since they were opened, and crowds have often been turned away. The Bowery "hotels" have felt the competition. Their owners deny it, but the fact is apparent in efforts at improvements with which they were not justly chargeable before. Only the lowest, the ten-cent houses, are exempt from this statement. These attract a class of custom for which the Mills Houses do not compete. The latter are intended for the large number of decent mechanics, laborers, and men of small means, hunting for work, who are always afloat in a large city, and who neither seek nor wish charity. The plan and purpose of the builder cannot be better put than in his own words at the opening of the first house.

"No patron of the Mills Hotel," he said, "will receive more than he pays for, unless it be my hearty good will and good wishes. It is true that I have devoted thought, labor, and capital to a very earnest effort to help him, but only by enabling him to help himself. In doing the work on so large a scale, and in securing the utmost economies in purchases and in administration, I hope to give him a larger equivalent for his money than has hitherto been possible. He can, without scruple, permit me to offer him this advantage; but he will think better of himself, and will be a more self-reliant, manly man and a better citizen, if he knows that he is honestly paying for what he gets."

Mr. Mills's faith that the business of housing the homeless crowds in decency and comfort could be made to pay just as well as that of housing families in model tenements has been justified. Besides providing a fund sufficient for deterioration and replacement, the two houses have made a clear three per cent profit on the investment of \$1,500,000 which they represent. Beyond this, they have borne, and will bear increasingly, their own hand in settling with the sa-

loon, which had no rival in the cheerlessness of the cheap lodging house or the boarding house back bedroom. Every philanthropic effort to fight it on that ground has drawn renewed courage and hope from Mr. Mills's work and success.

While I am writing, subscriptions are being made to the capital stock of a Woman's Hotel Company, that will endeavor to do for the self-supporting single women of our own city what Mr. Mills has done for the men. It is proposed to erect, at a cost of \$800,000, a hotel capable of sheltering over 500 guests, at a price coming within reach of women earning wages as clerks, stenographers, nurses, etc. The number of women whose needs an establishment of the kind would meet is said to exceed 40,000. The Young Women's Christian Association alone receives every year requests enough for quarters to fill a score of such hotels, and can only refer the applicants to boarding houses. Experience in other cities shows that a woman's hotel or club can be managed and made profitable, and there seems to be little doubt that New York will be the next to furnish proof of it. It was the dream of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, to do this service for his city, just as he planned Garden City for a home colony for his clerks. It came out differently. The Long Island town became a cathedral city, and the home of wealth and fashion; his woman's boarding house a great public hotel, far out of the reach of those he sought to benefit. It may be that the success of the banker's philanthropy will yet realize the dream of the merchant before the end of the century that saw his wealth, his great business, his very name, vanish as if they had never been, and even his bones denied, by ghoulish thieves, a rest in the grave. I like to think of it as a kind of justice to his memory, more eloquent than marble and brass in the empty crypt. Mills House No. 1 stands upon

the site of Mr. Stewart's old home, where he dreamed his barren dream of benevolence to his kind.

Of all these movements the home is the keynote. That is the cheerful sign that shows light ahead. To the home it comes down in the end, — good government, bad government, and all the rest. As the homes of a community are, so is the community. New York has still the worst housing system in the world. Eight fifteenths of its people live in tenements, not counting the better class of flats, though legally they come under the definition. The blight of the twenty-five-foot lot remains, with the double-decker. But we can now destroy what is not fit to stand; we have done it, and our republic yet survives. The slum landlord would have had us believe that it must perish with his rookeries. We knew that to build decently improved a neighborhood, made the tenants better and happier, and reduced the mortality. Model tenement house building is now proving daily that such houses can be built safer and better every way for less money than the double-decker, by crossing the lot line. The dark hall is not a problem in the tenement built around a central court, for there is no common hall. The plan of the double-decker is shown to be wasteful of space and wall and capital. The model tenement pays, does not deteriorate, and keeps its tenants. After the lapse of ten years, I was the other day in Mr. A. T. White's Riverside Buildings in Brooklyn, which are still the best I know of, and found them, if anything, better houses than the day they were built. The stone steps of the stairways were worn: that was all the evidence of deterioration I saw. These, and Mr. White's other block of buildings on Hicks Street, which was built more than twenty years ago, — occupied, all of them, by distinctly poor tenants, — have paid their owner over five per cent right along. Practically, every such enterprise has the same story to tell. Dr. Gould found that only

six per cent of all the great model housing operations had failed to pay. All the rest were successful. That was the showing of Europe. It is the same here. Only the twenty-five-foot lot is in the way in New York.

It will continue to be in the way. A man who has one lot will build on it: it is his right. The state, which taxes his lot, has no right to confiscate it by forbidding him to make it yield him an income, on the plea that he might build something which would be a nuisance. But it can so order the building that it shall not be a nuisance: that is not only its right, but its duty. The best which can be made out of a twenty-five-foot lot is not good, but even that has not been made out of it yet. I have seen plans drawn by two young women architects in this city, the Misses Gannon and Hands, and approved by the Building Department, which let in an amount of light and air not dreamed of in the conventional type of double-decker, while providing detached stairs in a central court. It was not pretended that it was an ideal plan, — far from it; but it indicated clearly the track to be followed in dealing with the twenty-five-foot lot, seeing that we cannot get rid of it. The demand for light and air space must be sharpened and rigidly held to, and "discretion" to cut it down on any pretext must be denied, to the end of discouraging at least the building of double-deckers by the speculative landlord who has more than one lot, but prefers to build in the old way, in order that he may more quickly sell his houses, one by one.

With much evidence to the contrary in the big blocks of tenements that are going up on every hand, I think still we are tending in the right direction. I come oftener, nowadays, upon three tenements built on four lots, or two on three lots, than I used to. Indeed, there was a time when such a thing would have been considered wicked waste, or evidence of unsound mind in the builder.

Houses are built now, as they were then, for profit. The business element must be there, or the business will fail. Philanthropy and five per cent belong together in this field; but there is no more reason for allowing usurious interest to a man who makes a living by providing houses for the poor than for allowing it to a lender of money on security. In fact, there is less; for the former draws his profits from a source with which the welfare of the commonwealth is indissolubly bound up. The Tenement House Committee found that the double-deckers yield the landlord an average of ten per cent, attack the home, and are a peril to the community. Model tenements pay a safe five per cent, restore the home, and thereby strengthen the community. It comes down, then, as I said, to a simple question of the per cent the builder will take. It should help his choice to know, as he cannot now help knowing, that the usurious profit is the price of good citizenship and human happiness, which suffer in the proportion in which the home is injured.

The problem of rent should be solved by the same formula, but not so readily. In the case of the builder the state can add force to persuasion, and so urge him along the path of righteousness. The only way to reach the rent collector would be for the municipality to enter the field as a competing landlord: doubtless relief could be afforded that way. The Tenement House Committee found that the slum landlord charged the highest rents, sometimes as high as twenty-five per cent. He made no repairs. Model tenement house rents are lower, if anything, than those of the double-decker, with more space and better accommodations. Such a competition would have to be on a very large scale, however, to avail, and I am glad that New York has shown no disposition to undertake it yet. I would rather we, as a community, learned first a little more of the art of governing ourselves without scandal. Present relief

from the burden that taxes the worker one fourth of his earnings for a roof over his head must be sought in the movement toward the suburbs that will follow the bridging of our rivers, and real rapid transit. On the island rents will always remain high, on account of the great land values. But I have often thought that if the city may not own new tenements, it might with advantage manage the old to the extent of licensing them to contain so many tenants on the basis of the air space, and no more. The suggestion was made when the tenement house question first came up for discussion, thirty years ago, but it was rejected then. The same thing is now proposed for rooms and workshops, as the means of getting the best of the sweating nuisance. Why not license the whole tenement, and with the money collected in the way of fees pay for the supervision of them by night and day? The squad of sanitary policemen now comprises for the Greater City some ninety men. Forty-one thousand tenements in the Borough of Manhattan alone, at three dollars each for the license, would pay the salaries of the entire body, and leave a margin. Seeing that their services are going exclusively to the tenements, it would not seem to be an unfair charge upon the landlords.

The home is the key to good citizenship. Unhappily for the great cities, there exists in them all a class that has lost the key or thrown it away. For this class, New York, until three years ago, had never made any provision. The police station lodging rooms, of which I have spoken, were not to be dignified by the term. These vile dens, in which the homeless of our great city were herded, without pretense of bed, of bath, of food, on rude planks, were the most pernicious parody on municipal charity, I verily believe, that any civilized community had ever devised. To escape physical and moral contagion in these crowds seemed humanly impossi-

ble. Of the innocently homeless lad they made a tramp by the shortest cut. To the old tramp they were indeed ideal provision, for they enabled him to spend for drink every cent he could beg or steal. With the stale beer dive, the free lunch counter, and the police lodging room at hand, his cup of happiness was full. There came an evil day, when the stale beer dive shut its doors and the free lunch disappeared for a season. The beer pump, which drained the kegs dry and robbed the stale beer collector of his ware, drove the dives out of business; the Raines law forbade the free lunch. Just at this time Theodore Roosevelt shut the police lodging rooms, and the tramp was literally left out in the cold, cursing reform and its fruits. It was the climax of a campaign a generation old, during which no one had ever been found to say a word in defense of these lodging rooms; yet nothing had availed to close them.

The city took lodgers on an old barge in the East River, that winter, and kept a register of them. We learned something from that. Of nearly 10,000 lodgers, one half were under thirty years old and in good health, — fat, in fact. The doctors reported them "well nourished." Among 100 whom I watched taking their compulsory bath, one night, only two were skinny; the others were stout, well-fed men, abundantly able to do a man's work. They all insisted that they were willing, too; but the moment inquiries began with a view of setting such to work as really wanted it, and sending the rest to the island as vagrants, their number fell off most remarkably. From between 400 and 500 who had crowded the barge and the pier sheds, the attendance fell on March 16, the day the investigation began, to 330, on the second day to 294, and on the third day to 171; by March 21 it had been cut down to 121. The problem of the honestly homeless, who were without means to pay for a bed even in a ten-cent lodging house,

and who had a claim upon the city by virtue of residence in it, had dwindled to surprisingly small proportions. Of 9386 lodgers, 3622 were shown to have been here less than sixty days, and 968 less than a year. The old mistake, that there is always a given amount of absolutely homeless destitution in a city, and that it is to be measured by the number of those who apply for free lodging, had been reduced to a demonstration. The truth is that the opportunity furnished by the triple alliance of stale beer, free lunch, and free lodging at the police station was the open door to permanent and hopeless vagrancy.

A city lodging house was established, with decent beds, baths, and breakfast, and a system of investigation of the lodger's claim that is yet to be developed to useful proportions. The link that is missing is a farm school, for the training of young vagrants to habits of industry

and steady work, as the alternative of the workhouse. Efforts to forge this link have failed so far, but in the good time that is coming, when we shall have learned the lesson that the unkindest thing that can be done to a young tramp is to let him go on tramping, and when magistrates shall blush to discharge him on the plea that "it is no crime to be poor in this country," they will succeed, and the tramp also we shall then have "druv into decency." When I look back now to the time, ten or fifteen years ago, when, night after night, with every police station filled, I found the old tenements in the "Bend" jammed with a reeking mass of human wrecks that huddled in hall and yard, and slept, crouching in shivering files, upon the stairs to the attic, it does seem as if we had come a good way, and as if all the turmoil and the bruises and the fighting had been worth while.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE WOOD THRUSH AT EVE.

At the wood edge, what time the sun sank low,
 We lingered speechless, being loath to leave
 The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of eve,
 And all the glamour of the afterglow.
 We watched the purple shadows lengthen slow,
 Saw the swift swallows through the clear air cleave,
 And bats begin their wayward flight to weave,
 Then rose reluctantly, and turned to go.

But ere we won beyond the warder trees,
 From out the dim deep copse that hid the swale
 Welled of a sudden flutelike harmonies
 Flooding the twilight, scale on silvery scale,
 As though we heard, far o'er the sundering seas,
 The pain and passion of the nightingale.

Clinton Scollard.

THE TRUE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE.

I HAVE been seeking for two years for an expression of the American spirit, as it manifests itself in literature as well as in life, in words as well as in works. For it is evident that if the spirit of a people be genuinely creative, it will come out at all points, and will build itself not only into the houses and churches, but also into the poems and dramas, which that people produces. If there be neither church nor poem, or no sign of original life in either, then that lack is an outcome of the nation's spirit, and is as capable of expression as any other characteristic. I think I have found at least a tentative expression for the American spirit, though no one will suppose it is in any way final, or more than a mere indicative word for the future. It falls into two parts, — one positive, the other negative. The negative characteristic of American literature is a total absence of atmosphere; the positive characteristic is the presence of power.

In all the traditional life of Europe, where the Middle Ages yet linger in every field and village, in every palace and cathedral, atmosphere is almost all of life. Let me illustrate this, first for the natural world, then for the human world. The most striking thing about America, taking one part with another, one season with another, is the presence everywhere of floods of sunlight. Though the East is abundantly blessed with rich and glowing sunshine, this is something quite unlike the East. It is a question of light with hardly any shadow; while in the East it is a matter of color rather than of light. The results, too, are quite different. When you come to notice this, you will find the effect of it everywhere through the writings of Americans. Take one of the most genuinely native of them, Bret Harte. What floods of sunlight are everywhere through his

books, — the “staring sunlight,” as he himself calls it. Yet at the same time, what a poverty of color! I have just gone through a volume of his works, containing some of the best short stories, in search of color, with this result: there are gray granite hills, green pines, red rocks, and blue sky, and that is all. Once he goes so far as to mention an azalea bush in full bloom; but either his sense of color is so rudimentary, or the color itself was so inconspicuous, that he has not even told us what the color of the azaleas was. One could get a hundred stage settings for his stories without going much beyond these four colors; but, on the other hand, no artificial light could bring things into the clear eye of day as does his staring sunlight; it is over everything he writes. Light everywhere, but very little color; and of atmosphere, in the artistic sense, not a trace. So far I speak of Bret Harte only as a landscape painter; but we shall see presently that light without color, and definition without atmosphere, go deeper, and follow him in his portraits and interiors as well.

This is also true when we go from California to Louisiana, from Bret Harte to G. W. Cable. There are white roads lined with dusty willows, sunlit plantations bordered by sunbleached swamp, streets that glare and blink at you in the brightness, but of broad and definite coloring very little. Grant Allen has made a list of the color words in Homer; I should be curious to see this method applied to Bret Harte and Cable. I think the old Greek would come out first, even though Grant Allen quotes him only to show how much more we see of color in these modern days.

If we leave New Orleans, and go up the river, piloted by the greatest writer of them all, the greatest that this New

World has yet seen, we shall still find ourselves sailing on through abundant sunlight. Everything comes out clear and definite, so that we feel we too shall soon learn the river, — every cape and island, every snag and dead tree on the bank, every swirl and swish and ripple of the water ; and human things are not less definite. The one brace that held up Huck Finn's continuations, — you can see it a mile away ; and the tuft of hair that comes through the rip in his hat, and Sid Sawyer's Sunday garments, and the broken stump where they went for punk water, and the streaky whitewash on the fence. Everything is defined, as clear as pure sunlight can make it ; there is no mistaking anything, even to the smallest detail, no supposing anything to be other than it really is. But the two most definite pieces of color in three volumes are the blue jeans which cover the shanks of fallen royalty, and the pink overspreading the state of Indiana — on the map. Mark Twain has made an attempt to pull one of his books through without weather. He is only following the lead of his land. All books are here pulled through without weather, so far as the quality of the air through which you look at everything is concerned.

Take a writer strongly contrasted with these three, yet very genuinely American for all that, — Miss Mary E. Wilkins. She has, it is true, many symphonies in lilac, many pale purple pictures, as a setting to withered and sentimental old maids who had never discovered the purpose of leap year, — never dreamed that, for an adventurous sex, every year may be a leap year ; but these lilacs and pink hollyhocks are used for their moral value, to signify a chastened and contrite spirit, and not for their coloring in the landscape. I remember that she somewhere speaks of a patch of scarlet cardinal weed, and again of the yellow fingers of the goldenrod and the purple eyes of the wild asters. But what meek and subdued colors are these, after all,

if you set them against the blaze of red in the Indian forests ; the silk-cotton trees lighting up their torches among the green ; or the scarlet coral trees with their fingers pointing skywards ; or the burning blush that comes over all the hills when the rhododendrons burst into sudden blossom. That is color, while Miss Wilkins has light, — light and east wind, if one must be quite truthful ; a very different atmosphere from the broad and generous air that Bret Harte and his free and lusty miners revel in. In her last book, Miss Wilkins speaks of a marsh where all the grass was bent in one direction, from the perpetual blowing of the east winds. I think she has given us an unconscious criticism of her characters : they too are all bent in one direction by the prevailing wind, — bent and chilled, and somewhat gnarled and withered. Yet the achievement of Miss Wilkins is a very notable one, and has this distinctive merit, that it is really true to the soil throughout ; it is almost stuff of the conscience to write what may seem an unkind criticism. All the same, one heartily desires to pour some warm air over her people, and have them thaw right through. Bret Harte has so much to spare of that very thing ; it seems that Providence had designs in this matter which were never carried out. Yet I suppose New England is not California ; and both are true to the atmosphere, or the lack of it, which belongs to the setting of their pictures. The important thing is that Miss Wilkins, like the other writers, comes under the American spirit ; floods of light that bring the whole landscape close up to one's eyes, making every detail stand forth strong and definite, with no great richness of color, and no atmosphere at all.

Now, I think, we have got far enough to apply this idea to the human world, which, after all, is the theme of literature rather than mere landscape painting.

In the human world we shall find ex-

actly the same characteristic of the American spirit: a perfect absence of atmosphere; clear ether, through which pour floods of sunlight, making all things clear and lucid, leaving nothing for fancy to play round, interpreting it this way and that way with the changes of varying moods.

Every age and every land has its own quality of moral atmosphere: of the enfolding veils which wrap up the actual and change it into the imaginary, which come between the stark and open pictures of the senses and the emotional world of feeling and hope and fear. Moral atmosphere includes everything in people and their life beyond what the eye sees; and as life has been infinitely varied for endless ages, so the qualities of moral atmosphere are infinitely varied, too. But for the modern European world, we need only take into account two qualities of moral atmosphere, to illustrate again two things which the American spirit conspicuously has not. These two are the religious and the aristocratic sense, — two things, by the way, which are explicitly ruled out of court by the Constitution.

Let me make clear what I mean here by the religious atmosphere of modern Europe. It is not the atmosphere of the Gospels, or anything like that. To get a visible expression of the spirit of the Gospels, we should have to go to Ireland, — to Ireland, with her pensive and poignant sweetness, her unworldliness and sense of failure; where veils of soft mists shimmer with pale rainbow colors, where the hills are covered with the silvery grayness of doves' wings. There is a subdued coloring about the roses; their leaves have a moist freshness, a gentle greenery, like the colors of old stained glass. There is a faint opalescent lustre about the mists; the damp bark of the trees passes through endless shades and soft half tones. There is a wistfulness in the face of the natural world, speaking of the springs of hidden tears. There

are a hundred faint gradations in the grayness of a single valley, a softness and tenderness in the growing buds, when the dawning days are silvered with dew.

This is something like the moral atmosphere of the Gospels. But the spirit of the Church, as it breathes through modern European literature, is an entirely different thing. The atmosphere of the Church is something wholly apart from questions of dogma or morals; it is rather an emotional sense of hidden things which quite alter the outward and visible values of life. It wraps to-day round with a sense of past ages, full of divine dealings with the world, taking us back to the sunlit lands of bygone years, to dim old races that lived in the dawning of the earth. The Church fills life with a sense of the past; it fills life with a sense of the other world, — a brooding divinity, hovering within this world, yet high above it; softening the firm outlines of the actual with the presence of the ideal, just as the shimmering mist softens the outlines of the hills and rocks into something as soft and impalpable as the mist itself.

In its services, the Church brings a sense of solemn music ringing through all life, melting and dissolving the actual world, to show the gleaming apparition of the world invisible to the listening soul. There is the magic of colored light through painted windows, and the added glamour of incense, — all to suggest another sensuous life hidden within the visible world of sense. The Church fills the air with ghosts.

These ghosts throng the whole of European literature, from the *Divina Commedia* to *In Memoriam*. Of Dante it may well be said that he is so full of the ghostly world that he paints a hell, a purgatory, a heaven, but no earth; that he depicts demons and half-purged souls and angels, but no natural men and women. This is the atmosphere of the Church. It is everywhere present in European books, tacitly or explicitly.

It even comes into the English novel, which is less in earnest than anything else in the whole literary cycle of the eastern hemisphere. Fancy an English novel ending in a civil marriage, with the bridal veil, the orange blossoms, the white-robed vicar, the wedding march, and all the rest of it left out: the thing is as impossible as an English village without a parsonage. Yet there have been notable examples of the religious atmosphere in English novels: John Inglesant, Yeast, and Robert Elsmere have, each in its own way, a certain value, though they are studies of the lifting of the mist rather than of the mist itself.

It is enough to speak of the religious sentiment, the great tradition and mystery of the Church, to make evident how wholly these elements of moral atmosphere are absent from the American spirit, and therefore from all genuine American books; and to try to import them is like importing Strassburg Cathedral.

To go back again to the authors we have mentioned, what has Bret Harte to do with the tradition and mystery of the Church? I remember a story of a Western service where the congregation sang *Whoa, Emma*. In this atmosphere the miners and cowboys of the Californian plains are more at home. In fact, one has a sense of the grotesque in speaking of the tradition and mystery of the Church in the presence of Bret Harte's millionaires of *Rough-and-Ready*, his unwashed barbarians, his Achilles and Agamemnon of *Red Gulch*, his Jack Hamlins and Mr. Oakhursts, and his almost unmentionable ladies, who certainly are not prejudiced about the marriage service. So that the moral atmosphere which depends on the tradition and mystery of the Church fades away in his staring sunlight, and leaves us instead a set of red-shirted pagans and unprejudiced barbarians, — whom we find, nevertheless, to be very good company and full of purely human kindliness.

When we go South, it is just the same. In Cable's books we have, it is true, a good deal about the Church, and what is at least by courtesy a Catholic coloring. But set beside them some genuinely Catholic work, like, let us say, the *Imitation*, and how impassable is the chasm between! One is haunted with a suspicion of parody. Posson Jone's religion is simply an additional comic element, and it is hardly otherwise with the *Curé* in *Madame Delphine*; they are not to be taken seriously. And when tradition and mystery are not taken seriously, how much of them is left? One may say of Cable's best books that they show the religious atmosphere of old French America lifting and fading away before the modern spirit of the North; the mists are already so thin that we can see clearly through them, — can see, in fact, that in a moment they will be gone.

To follow the same order as before, let us pass on to Mark Twain. One shudders to write his name in the same line with the words "the tradition and mystery of the Church." The hiatus is awful. Here is a sheer heathen, if ever there was one, whatever may be his opinions in theology. Here, again, there is a suspicion of parody in the use of religion; sometimes a great deal more than suspicion. "Air you the duck that runs the gospel mill next door?" It is almost blasphemy to speak in the same breath of St. Francis of Assisi, yet for the sake of contrast I must do it. Let any one go over all Mark Twain's works, in memory, and see how absolutely devoid they are of the tradition and mystery of the Church, of the endless shades and gradations of religious atmosphere.

I am afraid Miss Wilkins will be greatly shocked at being numbered among the heathen, yet truth will out. Her characters have a good deal of theology, but you do not find them in a Catholic cathedral. I think, if they were given a choice, they would prefer the singularly edifying smell of sulphur to the danger-

ous fascination of incense; and music, for them, means a psalm tune sung through the nose, or, at best, a cracked spinet played on the sly. They have, it is true, a sense of the other world; but it is a world that is fitted only for comminatory purposes. It is the religion of the east wind, and it bends them all in one way. They tend to display themselves as "odd, perverse, and splenetic," in the words of the great satirist of the Protestant spirit.

One may notice, in passing, that Harold Frederic tried to write a novel of religious atmosphere and the higher culture; just as he tried, later, to write a novel of the higher aristocracy. It seems unkind to say it, but in both he gives me the impression of a boy in a man's hat. What has any free-born citizen to do with these things? Can a genuine countryman of Scotty Briggs meddle with the higher culture? Can Tom Sawyer talk plausibly of the higher aristocracy? One would like to write a chapter on American novels "made in Europe." I mention Harold Frederic's name precisely because he has written one of the very best stories in the American spirit, which one could very well use, to show how new and how excellent that spirit is. But let the higher culture and the higher aristocracy alone; they are not recognized by the American Constitution.

The American spirit is wholly devoid of the Old World atmosphere of religion, the tradition and mystery of the Church. This atmosphere is as out of place in the New World as a Gothic cathedral would be in Red Dog or Poker Flat. A visitor to a Lowland village in Scotland once remarked on the extreme religiousness of the natives, as shown by the presence of nine places of worship, of different denominations. Said his native friend, "It's no religion ava'; it's jist cur-r-sedness of temper." Will Miss Wilkins be offended if I say that the "religion" of many of her stories recalls that anec-

dote? The American spirit has no religious atmosphere, and all genuine products of the American spirit will have the same character. All really American novelists will have to dispense with it.

There is another element of moral atmosphere, everywhere present in European literature; everywhere absent in America, or present only as a bad imitation. This is the atmosphere of aristocracy. The divine right of kings does not stand alone: it falls, like the descending showers of a fountain, on all the lords of the nobility, endowing them, in the words of the liturgy, with a certain special measure of grace, wisdom, and understanding, beyond the reach of common clay. It is even extended, by a sense of its absence and by a reverence for it, to mere peasants and artisans. A man is not seen as an individual, in a clear light, but, as it were, surrounded with a shimmering haze, an aureole or glory, like the saints of old. There is a haze of shadow, where rank is not, which is not less positive in its atmospheric value. New powers are added to men and their belongings by the aristocratic atmosphere. It hovers over all the centuries of European history, from the days of Agamemnon, king of men. It embodies in the present a sense of an invisible past, but a past very different from the past of the Church. Its powers and accomplishments are quite other than those of the ecclesiastical world; yet they are not less valid and fascinating, within their proper sphere. Aristocracy, also, of which the imperial crown is but the pinnacle, fills all the air with apparitions. But they are the apparitions of Valhalla, not of Golgotha; of the heathen gods of battle, not of saints and martyrs. The Sabbath carries us to Palestine, but the week days are named after the Norse gods.

Europe has two religions: one avowed, drawn from Judea; the other tacitly held, and carried in unbroken continuity from the days of Asgard and the sagas. The

Normans, who gave a nobility to every country in Europe, from Spain to Russia, from England to Italy, never really rendered up their religion. It is still the aristocratic faith, the atmosphere of nobility, which lingers in democratic England and republican France as obstinately as in imperial Germany and royal Spain. All Europe is still full of the Middle Ages, of the Norman conquests, though the days of these things are already numbered.

It is worth noting that the religious and the aristocratic atmosphere mingle and reinforce each other. They stand or fall together. England made a vigorous attempt to rid herself of the tradition of Rome. The result was that one English king lost his head, and another his throne. France made an attempt, not less vigorous, to sweep away the old aristocracy. And presently came the formal abolition of the Church, the secularization of the state.

France, indeed, made an attempt to get rid of these two things we are speaking of, the atmosphere of royalty and the atmosphere of religion. America, at about the same time, was busy tearing off these two veils. In the case of France the result is nudity. In the case of America it is nakedness, — the nakedness of aboriginal nature. Between nudity and nakedness, as Marion Crawford says, there is a startling difference. Nudity, in literature, will mean a school of realism after the fashion of Zola. The nakedness of nature will mean, for the America of the future, a school, not of realism, but of reality.

For it is so evident as to be not worth illustrating, that American literature will have to dispense with the element of atmosphere which depends on the aristocratic idea; and what an enormous part that idea has played in the literature of Europe one can easily realize by going over a few of the names of European masterpieces: *Gerusalemme Liberata*, *Orlando*, *The Cid*, the plays of Shake-

spere, Racine, Corneille, Alfieri, down to the English novels published yesterday, — the aristocratic element is always to be felt. The "county god" is everywhere in English fiction, brooding like the day, a master o'er a slave, a presence that is not to be put by. A good contemporary example of this atmosphere of aristocracy is the historical series of Sienkiewicz; his Pans and counts and princes, who go dashing through four formidable volumes, are wrapt in this spirit; yet in the cold vision of political economy they are mere robbers, unproductive, living impudently on the bread of others, — idle, but not ashamed.

Of this quality the American spirit can inherit nothing. America has explicitly cut it adrift, and American literature must bear the consequences. We shall still have writers like Marion Crawford, who cannot get away from the Vatican and the Quirinal, with their cardinals and their princes, whether black or white or gray; or writers like Henry James, with his Princess Casamassimas. But these are merely pathetic attempts to fight against fate. The aristocratic atmosphere has no place in American literature, and writers who cling to it are cutting themselves off from their nation. They also should have a place in that chapter on American literature "manufactured abroad;" one wonders whether their work can be legitimately copyrighted here.

I have used the works of four writers as illustrations, not because they are the only examples of the American spirit, but because they are the most remarkable for the absence of what Mark Twain calls "weather." They best illustrate the lack of atmosphere in the natural world. At the same time, it is noteworthy that each of these four writers has written a story explicitly intended to strip off the two elements of moral atmosphere, the religious and the aristocratic idea. In *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, one of the very best of his stories, Bret

Harte has deliberately set before himself the task of exhibiting the spiritual element in birth, marriage, and death, without the benefit of clergy: these three occurrences are the Church's great opportunity, the incidents of mortality which she seizes and makes peculiarly her own. And Bret Harte never tires of showing the sterling manhood of his clay-begrimed miners, who have not even legitimate surnames, much less titles. "The man's the man for a' that" might be taken as the motto of all his tales.

In *The Grandissimes* Mr. Cable has shown the aristocratic atmosphere of old French America drawn away like the lifting of a veil. The point of the whole story is the human character and force of the white Honoré Grandissime triumphing over his aristocratic birth. In *Posson Jone* we have the religious atmosphere deliberately used as an additional element of humor, and quite legitimately so used. And this is also true of *Madame Delphine*. The novelist has set himself in both cases to show the mere and aboriginal humanity breaking through the religious atmosphere, and giving it whatever real value it has; and there is this rending of veils in everything he has written.

Mark Twain, in his narrative of Buck Fanshaw's funeral, which is, in its own sphere, the finest thing ever written, has used the religious atmosphere much in the same way. It adds to the humor of the story, and merely illustrates once more the fact that spirituality and a truly spiritual way of viewing death are something wholly apart from the tradition and mystery of the Church. In *The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* he has set himself to make game of the aristocratic idea; but in this work there is something of the unfitness which attends all parody; every parody, however funny, is in questionable taste. But the really

racy and delightful treatment of the aristocratic idea is the story of the two "beats," the episode of royalty on the Mississippi, in *Huckleberry Finn*. Those kings and dukes, the lost dauphins and Bridgewaters, are inimitable: "Your grace will take the shucks." That is the real American treatment of the feudal idea.

In one of her last books Miss Wilkins too has boldly taken the side of the iconoclasts. Her story *A New England Prophet* is genuinely humorous, and how terribly severe is its satire! One wonders whether the change of heart and the contrast with Cotton Mather's days therein manifested are personal to the writer, or general and universal among her New England friends. In *The Buckley Lady* she makes gentle fun of the aristocratic spirit; and one is heartily glad to find any character of hers who gets naturally and comfortably married, and does not go halting down the path of old-maidhood, with constricted heart and modestly sealed lips. The institution of the go-between would be invaluable to her people, and would save them from many pale tragedies.

We have reached this result, then, in our analysis of the American spirit in literature: floods of light, meagre coloring, no atmosphere at all. The writers of the future must give up everything which depends on the atmosphere of the Church, with its mystery and tradition, and the atmosphere of the palace, the castle, and the court. All these things will be stripped off, as the mist vanishes before the noonday sun; and we shall have plain humanity, standing in the daylight, talking prose. American writers will have to pull their books through without weather, in a larger sense than that meant by Mark Twain. Some of them have already tried to do so, with very notable results.

Charles Johnston.

A VIRTUOSO OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THERE are at least two methods of biographical study. By the first method a notable character is treated as the centre of the reader's interest, and all other characters, whether great or small, become subsidiary. Study on this plan gives us the typical modern biography, an elaborate, ordered, exhaustive treatise, rich in details, garrulous over the question of ancestry, — a book more interesting than a novel, and sometimes, as in the case of Henley's *Life of Burns*, more shocking than the revelations of a divorce court. It is a classic literary form, orthodox, time-honored. We are familiar with its characteristics. Though subject to infinite variations, it will never be radically changed, and it can hardly be improved upon.

The second method of biographical study takes a character of minor importance, traces his career, and notes the points of contact between his life and the lives of his great contemporaries. We are interested in this minor character partly for himself, and very much because of the people whom he has known.

To be sure, the small man is sometimes handled as if he were of major importance; his life has been written with a minuteness not justified by the quality and amount of his genius. Such application of what I call the orthodox method often spoils a good biographical sketch to make an unwieldy biography. This zeal, untempered by discretion, produces vast "authorized" lives of small though most worthy persons.

The second method of biographical study does not have for its object an overexaltation of modest and slender powers; it aims simply to enlarge our knowledge of a given period by viewing that period as it is expressed in the life of a man who was distinctly of his time; who was normal, observant, unusually

sane; and who had sufficient genius to be markedly differentiated from people who have mere yearning and appreciation without potency and knowledge. Biographical study after this plan is most illuminating. At the hands of a scholar equipped for the work it might even yield important results.

Take for illustration such a book as the *Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes*. There would be no great difficulty in making an idol of Beddoes. People have been found prostrating themselves before a less gifted poet than the author of *Death's Jest Book*. Let us, however, take him at his own low and melancholy estimate, when he trembled at the thought of a fashionable publisher, believed he would have to print at his own expense, and "could hardly expect to get rid of one hundred copies by sale." Let us read the small volume of his letters with a view to finding out how it all struck a contemporary. The first letter, written in February, 1824, shows "three poor honest admirers of Shelley's poetry" trying to see their way financially to print an edition of two hundred and fifty copies of Shelley's *Posthumous Poetry*. Beddoes was one of the honest admirers; Thomas Forbes Kelsall and Bryan Waller Procter were the other two. Here is a powerful side light on the history of Shelley's poetical reputation. Nearly two years had passed since the great poet's death, and three honest admirers were trying to launch a slender little edition of posthumous verses by the author of the *Adonais*. The same letter tells us that Simpkin and Marshall were selling a "remainder" of two hundred and fifty copies of *Prometheus Unbound* — Ollier's edition, of course — "*at a reduction of seventy per cent!*" A copy of that edition will now sell for a hundred dollars.

A few pages more and we shall again see how it strikes a contemporary. Beddoes wants to know who is to be the reigning celestial attraction, now that Shelley has gone; is it to be "vociferous Darley" or "tender, full-faced L. E. L., the milk-and-watery moon of our darkness"? Beddoes knew poetry when he read it, and could not be deceived into thinking a thing good because the public trooped after it. One needed to know the units of that public, their standards of literary taste, in order to find out whether their rapture meant anything. In those days, L. E. L.'s poetry did not need to be sold at a discount of seventy per cent, and Darley was thought by many good judges to be "more promising" than Tennyson; but to Thomas Lovell Beddoes he was "vociferous Darley."

In a letter written in 1825 Beddoes speaks of "Mr. Thomas Campbell," who has in some newspaper "a paltry refutation of some paltry charge of plagiarism regarding his paltry poem in the paltry Edinburgh," etc.; and in a subsequent paragraph he declares that "we ought to look back with late repentance and remorse on our intoxicated praise, now cooling, of Lord Byron,—such a man to be so spoken of when the world possessed Goethe, Schiller, Shelley!" Beddoes was, I believe, much too good-natured to have printed this remark about Campbell while Campbell was alive. But if we may not say what we think in our letters among our private friends, where *are* we to be at liberty to speak? The quotation shows how one level-headed critic of that time failed not to see that Campbell was paltry, and that Byron had been praised with a praise begotten of intoxication rather than of cool, sane, amiably disposed but rigorously just poetic insight. The criticism is of the more value because it was not written for publication, and because it was not the bitter sneer of a neglected poet, wounded by neglect, and

jealous of the attention and the dollars bestowed upon other poets.

If the letters of Beddoes convince me of anything, they convince me of this: that he was a good fellow, pathetic in spite of himself, deeply humiliated in his literary productivity, not because the public refused to like his verses, but because he could not honestly like them himself. Such a man does not sneer at other poets for the bitter pleasure of sneering. We have a right to suspect the motives of men who publicly assail the work of successful collaborators in the same field. For example, Percy Fitzgerald should never have attacked Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell; if it needed to be done, it were better done by some man who had not himself an edition of the same book on the market.

We who have survived a late grotesque literary craze cannot but read with deepest interest Beddoes's letter, dated Zurich, 1837, in which he welcomes indications that the English dramatic genius is not, as he supposed, dead. He has read "extracts which certainly indicate a beating of the pulse, a warming of the skin, and a sigh or two from the dramatic lady Muse, as if she were about to awake from her asphyxy of a hundred years." The next sentence shows that the reference is to Browning, whose *Strafford* was being talked of. The examiner, it seems, was "quite rapturous."

This takes one back to those happy days when a man could read Browning's poetry because he liked it, days before the Furnivalls and the Kingslands had begun shrilly to demand that the public bow the knee, days when a man did not feel that he was the victim of a gigantic conspiracy to *make* him read Browning. It is well not to speak too flippantly of any literary mania productive of as much good, on the whole, as was the Browning craze; yet that movement is hardly in the right direction which looks toward the glorification of *So-and-So's*

poetry rather than the glorification of that divine thing Poetry. Browning was not an isolated fact. There are people who have read Sordello, and have never read *The Earthly Paradise*. This is simple lunacy.

Many suggestive points are brought out by a reading in Beddoes's letters, provided we keep always before us the idea that these letters are the clue by which we learn something about the manners and the contemporaries. The book may be studied for itself, but it will serve its highest purpose when it becomes the key to a better understanding of the literary period in which Beddoes lived.

I have thought that a happy application of this method might be made in the case of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He was, indeed, a virtuoso of the old school, one of the last of his race. In spite of the modern note in his letters, there is yet a quality which suggests old furniture and old books, old hangings and old pictures, faded flowers and mildewed letters, an aroma of now forgotten perfumes, and the breath of ancient scandals which have become historic. He was a man predestined to be quaint and old-fashioned. His garments were venerable, and had apparently come down to him from a former generation. Nobody knew where he got them, and nobody dared to ask. This was true of him, of course, only in the later part of his life; there must have been a time when his dress met the requirements of the arbiters of taste. The secret of good dressing largely consists in conforming with the mode without seeming to conform. Kirkpatrick Sharpe was so far from being a nonconformist that he must have been for years overpunctilious. In course of time, his devotion to cravats declined as his devotion to bricabrac increased. By neglecting one or two points in the change of fashion he fell behind, and the coming generations looked upon him as an oddity, a "character," as we say. The writer of a lively bit of

post-mortem portraiture, which appeared in *The Scotsman* just after the distinguished virtuoso's death, remarks, "We had always the idea that Sharpe never thought he dressed differently from other people." He did so dress. Altogether unlike other people he must have been, "with his green umbrella, its crozier-shaped horn handle and its long brass point; with his thread stockings, and his shoes — of the kind which our fathers called pumps — tied with profuse ribbon; with his ever faded frock coat, and his cravat of that downy bulging character which Brummel repealed. The greater part of the whole costume was exactly as he had worn it in his college days in the preceding century." This was written in 1851.

Such a man might well have seemed an oddity to an irreverent generation which knew not the laws determining the cut of a coat in 1798. People used to speculate on the mystery of Kirkpatrick Sharpe's clothes. It was not wonderful that he should have them, but that he should have *continued* to have them, decade after decade. "It is possible that some profuse wardrobe of early days may have proved a sort of granary to him; but we have sometimes thought that an expert tradesman, who had by accident a reserve of ancestral stock, had found him a useful duct for draining off the unsalable merchandise."

Kirkpatrick Sharpe early acquired a reputation as a letter-writer. People who corresponded with him begged him to write oftener. This was a great compliment, for in those days it cost a man twenty-five cents to receive a letter; the recipient was therefore not to be blamed for desiring the worth of his money. That his friends were willing to invest this sum in anything Sharpe chose to write may be inferred from what John Marriott says, namely, that he has the comfortable assurance that his blood vessels "are all in good repair; for had any of them been in a ticklish situation, they

must have yielded to the nearly hysterical laughter to which some parts [of your letter] gave rise."

Lady Charlotte Bury called Kirkpatrick Sharpe "the modern Walpole." She even ventured the statement that he surpassed Walpole in the art of letter-writing. "To me," says the Lady Charlotte, "Mr. Sharpe's style is far more agreeable; and the knowledge that his clever and amusing letters are written without any study or correction enhances their merit in a great degree." She was so convinced of his cleverness that she made no scruple about printing a number of his letters while he was yet alive. This led Sharpe to anathematize the lady, and almost entirely to stop writing letters save to people whom he could trust. He had greatly enjoyed the reputation for cleverness, wit, and sarcasm, and there must have been satisfaction in the knowledge that his letters were thought good enough to hand about; but thirty years later, when those letters were dragged into the glare of public print, their author was fain to characterize them as "silly and impertinent."

Why do gossip and scandal of a hundred years ago often have a romantic, mellow, fascinating quality, while, as everybody knows, modern gossip and scandal are unspeakably detestable, brutal, dull? Why is it that we can read with pleasure in old diaries and letters of doings and sayings from which we would turn with disgust were they translated into nineteenth-century equivalents and printed in a newspaper? "It must be," as a critic suggests, "that chroniques scandaleuses, like wine, discard through lapse of time the acridity of newness, and acquire a bouquet."

Without question, Kirkpatrick Sharpe's letters amused his correspondents because they were filled with a type of scandal which we do not put into letters nowadays, and because they were written with a freedom of speech which we explain, when we find it in the hand-

writing of our forefathers and foremothers, by saying, "That's the way they used to talk." Probably some of them did talk "that way," and some did not. Even in letters to his mother and sisters Sharpe has allusions and anecdotes which would not be tolerated among us. This will need to be set down to the account of that indefinite something called "the times." Moreover, Sharpe was frequently led into making an unsavory allusion, not from the love of it, but from disgust; just as people with sensitive noses must needs call the attention of others to ill odors which might else have gone unperceived, thanks to beneficent colds and dulled nerves.

Sharpe's correspondence fills two octavo volumes of six hundred pages each. Not a page is lacking in the element of interest. One could wish that in this mass of epistolary composition there had been more letters from Sharpe's pen, even if it had deprived us of a letter or two from Earl This or Lady That. But the student of manners will be grateful for it as it is. Nothing here is useless. Sharpe's life will probably never be written; there is no reason why it should be. But suppose that it were to be written, in a three-hundred-page volume. His ardent admirers would have some difficulty in justifying the existence of those three hundred pages, but the twelve hundred pages of letters justify themselves. They are documents which throw a flood of light on the intimate life of the times. They may be read for amusement, and they will furnish rather more of it than many a novel over which the public is dulling its brain; but they serve their high purpose when they help us to reconstruct now obliterated social conditions. Nothing is more difficult than to fashion in our minds a picture of the past, even when that past is not far distant. Such a conception we must have; otherwise, half our reading goes for naught, and every historical event is liable to distortion. This book is rather

more useful than a formal tract on conditions of life in the first quarter of this century. It abounds only in hints, but hints such as are believed to be, to the wise, sufficient. The most required is that the reader shall have his mind alert; that he shall view each fact, not as something detached, but as the symbol of a thousand other facts, with each of which it holds an indestructible relation.

Sharpe's own history was without event. He was born at Hoddam Castle in 1781. At the age of seventeen he matriculated at Christ Church College, Oxford. In 1802 he became a Bachelor of Arts, and four years later took his Master's degree. He contributed to *The Anti-Jacobin Review*, and to the third volume of *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*. He had a circle of friends who admired him and begged him to write oftener, and he fenced himself in from the vulgar, whom he heartily detested. He made a few visits to London and to the homes of his intimates. He knew Shelley and "loathed" him, but he saw the merit of Shelley's poetry. He was an artist. He made sketches both grave and gay. His work shows immense promise and not a little fulfillment. The same criticism holds with respect to his literary efforts. His failure in either department may be explained on the old theory that Sharpe was too much of a gentleman to be either an artist or an author; that is to say, he who plays the violin in public, or writes books, or puts his paintings on exhibition with a view to selling them, parts with a measure of his self-respect. He exposes his mind, and to do this is shameful. The redeeming feature is that, while the artist is sacrificed, the world may perhaps be benefited. In the majority of cases, however, both the artist and the public are sacrificed. Kirkpatrick Sharpe "felt two natures warring within him," and was equally averse to literary total abstinence and to literary debauchery.

He passed the latter part of his life

in Edinburgh, where he accumulated his extraordinary collection of books, pictures, and antiquities. To the people who knew him in the forties he must have appeared like a survival from the days of the Regency dandies. He died in 1851, having outlived his friend Sir Walter Scott by nearly twenty years.

No record of his talk exists, but if his spoken utterances bore any relation to his written style, he was caustic, witty, daring. His letters are filled with light touches which are the salt of such composition. No matter how trivial in themselves, they are flavored with his wit in a way to keep one reading. He speaks of a cold snap at Oxford which carried off so many old people that "there was not a grandfather or grandmother to be had for love or money." He sets forth the sad quandary of his aunt, "driven out into the wide world with a small helpless family of chiffo-niers, writing-tables, and footstools." He mentions a certain baronet, whose circumstances are such that "he must surely get a berth in jail if he procureth not one in parliament." He describes a young lady at a ball, "dressed in muslin so thin that it left no room for conjecture."

In his youth Sharpe had a cordial Scots hatred for everything English, except English literature. His letters written home from college are filled with sarcasm at the expense of English manners. He outgrew this, and viewed with positive distress the approach of that time which would put an end to his college life. Young men of this day, with their thick-soled shoes and golf stockings, are a striking contrast to the young exquisites of Oxford in 1802. Sharpe used to look back and marvel that he ever went about Oxford, in winter, "in silk stockings and pumps." They were great dandies. Stapleton, one of Sharpe's friends, performed a certain journey in comfort, with the single misfortune of having "lost his scent bottle." And it was the Honorable

William Burrell who, having had a fit of sickness, told Sharpe that his nurse was alarmed about him when she saw how his stays had to be taken in every day.

These facts help to an understanding of the external differences. Nothing accentuates more the intellectual differences between university boys of that day and this than their attitude in that olden time toward poetry, or what they firmly believed to be such. All were poets, "and not ashamed." It is laughable to see how gravely they used to exchange copies of their verses, and how courageously they pretended to like one another's bad poetry. With all their solemnity, it is difficult not to suspect them, as the old Shakespearean slang has it, of "kindly giving one another the bob."

Kirkpatrick Sharpe's companions were devoted to him, but I have a suspicion that it is possible to explain a measure of their devotion on the principle of *Agree with thy gifted acquaintance quickly lest he make a caricature of thee*. Sharpe had a caustic pencil as well as a caustic pen. Such a drawing as that of Queen Elizabeth Dancing shows terrible sardonic force. A man might well wish to keep on the good side of an artist who, peradventure, might elect to make game of lesser personages than Queen Elizabeth.

We Americans need to remind ourselves, as we read these letters, of the custom obtaining at Oxford for noblemen to wear gold tassels on their caps. These were called tufts; whence, tuft-hunters. The concourse of titled youths was particularly great during one year; and Sharpe was moved to say that "one's eyes required green spectacles to preserve them from the glare of the golden tufts among these peers." He was often sarcastic over the forms of deference prescribed by the university toward young noblemen, and then he had moments of wishing he wore a tuft himself.

Two of Sharpe's college friends were "Topographical" Gell and the Honorable Keppel Craven. Gell became famous through his explorations in Greece and the Troad, whence he acquired the epithet of "topographical." Keppel Craven wrote books of travel. Both these gentlemen were in after years attached to Queen Caroline's petty court, and, at her trial, were called upon to testify to the propriety of her conduct, which they honorably did.

Shelley dawned on Oxford in 1810. He was then noted chiefly for his eccentricities. Sharpe speaks ironically of him as "a Mr. Shelley who lives upon arsenic, aquafortis, and half an hour's sleep in the night." Sharpe later declared that Shelley *tried* to make people think he lived upon arsenic. Some people would believe it. The poet had "the natural desire to propagate a wonder." It is easy to see how the legendary element began early to assert itself in Shelley's history. When a myth forms concerning a man in his college days, we may be sure that man will furnish interesting problems for his biographers. In a letter written in October, 1811, Sharpe announces to his correspondent that "the ingenious Mr. Shelley hath been expelled from the university on account of his atheistical pamphlet. . . . He behaved like a hero, . . . and declared his intention of emigrating to America." Shelley emigrated, however, no farther than Edinburgh, where Sharpe encountered him again. In a letter to Mrs. Balfour, Sharpe says: "I impudently write this to beg that you will permit me to bring to your party Mr. Shelley — who is a son of Sir Timothy Shelley — and his friend Mr. Hutchinson. They are both very gentlemanly persons, and dance quadrilles eternally."

One striking letter in this collection helps us to form an idea of Walter Scott as he appeared in days before he became famous; when there was as yet neither Lady of the Lake nor Waverley, and

Scott was known as an enthusiastic collector of old ballads, which ballads he was given to "spouting" rather more than most people cared to hear. In a letter to his mother, dated July, 1803, Sharpe writes: "The Border Minstrel paid me a visit some time since on his way to town, and I very courteously invited him to breakfast. He is dreadfully lame, and much too *poetical*. He spouts without mercy, and pays compliments so high-flown that my self-conceit, tho' a tolerable good shot, could not even wing one of them; but he told me that he intended to present me with the new edition of his book, and I found some comfort in that." Other sentences in the letter indicate that Sharpe did not take to the Border Minstrel. In a year and a half from that visit Scott had become famous through the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*. Before many years acquaintance became intimacy. Scott had a real admiration for Kirkpatrick Sharpe's powers, and continually urged him to turn the genius and spirit which delighted his friends to the instruction and amusement of the public. This Sharpe never did, because he had the virtuoso temperament.

People who have had to do with victims of the collecting habit will know what I mean. A small boy was once heard to say that his mother was "the greatest collector of busted junk in the state of New York." That mother probably had the virtuoso temperament, while the boy had not. Women are not usually interested in junk. Mrs. Gereth was; but Mrs. Gereth was an exception.¹ The virtuoso temperament is fussy; it busies itself about the marks on china, the niceties of adjectives, the glorifying misprints of first editions. To be a collector means in general to have nerves. This type of mind studies how to avoid shocks, and is itself shocked about things which most people are content not to notice. The virtuoso has a

horror of being useful, because to be useful comes pretty near to being vulgar. He plans works, but never carries them out. He is bored by people with a purpose; they are so insistent, and magnify their office. He protects himself from bruises. He publishes his books anonymously, not from the wish to be unostentatious, but from sheer disgust at the thought of the world's coarse abuse or even coarser approval.

The virtuoso temperament will not permit a man to go with the multitude, even if they are bound heavenward. When people stare after a prodigy, whether of celestial origin or the opposite, *he* refuses to look. Kirkpatrick Sharpe would not have read a line of *Quo Vadis*, nor can you imagine him standing on the curb to look at a squad of returning Rough Riders. He liked the sun, the moon, and the stars, but he disliked comets. He "spoke disrespectfully" of the comet of 1811, which was very popular. "Oh, this tiresome comet; . . . it nightly ruins my temper, for all the people in this mansion have got nothing else of an evening to do but to look at it; so there's talk about it, too tedious — with every ten minutes a casement cast up, with a current of cold, damp, toothachy air, and a provoking exclamation of 'Dear, how very clear the tail is to-night! do come and look at it' which I never do by any chance." He professed to think that a comet's tail was "the dullest of all possible tails." "I would not give one twinkle of my parrot's for all the comet tails in the universe!" Here is the virtuoso temperament to excess. It sniffs at the peacock splendors which are apparent to all the world, and says, "My parrot has a more interesting tail."

The virtuoso is useful in spite of himself. We may not dismiss him offhand, and thank our stars that we are not as he; for he colors the flat, dull tones of ordinary existence. His cynicism, if that be the word, his peevishness, his acrimony, are a sharp sauce to the boiled

¹ The Spoils of Poynton, by Henry James.

fish. Quiescent ox-eyed good nature is terribly depressing. I would not have all the world to be cynical, but a world without cynics would be very tedious. It is our duty to discourage the cynicism of vain, dull, affected, and unsuccessful people, but rather to welcome the trait in men of ability and discrimination.

I say that the virtuoso is useful in spite of himself, not alone for the stringent quality of his temper, but because that very defect of taste which prompts him to collect queer and unusual things, to amass scraps of recondite learning, to take a morbid interest in more or less morbid facts, — this very freakishness of taste enables the virtuoso oftentimes to furnish the key to an historical or genealogical mystery. Kirkpatrick Sharpe could give Walter Scott valuable hints now and then, but, if one may emphasize the obvious, it would have been impossible for him to write a *Waverley* or a *Guy Mannering*. To his contemporaries, however, he seemed quite capable of such a performance. They looked with near-sighted eyes at the display of antiquarian knowledge and of local geographical information, and said he must certainly have done it. The Marchioness of Stafford wrote to him that she could not contrive to fish out of Walter Scott whether Sharpe was, as had been suspected, the author of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. "But this silence with which you have been reproached," continues the marchioness, "led me to suspect something of that kind might have been the case; and many traits in those works encouraged me in the idea. You have, if this is the case, much reason to be satisfied with the success of both [novels], for it is only disputed which is the best, and they are read and studied by people of all kinds, and are so much in fashion that many pretend to understand the dialogue in the latter who cannot possibly comprehend a word of it."

Scott probably enjoyed being catechised on the subject; but I cannot help

thinking that Sharpe must have had a pang in realizing how absolutely out of his power was any such literary performance. Sharpe's admirers appear to have been entirely convinced. One of his college friends, E. B. Impey, son of the famous chief justice of Bengal, writes to him in 1821: "I have been for these last five or six years pluming myself upon my sagacity in tracing your style in many passages of the Scots novels which are so deservedly popular, particularly the earlier ones. I don't expect you to set me right if I am in error, and still less to divulge a secret which is so perseveringly withheld from all the rest of the world — tho' I cannot comprehend the motive of it. But I have a right to quarrel with you for not sending me a copy of the books of which you are avowedly the author."

Among the many letters from Sir Walter Scott in this book, one in particular recalls a thrilling chapter in Edinburgh history. Scott, in sending the narrative of Mrs. Macfarlane to Kirkpatrick Sharpe, declares it to be "quite a peaceful, quiet tale to what our doctors can quote! I am told," says Scott, "no prudent maiden walks out a-nights without buttering her mouth, that the black plaister may not adhere."

This is a half-jesting allusion to the gruesome murders by a method called "burking," — after William Burke, who was the most conspicuous adept at it. Burke and his associate Hare smothered their victims, and sold the bodies to Knox, the famous anatomist. Fifteen unfortunates, male and female, died by their hands. The disclosure of the horrible facts threw Edinburgh into a state of terror. People dared not leave their houses after dark. Laborers coming home from work walked in squads for protection. Sharpe testifies to the universal fear which prevailed, but adds that for all that "the murders only made us talk nonsense the more."

Burke was hanged. The public flocked

to behold the comfortable sight, as they would have gone to a circus. One Robert Seton writes to Kirkpatrick Sharpe: "I respectfully beg leave to mention that I will be happy to give you a share of one window, on the morning of the execution of Burke. Mr. Stevenson, bookseller, wished one window for Sir Walter Scott and yourself, but on account of the number that has applied, that will be out of my power. But I shall be happy to accommodate Sir Walter and yourself with a share of one."

In his latter years Sharpe became a zealous and untiring guardian of the antiquities of Edinburgh. Every proposition to alter or to destroy an historic landmark of the ancient city was sure to arouse his fighting blood. He would write scathing letters in the newspapers, and pleading letters to his friends. He would threaten those influential noblemen who were at ease in Zion with the curses of endless generations of antiquaries, should this great evil be done. His influence was for the best in these matters, and he was the instrument of saving much which might else have been improved out of existence. His taste was catholic, and he was almost equally solicitous for the salvation of an old chair or the house of John Knox.

I have indicated but a few of many points which may be brought out by a reading of these volumes. They illustrate a wide range of topics, from the history of dental surgery to the history of literature; and they illustrate their subject the better because they were not written for such purpose. I read a treatise on the art of stuffing teeth, and am unmoved; I read Kirkpatrick Sharpe's letters, and am deeply sympathetic as I see his teeth dropping away one by one, — and no help for it, — till finally the poor fellow's mouth contains but an unpicturesque dental ruin, a Stonehenge as he calls it, and he looks darkly forward, without resignation, to that time

when he must either "mump or live by suction." This reconciles me to modern improvements, makes me understand how much physical misery has been eliminated, and even helps me placidly to endure the announcements of that class of dental operators who innocently describe themselves as painless.

He reads these letters best, I take it, who reads them in order to reconstruct that past which is always interesting simply because it no longer exists; and because when it *did* exist, it was, to the human ephemera who beheld it, the Present, tremendously modern, even marvelous in their eyes.

The reader must throw his mind back into such decades of that past as interest him most. He may legitimately seize on anything that will help to fill out his conception. Let him try to apprehend what life was, minus this or the other material advantage. Let him subtract the ruling interest of to-day, and put in its place the ruling interest of yesterday. He must put Paganini for Paderewski, Duc d'Enghien for Albert Dreyfus, Burke and Hare for the Whitechapel murderer. He must substitute *The Heart of Midlothian* for (*Heaven help us!*) *The Christian*. He must imagine the time when a reference would be made to some fate-concealed Smith, and all the world would know it meant Mr. Smith in Evelina, whereas nowadays it would be Terence Mulvaney, or Tammas Haggart, or the Little Minister. And the reader will perchance find a clue to much worth knowing if he tries to conjure up that day when, instead of laughing, as we do, over the comic progresses of the Emperor William, people would knit the brow over the bloody progresses of Napoleon Bonaparte. By some such process as this, as far-reaching and exhaustive as his time, patience, and insight will permit, may one hope for a substantial reward from reading the letters of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe and his friends.

Leon H. Vincent.

A COLONIAL DIARY.

It is well for us who are interested in colonial days and colonial ways that their leisure gave men and women ample opportunity to keep diaries, and that a modesty, now quite unknown, made them willing to spend long hours in writing pages not destined for publication. There is something very charming about this old-fashioned, long-discarded reticence, this deliberate withholding of trivial incidents and fleeting impressions from the wide-mouthed curiosity of the crowd. Even when the Revolution had awakened that restless spirit of change which scorned the sobriety of the past, there lingered still in people's hearts an inherited instinct of reserve. Men breakfasted with Washington, dined with John Adams, fought by the side of La Fayette, and never dreamed of communicating these details to the world. Women danced at the redcoat balls, or curtsied and yawned at Mrs. Washington's receptions, and then went home and confided their experiences, either to their friends in long gossipy letters, or to the secret pages of their diaries. It was a lamentable waste of "copy," but a saving of dignity and self-respect.

As for the earlier, easier days, when the infant colonies waxed fat on beef and ale, literary aspirations had not then begun to afflict the hearts of men. It is delightful to think how well little Philadelphia, like little New York, got along without so much as a printing press, when she had starved out her only printer, Bradford, — a most troublesome and seditious person, — and sent him over to little Boston, which even then had more patience than her neighbors with books. Yet all this time honest citizens were transcribing in letters and in journals whatever was of daily interest or importance to them; and it is by help of these letters and these journals

that we now look back upon that placid past, and realize the every-day existence of ordinary people, nearly two centuries ago. We know through them, and through them only, what manner of lives our forefathers led in Puritan New England, in comfortable Dutch New York, in demure Quaker Pennsylvania, before the sharp individuality of each colony was merged into the common tide, and with the birth of a nation — "a respectable nation," to use the words of Washington, who was averse to glittering superlatives — the old order passed away forever from the land.

"It is to the pages of Judge Sewall's diary," writes Alice Morse Earle, "that we must turn for any definite or extended contemporary picture of colonial life in New England;" just as we turn for the corresponding picture of old England to the diaries of John Evelyn and Mr. Samuel Pepys. Mrs. Earle does not add, though she well might, that it is better discipline to read Judge Sewall's records than those of all the other diarists in Christendom; for, by contrast with the bleak cheerlessness of those godly days, our own age seems flooded with sunshine and warm with the joy of life. And not our own age only. If we pass from ice-bound Massachusetts to colonies less chilly and austere, we step at once into a different world, a tranquil and very comfortable world; not intellectual nor anxiously religious, but full of eating and drinking, and the mildest of mild amusements, and general prosperity and content. Even the Pennsylvania Quakers, though not permitted to dally openly with flaunting and conspicuous pleasures, with blue ribbons, colored waistcoats, or the shows of itinerant mummies, enjoyed a fair share of purely mundane delights. If Judge Sewall's journal tells us plainly and pitilessly the story of Puritanism,

what it really meant in those early uncompromising days, what virtues it nourished, what sadness it endured, the diary of a Philadelphia Friend gives us a correspondingly clear insight into that old-time Quakerism, gentle, silent, tenacious, inflexible, which is now little more than a tradition in the land, yet which has left its impress forever upon the city it founded and sustained.

Elizabeth Sandwith, better known as Elizabeth Drinker, — though even that name has but an unfamiliar sound save to her descendants and to a few students of local history, — was born in Philadelphia in 1735. She was the daughter of wealthy Friends, and her education, liberal for those days, would not be deemed much amiss even in our own. It included a fair knowledge of French, and a very admirable familiarity with English. She read, "for human delight," books that were worth the reading, and she wrote with ease, conciseness, and subdued humor. Her diary, begun in 1758, was continued without interruption for forty-nine years. It is valuable, not only as a human document, and as a clear, graphic, unemotional narrative of the most troubled and triumphant period in our country's history, but because it contains a careful record of events which — of the utmost importance to the local historian — are often not to be found elsewhere. The entries are for the most part brief, and to this brevity, no doubt, we owe the persevering character of the work. It is the enthusiasm with which the young diarist usually sets about her task that threatens its premature collapse. She begins by being unduly confidential, and ends by having nothing to confide.

Not so this Quaker girl, reticent even with herself; avoiding, even in the secret pages of her journal, all gossip about her own soul, all spiritual outpourings, all the dear and inexhaustible delights of egotism. She notes down, indeed, every time she goes to meeting,

and also the date on which she begins to work "a large worsted Bible cover," — which Bible cover is in the possession of her great-great-grandchildren to-day; but neither the meetings nor the worsted work betray her into a complacent piety, and she is just as careful to say when she has been drinking tea or spending the afternoon with any of her young friends. As a matter of fact, tea-drinking and kindred frivolities are evidently more to her liking, though she will not confess it, than serious and improving occupations. Little Philadelphia, dazzled by Franklin's discoveries, was pleased to think herself scientific in those days, and young men and women were in the habit of attending learned lectures, — or what were then thought learned lectures, — and pretending they understood and enjoyed them, a mental attitude not wholly unfamiliar to us now. So keen was the thirst for knowledge that men paid four shillings for the privilege of looking at a skeleton and some anatomical models in the Pennsylvania Hospital. Our Quaker Elizabeth, however, will have none of these dreary pastimes. To electricity and to skeletons she is alike indifferent; but she pays two shillings cheerfully to see a lioness, exhibited by some enterprising showman, and she records without a scruple that she and her family gave the really exorbitant sum of six shillings and sixpence for a glimpse at a strange creature which was carried about in a barrel, and which its owner said was half man and half beast, but which turned out to be a young baboon, very sick and sad. "I felt sorry for the poor thing, and wished it back in its own country," says the gentle-hearted Quakeress, who has ever a pitying word for beasts.

The fidelity with which this delightful journal is kept enables us to know what sober diversions fell to the lot of strict Friends, to whom the famous Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies and the equally famous old Southwark Theatre

were alike forbidden joys; who never witnessed the glories of the *Mischianza* nor the gay routs of the redcoat winter; who, though loyal to the crown, shared in none of the festivities of the king's birthday; who were too circumspect even to join the little group of Quaker ladies for whom M. de Luzerne prepared a separate apartment at the beautiful *Fête du Dauphin*, and who, wistful and invisible, watched through a gauze curtain the brilliant scene in which they had no share.

None of these dalliyings with the world, the flesh, and the devil, no glimpses into the fast-growing dissipation of the gayest and most extravagant city in the colonies, find a record in Elizabeth Drinker's diary. Her utmost limit of frivolity is reached in a sleighing party on a winter afternoon; in tea-drinking on winter evenings; in listening to a wonderful musical clock, which cost a thousand guineas in Europe, and played twenty tunes; and in gazing at a panorama of London, which most Philadelphians considered almost as good as visiting the metropolis itself. When she is well advanced in years, she is beguiled by her insatiable curiosity into going to see an elephant, which is kept in a "small ordinary room," in a not very reputable alley. In fact, she is a little frightened, and more than a little ashamed, at finding herself in such a place, until she encounters a friend, Abigail Griffiths, who has come to gratify her curiosity under pretense of showing the elephant to her grandchildren; and the two women are so sustained by each other's company that they forget their confusion, and proceed to examine the mammoth together. "It is an innocent, good-natured, ugly beast," comments Elizabeth Drinker, "which I need not undertake to describe; only to say it is indeed a marvel to most who see it,—one of the kind never having been in this part of the world before. I could not help pitying the poor creature, whom they keep in

constant agitation, and often give it rum or brandy to drink. I think they will finish it before long." The presence of an elephant in a small room, like one of the family, seems an uncomfortable arrangement, even if the "innocent beast" were of temperate habits; but an elephant in a state of unseemly "agitation" must have been—at such close quarters—a singularly vexatious companion.

One pastime there is which dates from the days of Eden, which no creed forbids and no civilization forswears. Elizabeth Sandwith has not recorded many little events in her diary before Henry Drinker looms upon the scene, though it is only by the inexpressible demureness of her allusions to her lover that we have any insight into the state of her affections. Quaker training does not encourage the easy unfurling of emotions, and Elizabeth's heart, like her soul, was a guarded fortress which no one was invited to inspect. There is a good deal of tea-drinking, however, and sometimes an indiscreet lingering after tea until "unseasonable hours," eleven o'clock or thereabouts. Finally, on the 28th of November, 1760, appears the following entry: "Went to monthly meeting this morning, A. Warner and Sister with me. Declared my intentions of marriage with my friend H. D. Sarah Sansom and Sarah Morris accompanied us to ye Men's meeting." Four weeks later this rather formidable ordeal is repeated. She announces in the December monthly meeting that she continues her intentions of marriage with her friend H. D. In January the wedding is celebrated, and then, and then only, H. D. expands into "my dear Henry," and assumes a regular though never a very prominent place in the diary.

After this, the entries grow longer, less personal, and full of allusions to public matters. We learn how sharply justice was administered in the Quaker city; for Benjamin Ardey, being convicted of stealing goods out of a shop

where he was employed, is whipped for two successive Saturdays, — “once at ye cart’s tail, and once at ye post.” We learn all about the delights of traveling in those primitive days; for the young wife accompanies her husband on several journeys he is compelled to make to the little townships of the province, and gives us a lively account of the roads and inns, — of the Manatawny Tavern, for example, and the indignation of the old Dutch landlady on being asked for clean sheets. Such a notion as changing sheets for every fresh traveler has never dawned upon her mind before, and, with the conservative instincts of her class, she takes very unkindly to the suggestion. She is willing to dampen and press the bed linen, since these fastidious guests dislike to see it rumpled; but that is the full extent of her complaisance. If people want clean sheets, they had better bring them along.

Most interesting of all, we find in this faithful, accurate, unemotional diary a very clear and graphic picture of Philadelphia on the eve of the Revolution, and after the Declaration of Independence, when deepening discontent and the sharp strife of opposing factions had forever destroyed the old placid, prosperous colonial life. Every one knows how stubborn was the opposition offered by the Quakers to the war; how they were hurled from their high estate by the impetuosity of a patriotism which would brook no delay; and how, with the passing away of the Assembly, they lost all vestige of political power. Scant mercy was shown them after their downfall by the triumphant Whigs, and scant justice has been done them since by historians who find it easier to be eloquent than impartial. There appears to have been something peculiarly maddening in the passive resistance of the Friends, and in their absolute inability to share the emotions of the hour. The same quiet antagonism they had manifested to the Stamp Act, and to the threepenny duty

on tea, and to all unconstitutional measures on the part of England, they offered in turn to the mandates of Congress and to the exactions of the Executive Council. They would not renounce their allegiance to the crown; they would not fight for king or country; they would not pay the new state tax levied for the support of the troops; they would not lift their hands when the tax collector carried off their goods and chattels in default of payment; they would not hide their valuables from the collector’s eyes; they would not run away when General Howe’s army entered Philadelphia in the autumn of 1777, nor when the American troops succeeded it the following June. They would not do anything at all, — not even talk; and perhaps silence was their most absolutely irritating characteristic, at a time when other men found pulpit and platform insufficient for the loud-voiced eloquence of strife.

In reading Elizabeth Drinker’s journal, we cannot but be struck with the absence of invective, and for the most part of comment. Anxiety and irritation are alike powerless to overcome the lifelong habit of restraint. Her husband appears to have been a stubborn and consistent Tory, though the restrictions of his creed compelled him to play an idle part, and to suffer for a lost cause without striking a blow in its behalf. He was one of forty gentlemen, nearly all Friends, who were banished from Philadelphia in the summer of 1777; and his wife, with two young children, was left unprotected, to face the discomforts and dangers of the times. She was more than equal to the task. There is as little evidence of timidity as of rancor in the quiet pages of her diary. She describes the excitement and confusion which the news of General Howe’s approach awakened in Philadelphia, and on the 26th of September writes: “Well! here are ye English in earnest. About two or three thousand came in through Second street,

without opposition or interruption, — no plundering on ye one side or ye other. What a satisfaction would it be to our dear absent friends," — of whom one was her absent husband, — "could they but be informed of it."

From this time all public events are recorded with admirable brevity and accuracy, — Cæsar would have respected Elizabeth Drinker: the battle of Germantown, the difficulty of finding shelter for the wounded soldiers, the bombardment and destruction of the three forts which guarded Franklin's chevaux-de-frise and separated General Howe from the fleet, the alarming scarcity of provisions before the three forts fell. Despite her Tory sympathies and her husband's banishment, Elizabeth sends coffee and wine whey daily to the wounded American prisoners; rightly thinking that the English ran a better chance of being looked after in the hospitals than did her own countrymen. She suffers no molestation save once, when, as she writes, "a soldier came to demand Blankets, which I did not in any wise agree to. Notwithstanding my refusal, he went upstairs and took one, and with good nature begged I would excuse his borrowing it, as it was by General Howe's orders."

Annoyances and alarms were common enough in a town overrun by redecoats, who were not infrequently drunk. Elizabeth, descending one night to her kitchen, found a tipsy sergeant making ardent and irresistible love to her neat maid servant, Ann. On being told to go away, the man grew bellicose, flourished his sword, and used the forcible language of the camp. He had reckoned without his host, however, when he thought to have matters all to his own liking under that quiet Quaker roof. A middle-aged neighbor, — a Friend, — hearing the tumult, came swiftly to the rescue, collared the rascal, and wrenched the sword out of his hand; whereupon Elizabeth, with delightful sense and caution, carried the carnal weapon into the parlor, and delib-

erately locked it up in a drawer. This sobered the warrior and brought him to his senses. To go back to his barracks without his sword would be to court unpleasant consequences. So after trying what some emphasized profanity would do to help him, and finding it did nothing at all, he grew humble, said he had only yielded up his arms "out of pure good nature," and announced his willingness to drink a glass of wine with such peaceable and friendly folks. No liquor was produced in response to this cordial condescension, but he was conducted carefully to the step, the sword returned to him, and the door shut in his face; whereupon poor foolish Ann, being refused permission to follow, climbed the back fence in pursuit of her lover, and returned to her duties no more.

Of the brilliant gayety which marked this memorable winter, of the dinners and balls, of the plays at the old Southwark Theatre, of the reckless extravagance and dissipation which filled the hearts of the fair Tory dames who danced the merry nights away, there is not the faintest reflection in the pages of this sober diary. Even the *Mischianza* — that marvelous combination of ball, banquet, and tournament — is dismissed in a few brief sentences. "Ye scenes of Vanity and Folly," says the home-staying Quaker wife, though still without any rancorous disapprobation of the worldly pleasures in which she has no share. To withstand steadfastly the allurements of life, yet pass no censure upon those who yield to them, denotes a gentle breadth of character, far removed from the complacent self-esteem of the "unco guid." When a young English officer, whom Elizabeth Drinker is compelled to receive under her roof, gives an evening concert in his rooms, and the quiet house rings for the first time with music and loud voices, her only comment on the entertainment is that it was "carried on with as much quietness and good order as the nature of the thing admitted."

And when he invites a dozen friends to dine with him, she merely records that "they made very little noise, and went away timeously." It is a good tonic to read any pages so free from complaints and repining.

The diary bears witness to the sad distress of careless merry-makers when the British army prepared to take the field, to the departure of many prominent Tories with Admiral Howe's fleet, and to the wonderful speed and silence with which Sir Henry Clinton withdrew his forces from Philadelphia. "Last night," writes Elizabeth on the 18th of June, "there were nine thousand of ye British Troops left in Town, and eleven thousand in ye Jerseys. This morning, when we arose, there was not one Red-Coat to be seen in Town, and ye Encampment in ye Jerseys had vanished."

With the return of Congress a new era of discomfort began for the persecuted Friends, whose houses were always liable to be searched, whose doors were battered down, and whose windows were broken by the vivacious mob; while the repeated seizures of household effects for unpaid war taxes soon left rigid members of the society — bound at any cost to obey the dictates of their uncompromising consciences — without any vestige of furniture in their pillaged homes. "George Schlosser and a young man with him came to inquire what stores we have," is a characteristic entry in the journal. "Looked into ye middle room and cellar. Behaved com-
plaisant. Their authority, the Populace." And again: "We have taxes at a great rate almost daily coming upon us. Yesterday was seized a walnut Dining Table, five walnut Chairs, and a pair of large End-Irons, as our part of a tax for sending two men out in the Militia." This experience is repeated over and over again, varied occasionally by some livelier demonstrations on the part of the "populace," which had matters all its own way during those wild years of mis-

rule. When word came to Philadelphia that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered, the mob promptly expressed its satisfaction by wrecking the houses of Friends and Tory sympathizers. "We had seventy panes of glass broken," writes Elizabeth calmly, "ye sash lights and two panels of the front parlor broke in pieces; ye Door cracked and violently burst open, when they threw stones into ye House for some time, but did not enter. Some fared better, some worse. Some Houses, after breaking ye door, they entered, and destroyed the Furniture. Many women and children were frightened into fits, and 't is a mercy no lives were lost."

When peace was restored and the federal government firmly established, these disorders came to an end; a new security reigned in place of the old placid content; and a new prosperity, more buoyant but less solid than that of colonial days, gave to Philadelphia, as to other towns, an air of gayety and habits of increased extravagance. We hear no more of the men who went with clubs from shop to shop, "obliging ye people to lower their prices," — a proceeding so manifestly absurd that "Tommy Redman, the Doctor's apprentice, was put in prison for laughing as ye Regulators passed by." We hear no more of houses searched or furniture carted away. Elizabeth Drinker's diary begins to deal with other matters, and we learn to our delight that this sedate Quakeress was passionately fond of reading romances, those alluring, long-winded, sentimental, impossible romances, dear to our great-grandmothers' hearts. It is true she does not wholly approve of such self-indulgence, and has ever ready some word of excuse for her own weakness; but none the less The Mysteries of Udolpho and its sister stories thrill her with delicious emotions of pity and alarm. "I have read a foolish romance called The Haunted Priory; or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo," she writes

on one occasion ; " but I have also finished knitting a pair of large cotton stockings, bound a petticoat, and made a batch of gingerbread. This I mention to show that I have not spent the whole day reading." Again she confesses to completing two thick volumes entitled *The Victim of Magical Illusions ; or the Mystery of the Revolution of P—— L——*, which claimed to be a " magico-political tale, founded on historic fact." " It may seem strange," she muses, " that I should begin the year, reading romances. 'Tis a practice I by no means highly approve, yet I trust I have not sinned, as I read a little of most things."

She does indeed, for we find her after a time dipping into — of all books in the world — Rabelais, and retiring hastily from the experiment. " I expected something very sensible and clever," she says sadly, " but on looking over the volumes I was ashamed I had sent for them." Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women* pleases her infinitely better ; though she is unwilling to go so far as the impetuous Englishwoman, in whom reasonableness was never a predominant trait. Unrestricted freedom, that curbless wandering through doubtful paths which end in social pitfalls, offered no allurements to the Quaker wife in whom self-restraint had become second nature ; but her own intelligence and her practical capacity for affairs made her respect both the attainments and the prerogatives of her sex. In fact, she appears to have had exceedingly clear and definite opinions upon most matters which came within her ken, and she expresses them in her diary without diffidence or hesitation. The idol of the Revolutionary period was Tom Paine ; and when we had established our own republic, the enthusiasm we felt for republican France predisposed us still to believe that Paine's turbulent eloquence embodied all wisdom, all justice, and all truth. In Philadelphia the French craze assumed more

dangerous and absurd proportions than in any other city of the Union. Her once decorous Quaker streets were ornamented with liberty poles and flower-strewn altars to freedom, around which men and women, girls and boys, danced the carmagnole, and shrieked wild nonsense about tyrants and the guillotine. The once quiet nights were made hideous with echoes of "*Ça ira*" and the *Marseillaise*. Citizens, once sober and sensible, wore the *bonnet rouge*, exchanged fraternal embraces, recited mad odes at dinners, and played tricks fantastic enough to set the whole hierarchy of heaven to weeping. Naturally, amid this popular excitation, *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason* were the best read books of the day, and people talked about them with that fierce fervor which forbade doubt or denial.

Now, Elizabeth Drinker was never fervent. Hers was that critical attitude which unconsciously but inevitably weighs, measures, and preserves a finely adjusted mental balance. She read *The Age of Reason* and she read *The Rights of Man*, and then she read Addison's *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, by way of putting her mind in order, and *then* she sat down and wrote :

" Those who are capable of much wickedness are, if their minds take a right turn, capable of much good ; and we must allow that Tom Paine has the knack of writing, or putting his thoughts and words into method. Were he rightly inclined, he could, I doubt not, say ten times as much in favor of the Christian religion, as he has advanced against it. And if Lewis ye 17th were set up as King of France, and a sufficient party in his favor, and Paine highly bribed or flattered, he would write more for a monarchical government than he has ever written on the other side. A time-serving fellow ! "

Yet orthodoxy alone, unsupported by intellect, had scant charm for this devout Quakeress. She wanted, as she

expresses it, thoughts and words put into method. Of a most orthodox and pious little book, which enjoyed the approbation of her contemporaries, she writes as follows: "Read a pamphlet entitled Rewards and Punishments; or Satan's Kingdom Aristocratical, wrote by John Cox, a Philadelphian, in verse. Not much to the credit of J. C. as a poet, nor to the credit of Philadelphia; tho' the young man may mean well, and might perhaps have done better in prose."

Pilgrim's Progress, however, she confesses she has read three times, and finds that, "tho' little thought of by some," she likes it better and better with each fresh reading. Lavater she admires as a deep and original thinker, while mistrusting that he has "too good a conceit" of his own theories and abilities; and the *Morals of Confucius* she pronounces "a sweet little piece," and finer than most things produced by a more enlightened age.

This is not a bad showing for those easy old days, when the higher education of women had not yet dawned as a remote possibility upon any mind; and when, in truth, the education of man had fallen to a lower level than in earlier colonial times. Philadelphia sank into a hopeless and stagnant mediocrity during those years which followed the Revolution, when her college was robbed of charter and of roofter, and the old scholarly standard of Franklin's day had been gradually lowered to the dust. And even Franklin, while writing admirable prose, had failed to discover any difference between good and bad verse. His own verse is as cheerfully and comprehensively bad as any to be found, and he always maintained that men should practice the art of poetry only that they might improve their prose. This purely utilitarian view of the poet's office was not conducive to high thinking or fine

criticism; and Elizabeth Drinker was doubtless in a very small minority when she objected to Satan's Kingdom Aristocratical on the score of its halting measures.

The most striking characteristic of our Quaker diarist is precisely this clear, cold, unbiased judgment, this sanity of a well-ordered mind. What she lacks, what the journal lacks from beginning to end, is some touch of human and ill-repressed emotion, some word of pleasant folly, some weakness left undisguised and unrepented. The attitude maintained throughout is too judicial, the repose of heart and soul too absolute, to be endearing. Here is an insignificant entry, illustrating as well as any other this nicely balanced nature, which gave just what was due to all, and nothing more:—

"There has been a disorder lately among ye cats. Our poor old Puss, who has been for some time past unwell, died this morning in ye 13th year of her age. Peter dug a grave two feet deep on ye bank in our garden, under ye stable window, where E. S., Peter and I saw her decently interred. *I had as good a regard for her as was necessary.*"

Was ever affection measured out like this? Was there ever such Quaker-like precision of esteem? For thirteen years that cat had been Elizabeth Drinker's companion, and she had acquired for her just as good a regard as was necessary, and no more. It was not thus Sir Walter spoke when Hinse of Hinsdale lay dead beneath the windows of Abbotsford, slain by the great staghound Nimrod. "Ah, my friend, thou hast killed my friend!" sighed Scott to the penitent dog; and when we look at the little picture of Hinse which still hangs in the library of his master, it is with respect for the good gray cat who was Sir Walter's friend.

Agnes Repplier.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

V.

IN WHICH A WOMAN HAS HER WAY.

TEN days later, Rolfe, going down river in his barge, touched at my wharf, and finding me there walked with me toward the house.

"I have not seen you since you laughed my advice to scorn — and took it," he said. "Where 's the farthingale, Benedict the married man?"

"In the house."

"Oh, ay!" he commented. "It 's near to supper time. I trust she 's a good cook?"

"She does not cook," I said dryly. "I have hired old Goody Cotton to do that."

He eyed me closely. "By all the gods! a new doublet! She is skillful with her needle, then?"

"She may be," I answered. "Having never seen her with one, I am no judge. The doublet was made by the tailor at Flowerdieu Hundred."

By this we had reached the level sward at the top of the bank. "Roses!" he exclaimed, — "a long row of them new planted! An arbor, too, and a seat beneath the big walnut! Since when hast turned gardener, Ralph?"

"It 's Diccon's doing. He is anxious to please his mistress."

"Who neither sews, nor cooks, nor plants! What does she do?"

"She pulls the roses," I said. "Come in."

When we had entered the house he stared about him; then cried out, "Acrasia's bower! Oh, thou sometime Guyon!" and began to laugh.

It was late afternoon, and the slant sunshine streaming in at door and window striped wall and floor with gold.

Floor and wall were no longer logs gnarled and stained: upon the one lay a carpet of delicate ferns and aromatic leaves, and glossy vines, purple-berried, tapestried the other. Flowers — purple and red and yellow — were everywhere. As we entered, a figure started up from the hearth.

"St. George!" exclaimed Rolfe. "You have never married a blackamoor?"

"It is the negress, Angela," I said. "I bought her from William Pierce the other day. Mistress Percy wished a waiting damsel."

The creature, one of the five females of her kind then in Virginia, looked at us with large, rolling eyes. She knew a little Spanish, and I spoke to her in that tongue, bidding her find her mistress and tell her that company waited. When she was gone I placed a jack of ale upon the table, and Rolfe and I sat down to discuss it. Had I been in a mood for laughter, I could have found reason in his puzzled face. There were flowers upon the table, and beside them a litter of small objects, one of which he now took up.

"A white glove," he said, "perfumed and silver-fringed, and of a size to fit Titania."

I spread its mate out upon my palm. "A woman's hand. Too white, too soft, and too small."

He touched lightly, one by one, the slender fingers of the glove he held. "A woman's hand, — strength in weakness, veiled power, the star in the mist, guiding, beckoning, drawing upward!"

I laughed and threw the glove from me. "The star, a will-of-the-wisp; the goal, a slough," I said.

As he sat opposite me a change came over his face, — a change so great that I

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knew before I turned that she was in the room.

The bundle which I had carried for her from Jamestown was neither small nor light. Why, when she fled, she chose to burden herself with such toys, or whether she gave a thought to the suspicions that might be raised in Virginia if one of Sir Edwyn's maids bedecked herself in silk and lace and jewels, I do not know, but she had brought to the forest and the tobacco fields the gauds of a maid of honor. The Puritan dress in which I first saw her was a thing of the past; she clothed herself now like the parrakeets in the forest, — or liker the lilies of the field, for verily she toiled not, neither did she spin.

Rolfe and I rose from our seats. "Mistress Percy," I said, "let me present to you a right worthy gentleman and my very good friend, Master John Rolfe."

She curtsied, and he bowed low. He was a man of quick wit and had been a courtier, but for a time he could find no words. Then: "Mistress Percy's face is not one to be forgotten. I have surely seen it before, though where" —

Her color mounted, but she answered him indifferently enough. "Probably in London, amongst the spectators of some pageant arranged in honor of the princess, your wife, sir," she said carelessly. "I had twice the fortune to see the Lady Rebekah passing through the streets."

"Not in the streets only," he said courteously. "I remember now: 't was at my lord bishop's dinner. A very courtly company it was. I think I heard it whispered that I was the only commoner there."

She met his gaze fully and boldly. "Memory plays us strange tricks at times," she told him in a clear, slightly raised voice, "and it hath been three years since Master Rolfe and his Indian princess were in London. His memory hath played him false."

She took her seat in the great chair which stood in the centre of the room, bathed in the sunlight, and the negress brought a cushion for her feet. It was not until this was done, and until she had resigned her fan to the slave, who stood behind her slowly waving the plumed toy to and fro, that she turned her lovely face upon us and bade us be seated.

An hour later a whippoorwill uttered its cry close to the window, through which now shone the crescent moon. Rolfe started up. "Beshrew me! but I had forgot that I am to sleep at Chaplain's to-night. I must hurry on."

I rose, also. "You have had no supper!" I cried. "I too have forgotten."

He shook his head. "I cannot wait. Moreover, I have feasted, — yea, and drunk deep."

His eyes were very bright, with an exaltation in them as of wine. Mine, I felt, had the same light. Indeed, we were both drunk with her laughter, her beauty, and her wit. When he had kissed her hand, and I had followed him out of the house and down the bank, he broke the silence.

"Why she came to Virginia I do not know" —

"Nor care to ask," I said.

"Nor care to ask," he repeated, meeting my gaze. "And I know neither her name nor her rank. But as I stand here, Ralph, I saw her, a guest, at that feast of which I spoke; and Edwyn Sandys picked not his maids from such assemblies."

I stopped him with my hand upon his shoulder. "She is one of Sandys' maids," I asserted, with deliberation, "a waiting damsel who wearied of service and came to Virginia to better herself. She was landed with her mates at Jamestown a week or more ago, went with them to church and thence to the courting meadow, where she and Captain Ralph Percy, a gentleman adventurer, so pleased each other that they were married forth-

with. That same day he brought her to his house, where she now abides, his wife, and as such to be honored by those who call themselves his friends. And she is not to be lightly spoken of, nor comment passed upon her grace, beauty, and bearing (something too great for her station, I admit), lest idle tales should get abroad."

"Am I not thy friend, Ralph?" he asked, with smiling eyes.

"I have thought so betimes," I answered.

"My friend's honor is my honor," he went on. "Where his lips are sealed mine open not. Art content?"

"Content," I said, and pressed the hand he held out to me.

We reached the steps of the wharf, and descending them he entered his barge, rocking lazily with the advancing tide. His rowers cast loose from the piles, and the black water slowly widened between us. From over my shoulder came a sudden bright gleam of light from the house above, and I knew that Mistress Percy was as usual wasting good pine knots. I had a vision of the many lights within, and of the beauty whom the world called my wife, sitting erect, bathed in that rosy glow, in the great armchair, with the turbaned negress behind her. I suppose Rolfe saw the same thing, for he looked from the light to me, and I heard him draw his breath.

"Ralph Percy, thou art the very button upon the cap of Fortune," he said.

To myself my laugh sounded something of the bitterest, but to him, I presume, it vaunted my return through the darkness to the lit room and its resplendent pearl. He waved farewell, and the dusk swallowed up him and his boat. I went back to the house and to her.

She was sitting as we had left her, with her small feet crossed upon the cushion beneath them, her hands folded in her silken lap, the air from the waving fan blowing tendrils of her dark

hair against her delicate standing ruff. I went and leaned against the window, facing her.

"I have been chosen Burgess for this hundred," I said abruptly. "The Assembly meets next week. I must be in Jamestown then and for some time to come."

She took the fan from the negress, and waved it lazily to and fro. "When do we go?" she asked at last.

"We!" I answered. "I had thought to go alone."

The fan dropped to the floor, and her eyes opened wide. "And leave me here!" she exclaimed. "Leave me in these woods, at the mercy of Indians, wolves, and your rabble of servants!"

I smiled. "We are at peace with the Indians; it would be a stout wolf that could leap this palisade; and the servants know their master too well to care to offend their mistress. Moreover, I would leave Diccon in charge."

"Diccon!" she cried. "The old woman in the kitchen hath told me tales of Diccon! Diccon Bravo! Diccon Gamester! Diccon Cutthroat!"

"Granted," I said. "But Diccon Faithful as well. I can trust him."

"But I do not trust him!" she retorted. "And I wish to go to Jamestown. This forest wearies me." Her tone was imperious.

"I must think it over," I said coolly. "I may take you, or I may not. I cannot tell yet."

"But I desire to go, sir!"

"And I may desire you to stay."

"You are a churl!"

I bowed. "I am the man of your choice, madam."

She rose with a stamp of her foot, and, turning her back upon me, took a flower from the table and began to pull from it its petals. I unsheathed my sword, and, seating myself, began to polish away a speck of rust upon the blade. Ten minutes later I looked up from the task, to receive full in my face a red

rose tossed from the other side of the room. The missile was followed by an enchanting burst of laughter.

"We cannot afford to quarrel, can we?" cried Mistress Jocelyn Percy. "Life is sad enough in this solitude without that. Nothing but trees and water all day long, and not a soul to speak to! And I am horribly afraid of the Indians! What if they were to take my scalp while you were away? You know you swore before the minister to protect me. You won't leave me to the mercies of the savages, will you? And I may go to Jamestown, may n't I? I want to go to church. I want to go to the Governor's house. I want to buy a many things. I have gold in plenty, and but this one decent dress. You'll take me with you, won't you?"

"There's not your like in Virginia," I told her. "If you go to town clad like that and with that bearing, there will be talk enough. And ships come and go, and there are those besides Rolfe who have been to London."

For a moment the laughter died from her eyes and lips, but it returned. "Let them talk," she said. "What care I? And I do not think your ship captains, your traders and adventurers, do often dine with my lord bishop. This barbarous forest world and another world that I wot of are so far apart that the inhabitants of the one do not trouble those of the other. In that petty village down there I am safe enough. Besides, sir, you wear a sword."

"My sword is ever at your service, madam."

"Then I may go to Jamestown?"

"If you will it so."

With her bright eyes upon me, and with one hand softly striking a rose against her laughing lips, she extended the other hand.

"You may kiss it, if you wish, sir," she said demurely.

I knelt and kissed the white fingers, and four days later we went to Jamestown.

VI.

IN WHICH WE GO TO JAMESTOWN.

It was early morning when we set out on horseback for Jamestown. I rode in front, with Mistress Percy upon a pillion behind me, and Diccon on the brown mare brought up the rear. The negress and the mails I had sent by boat.

Now, a ride through the green wood with a noble horse beneath you, and around you the freshness of the morn, is pleasant enough. Each twig had its row of diamonds, and the wet leaves that we pushed aside spilled gems upon us. The horses set their hoofs daintily upon fern and moss and lush grass. In the purple distances deer stood at gaze, the air rang with innumerable bird notes, clear and sweet, squirrels chattered, bees hummed, and through the thick leafy roof of the forest the sun showered gold dust. And Mistress Jocelyn Percy was as merry as the morning. It was now fourteen days since she and I had first met, and in that time I had found in her thrice that number of moods. She could be as gay and sweet as the morning, as dark and vengeful as the storms that came up of afternoons, pensive as the twilight, stately as the night, — in her there met a hundred minds. Also she could be childishly frank — and tell you nothing.

To-day she chose to be gracious. Ten times in an hour Diccon was off his horse to pluck this or that flower that her white forefinger pointed out. She wove the blooms into a chaplet, and placed it upon her head; she filled her lap with trailers of the vine that swayed against us, and stained her fingers and lips with the berries Diccon brought her; she laughed at the squirrels, at the scurrying partridges, at the turkeys that crossed our path, at the fish that leaped from the brooks, at old Jocomb and his

sons who ferried us across the Chickahominy. She was curious concerning the musket I carried; and when, in an open space in the wood, we saw an eagle perched upon a blasted pine, she demanded my pistol. I took it from my belt and gave it to her, with a laugh. "I will eat all of your killing," I said.

She aimed the weapon. "A wager!" she declared. "There be mercenaries in Jamestown? If I hit, thou'lt buy me a pearl hatband?"

"Two."

She fired, and the bird rose with a scream of wrath and sailed away. But two or three feathers came floating to the ground, and when Diccon had brought them to her she pointed triumphantly to the blood upon them. "You said two!" she cried.

The sun rose higher, and the heat of the day set in. Mistress Percy's interest in forest bloom and creature flagged. Instead of laughter, we had sighs at the length of way; the vines slid from her lap, and she took the faded flowers from her head and cast them aside. She talked no more, and by and by I felt her head droop against my shoulder.

"Madam is asleep," said Diccon's voice behind me.

"Ay," I answered. "She'll find a jack of mail but a hard pillow. And look to her that she does not fall."

"I had best walk beside you, then," he said.

I nodded, and he dismounted, and throwing the mare's bridle over his arm strode on beside us, with his hand upon the frame of the pillion. Ten minutes passed, the last five of which I rode with my face over my shoulder. "Diccon!" I cried at last, sharply.

He came to his senses with a start. "Ay, sir?" he questioned, his face dark red.

"Suppose you look at me for a change," I said. "How long since Dale came in, Diccon?"

"Ten years, sir."

"Before we enter Jamestown we'll pass through a certain field and beneath a certain tree. Do you remember what happened there, some years ago?"

"I am not like to forget, sir. You saved me from the wheel."

"Upon which you were bound, ready to be broken for drunkenness, gaming, and loose living. I begged your life from Dale for no other reason, I think, than that you had been a horse-boy in my old company in the Low Countries. God wot, the life was scarcely worth the saving!"

"I know it, sir."

"Dale would not let you go scot-free, but would sell you into slavery. At your own entreaty I bought you, since when you have served me indifferently well. You have showed small penitence for past misdeeds, and your amendment hath been of yet lesser bulk. A hardy rogue thou wast born, and a rogue thou wilt remain to the end of time. But we have lived and hunted, fought and bled together, and in our own fashion I think we bear each other good will, — even some love. I have winked at much, have shielded you in much, perhaps. In return I have demanded one thing, which if you had not given I would have found you another Dale to deal with."

"Have I ever refused it, my captain?"

"Not yet. Take your hand from that pillion and hold it up; then say after me these words: 'This lady is my mistress, my master's wife, to be by me revered as such. Her face is not for my eyes nor her hand for my lips. If I keep not myself clean of all offense toward her, may God approve that which my master shall do!'"

The blood rushed to his face. I watched his fingers slowly loosening their grasp.

"Tardy obedience is of the house of mutiny," I said sternly. "Will you, sirrah, or will you not?"

He raised his hand and repeated the words.

"Now hold her as before," I ordered, and, straightening myself in the saddle, rode on, with my eyes once more on the path before me.

A mile further on, Mistress Percy stirred and raised her head from my shoulder. "Not at Jamestown yet?" she sighed, as yet but half awake. "Oh, the endless trees! I dreamed I was hawking at Windsor, and then suddenly I was here in this forest, a bird, happy because I was free; and then a falcon came swooping down upon me, — it had me in its talons, and I changed to myself again, and it changed to — What am I saying? I am talking in my sleep. Who is that singing?"

In fact, from the woods in front of us, and not a bowshot away, rang out a powerful voice: —

"In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I went, forsooth, a-maying;"

and presently, the trees thinning in front of us, we came upon a little open glade and upon the singer. He lay on his back, on the soft turf beneath an oak, with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes upturned to the blue sky showing between leaf and branch. On one knee crossed above the other sat a squirrel with a nut in its paws, and half a dozen others scampered here and there over his great body, like so many frolicsome kittens. At a little distance grazed an old horse, gray and gaunt, springhalt and spavined, with ribs like Death's own. Its saddle and bridle adorned a limb of the oak.

The song went cheerfully on: —

"Much ado there was, God wot:
He would love and she would not;
She said, 'Never man was true.'
He said, 'None was false to you.'"

"Give you good-day, reverend sir!" I called. "Art conning next Sunday's hymn?"

Nothing abashed, Master Jeremy Sparrow gently shook off the squirrels, and getting to his feet advanced to meet us.

"A toy," he declared, with a wave of his hand, "a trifle, a silly old song that came into my mind unawares, the leaves being so green and the sky so blue. Had you come a little earlier or a little later, you would have heard the ninetyeth psalm. Give you good-day, madam. I must have sung for that the very queen of May was coming by."

"Art on your way to Jamestown?" I demanded. "Come ride with us. Diccon, saddle his reverence's horse."

"Saddle him an thou wilt, friend," said Master Sparrow, "for he and I have idled long enough, but I fear I cannot keep pace with this fair company. I and the horse are footing it together."

"He is not long for this world," I remarked, eying his ill-favored steed, "but neither are we far from Jamestown. He'll last that far."

Master Sparrow shook his head, with a rueful countenance. "I bought him from one of the French vigneron below Westover," he said. "The fellow was astride the poor creature, beating him with a club because he could not go. I laid Monsieur Crapaud in the dust, after which we compounded, he for my purse, I for the animal; since when the poor beast and I have tramped it together, for I could not in conscience ride him. Have you read me Æsop his fables, Captain Percy?"

"I remember the man, the boy, and the ass," I replied. "The ass came to grief in the end. Put thy scruples in thy pocket, man, and mount thy pale horse."

"Not I!" he said, with a smile. "'T is a thousand pities, Captain Percy, that a small, mean, and squeamish spirit like mine should be cased like a very Guy of Warwick. Now, if I were slight of body, or even if I were no heavier than your servant there" —

"Oh!" I said. "Diccon, give his reverence the mare, and do you mount his

horse and bring him slowly on to town. If he will not carry you, you can lead him in."

Sunshine revisited the countenance of Master Jeremy Sparrow; he swung his great body into the saddle, gathered up the reins, and made the mare to caracole across the path for very joy.

"Have a care of the poor brute, friend!" he cried genially to Diccon, whose looks were of the sulkiest. "Bring him gently on, and leave him at Master Bucke's, near to the church."

"What do you do at Jamestown?" I asked, as we passed from out the glade into the gloom of a pine wood. "I was told that you were gone to Henricus, to help Master Thorpe convert the Indians."

"Ay," he answered, "I did go. I had a call, — I was sure I had a call. I thought of myself as a very apostle to the Gentiles. I went from Henricus one day's journey into the wilderness, with none but an Indian lad for interpreter, and coming to an Indian village gathered its inhabitants about me, and sitting down upon a hillock read and expounded to them the Sermon on the Mount. I was much edified by the solemnity of their demeanor and the earnestness of their attention, and had conceived great hopes for their spiritual welfare, when, the reading and exhortation being finished, one of their old men arose and made me a long speech, which I could not well understand, but took to be one of grateful welcome to myself and my tidings of peace and good will. He then desired me to tarry with them, and to be present at some entertainment or other, the nature of which I could not make out. I tarried; and toward evening they conducted me with much ceremony to an open space in the midst of the village. There I found planted in the ground a thick stake, and around it a ring of flaming brushwood. To the stake was fastened an Indian warrior, captured, so my interpreter informed me, from some

hostile tribe above the falls. His arms and ankles were secured to the stake by means of thongs passed through incisions in the flesh; his body was stuck over with countless pine splinters, each burning like a miniature torch; and on his shaven crown was tied a thin plate of copper heaped with red-hot coals. A little to one side appeared another stake and another circle of brushwood; the one with nothing tied to it as yet, and the other still unlit. My friend, I did not tarry to see it lit. I tore a branch from an oak, and I became as Samson with the jawbone of the ass. I fell upon and smote those Philistines. Their wretched victim was beyond all human help, but I dearly avenged him upon his enemies. And they had their pains for naught when they planted that second stake and laid the brush for their hell fire. At last I dropped into the stream upon which their damnable village was situate, and got safely away. Next day I went to George Thorpe and resigned my ministry, telling him that we were nowhere commanded to preach to devils; when the Company was ready to send shot and steel amongst them, they might count upon me. After which I came down the river to Jamestown, where I found worthy Master Bucke well-nigh despaired of with the fever. Finally he was taken up river for change of air, and, for lack of worthier substitute, the Governor and Captain West constrained me to remain and minister to the shepherdless flock. Where will you lodge, good sir?"

"I do not know," I said. "The town will be full, and the guest house is not yet finished."

"Why not come to me?" he asked. "There are none in the minister's house but me and Goodwife Allen who keeps it. There are five fair large rooms and a goodly garden, though the trees do too much shadow the house. If you will come and let the sunshine in," — a bow and smile for madam, — "I shall be your debtor."

His plan pleased me well. Except the Governor's and Captain West's, the minister's house was the best in the town. It was retired, too, being set in its own grounds, and not upon the street, and I desired privacy. Goodwife Allen was stolid and incurious. Moreover, I liked Master Jeremy Sparrow.

I accepted his hospitality and gave him thanks. He waved them away, and fell to complimenting Mistress Percy, who was pleased to be gracious to us both. Well content for the moment with the world and ourselves, we fared on through the alternating sunshine and shade, and were happy with the careless habitants of the forest. Oversoon we came to the peninsula, and crossed the neck of land. Before us lay the town: to the outer eye a poor and mean village, indeed, but to the inner the stronghold and capital of our race in the western world, the germ from which might spring stately cities, the newborn babe which might in time equal its parent in stature, strength, and comeliness. So I and a few besides, both in Virginia and at home, viewed the mean houses, the poor church and rude fort, and loved the spot which had witnessed much suffering and small joy, but which held within it the future, which was even now a bit in the mouth of Spain, a thing in itself outweighing all the toil and anguish of our planting. But there were others who saw only the meanness of the place, its almost defenselessness, its fluxes and fevers, the fewness of its inhabitants and the number of its graves. Finding no gold and no earthly paradise, and that in the sweat of their brow they must eat their bread, they straightway fell into the dumps, and either died out of sheer perversity, or went yelping home to the Company with all manner of dismal tales, — which tales, through my Lord Warwick's good offices, never failed to reach the sacred ears of his Majesty, and to bring the colony and the Company into disfavor.

We came to the palisade, and found the gates wide open and the warder gone. "Where be the people?" marveled Master Sparrow, as we rode through into the street. In truth, where were the people? On either side of the street the doors of the houses stood open, but no person looked out from them or loitered on the doorsteps; the square was empty; there were no women at the well, no children underfoot, no gaping crowd before jail and pillory, no guard before the Governor's house, — not a soul, high or low, to be seen.

"Have they all migrated?" cried Sparrow. "Are they gone to Croatan?"

"They have left one to tell the tale, then," I said, "for here he comes running."

VII.

IN WHICH WE PREPARE TO FIGHT THE SPANIARD.

A man came panting down the street. "Captain Ralph Percy!" he cried. "My master said it was your horse coming across the neck. The Governor commands your attendance at once, sir."

"Where is the Governor? Where are all the people?" I demanded.

"At the fort. They are all at the fort or on the bank below. Oh, sirs, a woeiful day for us all!"

"A woeiful day!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

The man, whom I recognized as one of the commander's servants, a fellow with the soul of a French valet de chambre, was wild with terror.

"They are at the guns!" he quavered. "Alackaday! what can a few sakers and demiculverins do against them?"

"Against *whom*?" I cried.

"They are giving out pikes and cutlasses! Woe's me, the sight of naked steel hath ever made me sick!"

I drew my dagger, and flashed it before him. "Does 't make you sick?"

I asked. "You shall be sicker yet, if you do not speak to some purpose."

The fellow shrank back, his eyeballs starting from his head.

"It's a tall ship," he gasped, "a very big ship! It hath ten culverins, beside fowlers and murderers, sakers, falcons, and bases!"

I took him by the collar and shook him off his feet.

"There are priests on board!" he managed to say as I set him down. "This time to-morrow we'll all be on the rack! And next week the galleys will have us!"

"It's the Spaniard at last," I said. "Come on!"

When we reached the river bank before the fort, it was to find confusion worse confounded. The gates of the palisade were open, and through them streamed Councilors, Burgesses, and officers, while the bank itself was thronged with the generality. Ancient planters, Smith's men, Dale's men, tenants and servants, women and children, including the little eyases we imported the year before, negroes, Paspaheghs, French vigneron, Dutch sawmill men, Italian glassworkers, — all seethed to and fro, all talked at once, and all looked down the river. Out of the babel of voices these words came to us over and over: "The Spaniard!" "The Inquisition!" "The galleys!" They were the words oftenest heard at that time, when strange sails hove in sight.

But where was the Spaniard? On the river, hugging the shore, were many small craft, barges, shallows, sloops, and pinnaces, and beyond them the masts of the *Truelove*, the *Due Return*, and the *Tiger*, then in port; on these three, of which the largest, the *Due Return*, was of but eighty tons burthen, the mariners were running about and the masters bawling orders. But there was no other ship, no bark, galleon, or man-of-war, with three tiers of grinning ordnance, and the hated yellow flag flaunting above.

I sprang from my horse, and, leaving it and Mistress Percy in Sparrow's charge, hastened up to the fort. As I passed through the palisade I heard my name called, and turning waited for Master Pory to come up. He was panting and puffing, his jovial face very red.

"I was across the neck of land when I heard the news," he said. "I ran all the way, and am somewhat scant of breath. Here's the devil to pay!"

"It looks another mare's-nest," I replied. "We have cried '*Spaniard!*' pretty often."

"But this time the wolf's here," he answered. "Davies sent a horseman at a gallop from Algernon with the tidings. He passed the ship, and it was a very great one. We may thank this dead calm that it did not catch us unawares."

Within the palisade was noise enough, but more order than without. On the half-moons commanding the river, gunners were busy about our sakers, falcons, and three culverins. In one place, West, the commander, was giving out brigandines, jacks, skulls, muskets, halberds, swords, and longbows; in another, his wife, who was a very Mary Ambree, supervised the boiling of a great caldron of pitch. Each loophole in palisade and fort had already its marksman. Through the west port came a horde of reluctant invaders, — cattle, swine, and poultry, — driven in by yelling boys. Behind them men rolled in water casks.

I made my way through the press to where I saw the Governor, surrounded by Councilors and Burgesses, sitting on a keg of powder, and issuing orders at the top of his voice. "Ha, Captain Percy!" he cried, as I came up. "You are in good time, man! You've served your apprenticeship at the wars. You must teach us how to beat the dons."

"To Englishmen, that comes by nature, sir," I said. "Art sure we are to have the pleasure?"

"Not a doubt of it this time," he an-

swered. "The ship slipped in past the Point last night. Davies signaled her to stop, and then sent a ball over her; but she kept on. True, it was too dark to make out much; but if she were friendly, why did she not stop for castle duties? Moreover, they say she was of at least five hundred tons, and no ship of that size hath ever visited these waters. There was no wind, and they sent a man on at once, hoping to outstrip the enemy and warn us. The man changed horses at Basse's Choice, and passed the ship about dawn. All he could tell for the mist was that it was a very great ship, with three tiers of guns."

"The flag?"

"She carried none."

"Humph!" I said. "It hath a suspicious look. At least we do well to be ready. We'll give them a warm welcome."

"There are those here who counsel surrender," continued the Governor. "There's one, at least, who wants the Tiger sent downstream with a white flag and my sword."

"Where?" I cried. "He's no Englishman, I warrant!"

"As much an Englishman as thou, sir!" called out a gentleman whom I had encountered before, to wit, Master Edward Sharpless. "It's well enough for swingebuckler captains, Low Country fire-eaters, to talk of holding out against a Spanish man-of-war with twice our number of fighting men, and enough ordnance to blow this island into space! Wise men know when the odds are too heavy!"

"It's well enough for lily-livered, goose-fleshed lawyers to hold their tongues when men and soldiers talk," I retorted. "We are not making indentures to the devil, and so have no need of such gentry."

There was a roar of laughter from the captains and gunners, but terror of the Spaniard had made Master Edward Sharpless bold to all besides.

"They will wipe us off the face of the earth!" he lamented. "There won't be an Englishman left in America! They'll come close in upon us! They'll batter down the fort with their culverins; they'll turn all their swivels, sakers, and falcons upon us; they'll throw into our midst stinkpots and grenades; they'll mow us down with chain shot! Their gunners never miss!" His voice rose to a scream, and he shook as with an ague. "Are you mad? It's Spain that's to be fought! Spain the rich! Spain the powerful! Spain the lord of the New World!"

"It's England that fights!" I cried. "For very shame, hold thy tongue!"

"If we surrender at once, they'll let us go!" he whined. "We can take the small boats and get to the Bermudas. They'll let us go."

"Into the galleys," muttered West.

The base craven tried another feint. "Think of the women and children!"

"We do," I said sternly. "Silence, fool!"

The Governor, a brave and honest man, though of mean descent, rose from the keg of powder. "All this is foreign to the matter, Master Sharpless. I think our duty is clear, be the odds what they may. This is our post, and we will hold it or die beside it. We are few in number, but we are England in America, and I think we will remain here. This is the King's fifth kingdom, and we will keep it for him. We will trust in the Lord and fight it out."

"Amen," I said, and "Amen," said the ring of Councilors and Burgesses and the armed men beyond.

The hum of voices now rose into excited cries, and the watchman stationed atop the big culverin called out, "Sail ho!" With one accord we turned our faces downstream. There was the ship, undoubtedly. Moreover, a strong breeze had sprung up, blowing from the sea, filling her white sails, and rapidly lessening the distance between us. As yet

we could only tell that she was indeed a large ship with all sail set.

Through the gates of the palisade now came, pellmell, the crowd without. In ten minutes' time the women were in line ready to load the muskets, the children sheltered as best they might be, the men in ranks, the gunners at their guns, and the flag up. I had run it up with my own hand, and as I stood beneath the folds Master Sparrow and my wife came to my side.

"The women are over there," I said to the latter, "where you had best betake yourself."

"I prefer to stay here," she answered. "I am not afraid." Her color was high, and she held her head up. "My father fought the Armada," she said. "Get me a sword from that man who is giving them out."

From his coign of vantage the watch now called out: "She's a long ship, — five hundred tons, anyhow! Lord! the metal that she carries! She's rasedecked!"

"Then she's Spanish, sure enough!" cried the Governor.

From the crowd of servants, felons, and foreigners rose a great clamor, and presently we made out Sharpless perched on a cask in their midst and wildly gesticulating.

"The Tiger, the Truelove, and the Due Return have swung across channel!" announced the watch. "They've trained their guns on the Spaniard!"

The Englishmen cheered, but the bastard crew about Sharpless groaned. Extreme fear had made the lawyer shameless. "What guns have those boats?" he screamed. "Two falcons apiece and a handful of muskets, and they go out against a man-of-war! She'll trample them underfoot! She'll sink them with a shot apiece! The Tiger is forty tons, and the Truelove is sixty. You're all mad!"

"Sometimes quality beats quantity," said West.

"Didst ever hear of the Content?" sang out a gunner.

"Or of the Merchant Royal?" cried another.

"Of the Revenge?" quoth Master Jeremy Sparrow. "Go hang thyself, coward, or, if you choose, swim out to the Spaniard, and shift from thy wet doublet and hose into a sanbenito. Let the don come, shoot if he can, and land if he will! We'll singe his beard in Virginia as we did at Cales!"

'The great St. Philip, the pride of the Spaniards,

Was burnt to the bottom and sunk in the sea.

But the St. Andrew and eke the St. Matthew
We took in fight manfully and brought away.'

And so we'll do with this one, my masters! We'll sink her, or we'll take her and send her against her own galleons and galleasses!

'Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums,

Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes!'"

His great voice and great presence seized and held the attention of all. Over his doublet of rusty black he had clapped a yet rustier back and breast; on his bushy hair rode a headpiece many sizes too small; by his side was an old broadsword, and over his shoulder a pike. Suddenly, from gay hardihood his countenance changed to an expression more befitting his calling. "Our cause is just, my masters!" he cried. "We stand here not for England alone; we stand for the love of law, for the love of liberty, for the fear of God, who will not desert his servants and his cause, nor give over to Anti-Christ this virgin world. This plantation is the leaven which is to leaven the whole lump, and surely he will hide it in the hollow of his hand and in the shadow of his wing. God of battles, hear us! God of England, God of America, aid the children of the one, the saviors of the other!"

He had dropped the pike to raise his

clasped hands to the blue heavens, but now he lifted it again, threw back his shoulders and flung up his head. He laid his hand on the flagstaff, and looked up to the banner streaming in the breeze. "It looks well so high against the blue, does n't it, friends?" he cried genially. "Suppose we keep it there forever and a day!"

A cheer arose, so loud that it silenced, if it did not convince, the craven few. As for Master Edward Sharpless, he disappeared immediately behind the line of women.

The great ship came steadily on, her white sails growing larger and larger, moment by moment, her tiers of guns more distinct and menacing, her whole aspect more defiant. Her waist seemed packed with men. But no streamers, no flag.

A puff of smoke floated up from the deck of the Tiger, and a ball from one of her two tiny falcons passed through the stranger's rigging. A cheer for the brave little cockboat arose from the English. "David and his pebble!" exclaimed Master Jeremy Sparrow. "Now for Goliath's twenty-pounders!"

But no flame and thunder issued from the large guns aboard the stranger. Instead, from her crowded deck there came to us what sounded mightily like a roar of laughter. Suddenly, from each mast-head and yard shot out streamers of red and blue, up from the poop rose and flaunted in the wind the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and with a crash trumpet, drum, and fife rushed into

"Here's to jolly good ale and old!"

"By the Lord, she's English!" shouted the Governor.

On she came, banners flying, music playing, and inextinguishable laughter rising from her decks. The Tiger, the Truelove, and the Due Return sent no more hailstones against her; they turned and resolved themselves into her consort. The watch, a grim old sea dog that had come in with Dale, swung himself

down from his post, and came toward the Governor at a run. "I know her now, sir!" he shouted. "I was at the winning of Cales, and she's the Santa Teresa, that we took and sent home to the Queen. She was Spanish once, sir, but she's English now."

The gates were flung open, and the excited people poured out again upon the river bank. I found myself beside the Governor, whose honest countenance wore an expression of profound bewilderment.

"What d'ye make of her, Percy?" he said. "The Company does n't send servants, felons, 'prentices, or maids in such craft; no, nor officers or governors, either. It's the King's ship, sure enough, but what is she doing here? — that's the question. What does she want, and whom does she bring?"

"We'll soon know," I answered, "for there goes her anchor."

Five minutes later a boat was lowered from the ship, and came swiftly toward us. The boat had four rowers, and in the stern sat a tall man, black-bearded, high-colored, and magnificently dressed. It touched the sand some two hundred feet from the spot where Governor, Councilors, officers, and a sprinkling of other sorts stood staring at it, and at the great ship beyond. The man in the stern leaped out, looked around him, and then walked toward us. As he walked slowly, we had leisure to note the richness of his doublet and cloak, — the one slashed, the other lined with scarlet taffeta, — the arrogance of his mien and gait, and the superb full-blooded beauty of his face.

"The handsomest man that ever I saw!" ejaculated the Governor.

Master Pory, standing beside him, drew in his breath, then puffed it out again. "Handsome enough, your Honor," he said, "unless handsome is as handsome does. That, gentlemen, is my Lord Carnal, — that is the King's latest favorite."

VIII.

IN WHICH ENTERS MY LORD CARNAL.

I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and turned to find Mistress Percy beside me. Her cheeks were white, her eyes aflame, her whole frame tense. The passion that dominated her was so clearly anger at white heat that I stared at her in amazement. Her hand slid from my shoulder to the bend of my arm and rested there. "Remember that I am your wife, sir," she said in a low, fierce voice, — "your kind and loving wife. You said that your sword was mine; now bring your wit to the same service!"

There was not time to question her meaning. The man whose position in the realm had just been announced by the Secretary, and of whom we had all heard as one not unlikely to supplant even Buckingham himself, was close at hand. The Governor, headpiece in hand, stepped forward; the other swept off his Spanish hat; both bowed profoundly.

"I speak to his Honor the Governor of Virginia?" inquired the newcomer. His tone was offhand, his hat already back upon his head.

"I am George Yeardley, at my Lord Carnal's service," answered the Governor.

The favorite raised his eyebrows. "I don't need to introduce myself, it seems," he said. "You've found that I am not the devil, after all, — at least not the Spanish Apollyon. Zooks! a hawk above a poultry yard could n't have caused a greater commotion than did my poor little ship and my few poor birding pieces! Does every strange sail so put you through your paces?"

The Governor's color mounted. "We are not at home," he answered stiffly. "Here we are few and weak and surrounded by many dangers, and have need to be vigilant, being planted, as it

were, in the very grasp of that Spain who holds Europe in awe, and who claims this land as her own. That we are here at all is proof enough of our courage, my lord."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I don't doubt your mettle," he said negligently. "I dare say it matches your armor."

His glance had rested for a moment upon the battered headpiece and ancient rusty breastplate with which Master Jeremy Sparrow was bedight.

"It is something antique, truly, something out of fashion," remarked that worthy, — "almost as out of fashion as courtesy from guests, or respect for dignities from my-face-is-my-fortune minions and lords on carpet considerations."

The hush of consternation following this audacious speech was broken by a roar of laughter from the favorite himself. "Zounds!" he cried, "your courage is worn on your sleeve, good giant! I'll uphold you to face Spaniards, strapado, rack, galleys, and all!"

The bravado with which he spoke, the insolence of his bold glance and curled lip, the arrogance with which he flaunted that King's favor which should be a brand more infamous than the hangman's, his beauty, the pomp of his dress, — all were alike hateful. I hated him then, scarce knowing why, as I hated him afterward with reason.

He now pulled from the breast of his doublet a packet, which he proffered the Governor. "From the King, sir," he announced, in the half-fierce, half-mocking tone he had made his own. "You may read it at your leisure. He wishes you to further me in a quest upon which I have come."

The Governor took the packet with reverence. "His Majesty's will is our law," he said. "Anything that lies in our power, sir; though if you come for gold" —

The favorite laughed again. "I've come for a thing a deal more precious,

Sir Governor, — a thing worth more to me than all the treasure of the Indies with Manoa and El Dorado thrown in, — to wit, the thing upon which I've set my mind. That which I determine to do, I do, sir; and the thing I determine to have, why, sooner or later, by hook or by crook, fair means or foul, I have it! I am not one to be crossed or defied with impunity."

"I do not take your meaning, my lord," said the Governor, puzzled, but courteous. "There are none here who would care to thwart, in any honorable enterprise, a nobleman so high in the King's favor. I trust that my Lord Carnal will make my poor house his own during his stay in Virginia — What's the matter, my lord?"

My lord's face was dark red, his black eyes afire, his mustaches working up and down. His white teeth had closed with a click on the loud oath which had interrupted the Governor's speech. Honest Sir George and his circle stared at this unaccountable guest in amazement not unmixed with dismay. As for myself, I knew before he spoke what had caused the oath and the fierce triumph in that handsome face. Master Jeremy Sparrow had moved a little to one side, thus exposing to view that which his great body had before screened from observation, — namely, Mistress Jocelyn Percy.

In a moment the favorite was before her, hat in hand, bowing to the ground.

"My quest hath ended where I feared it but begun!" he cried, flushed and exultant. "I have found my Manoa sooner than I thought for. Have you no welcome for me, lady?"

She withdrew her arm from mine and curtsied to him profoundly; then stood erect, indignant and defiant, her eyes angry stars, her cheeks carnation, scorn on her smiling lips.

"I cannot welcome you as you should be welcomed, my lord," she said in a clear voice. "I have but my bare hands.

Manoa, my lord, lies far to the southward. This land is quite out of your course, and you will find here but your travail for your pains. My lord, permit me to present to you my husband, Captain Ralph Percy. I think that you know his cousin, my Lord of Northumberland."

The red left the favorite's cheeks, and he moved as though a blow had been dealt him by some invisible hand. Recovering himself he bowed to me, and I to him, which done we looked each other in the eyes long enough for each to see the thrown gauntlet.

"I raise it," I said.

"And I raise it," he answered.

"A l'outrance, I think, sir?" I continued.

"A l'outrance," he assented.

"And between us two alone," I suggested.

His answering smile was not good to see, nor was the tone in which he spoke to the Governor good to hear.

"It is now some weeks, sir," he said, "since there disappeared from court a jewel, a diamond of most inestimable worth. It in some sort belonged to the King, and his Majesty, in the goodness of his heart, had promised it to a certain one, — nay, had sworn by his kingdom that it should be his. Well, sir, that man put forth his hand to claim his own — when lo! the jewel vanished! Where it went no man could tell. There was, as you may believe, a mighty running up and down and looking into dark corners, all for naught, — it was clean gone. But the man to whom that bright gem had been promised was not one easily hoodwinked or baffled. He swore to trace it, follow it, find it, and wear it."

His bold eyes left the Governor, to rest upon the woman beside me; had he pointed to her with his hand, he could not have more surely drawn upon her the regard of that motley throng. By degrees the crowd had fallen back, leaving us three — the King's minion, the

masquerading lady, and myself — the centre of a ring of staring faces ; but now she became the sole target at which all eyes were directed.

In Virginia, at this time, the women of our own race were held in high esteem. During the first years of our planting they were a greater rarity than the mocking-birds and flying squirrels, or than that weed the eating of which made fools of men. The man whose wife was loving and daring enough, or jealous enough of Indian maids, to follow him into the wilderness counted his friends by the score and never lacked for company. The first marriage in Virginia was between a laborer and a waiting maid, and yet there was as great a deal of candy stuff as if it had been the nuptials of a lieutenant of the shire. The brother of my Lord de la Warre stood up with the groom, the brother of my Lord of Northumberland gave away the bride and was the first to kiss her, and the President himself held the caudle to their lips that night. Since that wedding there had been others. Gentlewomen made the Virginia voyage with husband or father ; women signed as servants and came over, to marry in three weeks' time, the husband paying good tobacco for the wife's freedom ; in the cargoes of children sent for apprentices there were many girls. And last, but not least, had come Sir Edwyn's doves. Things had changed since that day — at the memory of which men still held their sides — when Madam West, then the only woman in the town with youth and beauty, had marched down the street to the pillory, mounted it, called to her the drummer, and ordered him to summon to the square by tuck of drum every man in the place. Which done, and the amazed population at hand, gaping at the spectacle of the wife of their commander (then absent from home) pilloried before them, she gave command, through the crier, that they should take their fill of gazing, whispering, and nudging then

and there, forever and a day, and then should go about their own business and give her leave to mind her own.

That day was gone, but men still dropped their work to see a woman pass, still cheered when a farthingale appeared over a ship's side, and at church still devoted their eyes to other service than staring at the minister. In our short but crowded history few things had made a greater stir than the coming in of Sir Edwyn's maids. They were married now, but they were still the observed of all observers ; to be pointed out to strangers, run after by children, gaped at by the vulgar, bowed to with broad smiles by Burgess, Councilor, and commander, and openly contemned by those dames who had attained to a husband in somewhat more regular fashion. Of the ninety who had arrived two weeks before, the greater number had found husbands in the town itself or in the neighboring hundreds, so that in the crowd that had gathered to withstand the Spaniard, and had stayed to welcome the King's favorite, there were farthingales not a few.

But there were none like the woman whose hand I had kissed in the courting meadow. In the throng, that day, in her Puritan dress and amid the crowd of meaner beauties, she had passed without overmuch comment, and since that day none had seen her save Rolfe and the minister, my servants and myself ; and when "The Spaniard !" was cried, men thought of other things than the beauty of women ; so that until this moment she had escaped any special notice. Now all that was changed. The Governor, following the pointing of those insolent eyes, fixed his own upon her in a stare of sheer amazement ; the gold-laced quality about him craned necks, lifted eyebrows, and whispered ; and the rabble behind followed their betters' example with an emphasis quite their own.

"Where do you suppose that jewel went, Sir Governor," said the favorite, —

"that jewel which was overnice to shine at court, which set up its will against the King's, which would have none of that one to whom it had been given?"

"I am a plain man, my lord," replied the Governor bluntly. "An it please you, give me plain words."

My lord laughed, his eyes traveling round the ring of greedily intent faces. "So be it, sir," he assented. "May I ask who is this lady?"

"She came in the *Bonaventure*," answered the Governor. "She was one of the treasurer's poor maids."

"With whom I trod a measure at court not long ago," said the favorite. "I had to wait for the honor until the prince had been gratified."

The Governor's round eyes grew rounder. Young Hamor, a-tiptoe behind him, drew a long, low whistle.

"In so small a community," went on my lord, "sure you must all know one another. There can be no masks worn, no false colors displayed. Everything must be as open as daylight. But we all have a past as well as a present. Now, for instance" —

I interrupted him. "In Virginia, my lord, we live in the present. At present, my lord, I like not the color of your lordship's cloak."

He stared at me, with his black brows drawn together. "It is not of your choosing nor for your wearing, sir," he rejoined haughtily.

"And your sword knot is villainously tied," I continued. "And I like not such a fire-new, bejeweled scabbard. Mine, you see, is out at heel."

"I see," he said dryly.

"The pinking of your doublet suits me not, either," I declared. "I could make it more to my liking," and I touched his Genoa three-pile with the point of my rapier.

A loud murmur arose from the crowd, and the Governor started forward, crying out, "Captain Percy! Are you mad?"

"I was never saner in my life, sir,"

I answered. "French fashions like me not, — that is all, — nor Englishmen that wear them. To my thinking such are scarcely true-born."

That thrust went home. All the world knew the story of my late Lord Carnal and the waiting woman in the service of the French ambassador's wife. A gasp of admiration went up from the crowd. My lord's rapier was out, the hand that held it shaking with passion. I had my blade in my hand, but the point was upon the ground. "I'll lesson you, you madman!" he said thickly. Suddenly, without any warning, he thrust at me; had he been less blind with rage, the long score which each was to run up against the other might have ended where it began. I swerved, and the next instant with my own point sent his rapier whirling. It fell at the Governor's feet.

"Your lordship may pick it up," I remarked. "Your grasp is as firm as your honor, my lord."

He glared at me, foam upon his lips. Men were between us now, — the Governor, Francis West, Master Pory, Hamor, Wynne, — and a babel of excited voices arose. The diversion I had aimed to make had been made with a vengeance. West had me by the arm. "What a murrain is all this coil about, Ralph Percy? If you hurt hair of his head, you are lost!"

The favorite broke from the Governor's detaining hand and conciliatory speech.

"You'll fight, sir?" he cried hoarsely.

"You know that I need not now, my lord," I answered.

He stamped upon the ground with rage and shame; not true shame for that foul thrust, but shame for the sword upon the grass, for that which could be read in men's eyes, strive to hide it as they might, for the open scorn upon one face. Then, during the minute or more in which we faced each other in silence, he exerted to some effect that will of

which he had boasted. The scarlet faded from his face, his frame steadied, and he forced a smile. Also he called to his aid a certain soldierly, honest-seeming frankness of speech and manner which he could assume at will.

"Your Virginian sunshine dazzleth the eyes, sir," he said. "Of a verity it made me think you on guard. Forgive me my mistake."

I bowed. "Your lordship will find me at your service. I lodge at the minister's house, where your lordship's messenger will find me. I am going there now with my wife, who hath ridden a score of miles this morning and is weary. We give you good-day, my lord."

I bowed to him again and to the Governor, then gave my hand to Mistress Percy. The crowd opening before us, we passed through it, and crossed the parade by the west bulwark. At the further end was a bit of rising ground. This we mounted; then, before descending the other side into the lane leading to the minister's house, we turned as by one impulse and looked back. Life is like one of those endless Italian corridors, painted, picture after picture, by a master hand; and man is the traveler through it, taking his eyes from one scene but to rest them upon another. Some remain a blur in his mind; some

he remembers not; for some he has but to close his eyes and he sees them again, line for line, tint for tint, the whole spirit of the piece. I close my eyes, and I see the sunshine hot and bright, the blue of the skies, the sheen of the river. The sails are white again upon boats long lost; the Santa Teresa, sunk in a fight with an Algerine rover two years afterward, rides at anchor there forever in the James, her crew in the waist and the rigging, her master and his mates on the poop, above them the flag. I see the plain at our feet and the crowd beyond, all staring with upturned faces; and standing out from the group of perplexed and wondering dignitaries a man in black and scarlet, one hand busy at his mouth, the other clenched upon the newly restored and unsheathed sword. And I see, standing on the green hillock, hand in hand, us two, — myself and the woman so near to me, and yet so far away that a common enemy seemed our only tie.

We turned and descended to the green lane and the deserted houses. When we were quite hidden from those we had left on the bank below the fort, she dropped my hand and moved to the other side of the lane; and thus, with never a word to spare, we walked sedately on until we reached the minister's house.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

CHINESE SKETCHES.

I. YELLOW REASON.

A NARROW, ragged street crawled up the side of a hill. At the top was a low Buddhist monastery, creeping just to the ridge, and beyond were two modern houses with two flagstaves flying foreign colors.

The roadway led abruptly from a dense, swarming town; a flat town, all of one color, — a gray that seemed to swell from roof to roof, like a great blot that finally merged in the distance into a vast gray sea. Low to the west a band of naked hills stood out against the sky, and between the hills and the sea of gray

rolled the brown Yang-tse, wide as a lake, and lipping on in smooth brown waves. Near the banks huddled a swarming life of junks, and a host of tiny craft skimmed and hurried to and fro, like aimless water bugs. One slender vessel rode at anchor in the stream, — a long, white vessel with colors flying at her masthead, red and white.

All else was brown and gray and sullen : brown waters, brown skies, the great swelling sea of flat gray roofs, and under the gray roofs a restless, murmuring mass of stubborn yellow men.

In the midst of this life dwelt a cripple, a foul-mouthed, worthless creature, who whined and cursed, and begged for rags and food. One day he crept from his dirty passage out into the light. Hobbling and stumbling, lying on the ground to catch his breath, he dragged his wretched body up the narrow roadway. At the gateway of the foreign houses he squatted, huddling in his rags and whining shrilly for alms. All day he stayed there, and all one night, to be stumbled over by every passer-by.

At last, a house coolie, returning from an errand, struck at the beggar as he laid hold of his skirt. The cripple rolled over on his side, and gave out piercing, hideous shrieks. In a minute he was surrounded by a wondering crowd, and to these he screamed forth curses on the white devils whose servant had been sent to take his life. Men came running from every side, seemed suddenly to spring from the ground, coolies stopped their work, and the crowd swelled to a multitude. Still the cripple kept on shrieking, and a low muttering in the crowd began to rise and fall, like the distant rumblings of a storm.

A native doctor was sent for, to stop the creature's noise and to bring reason to the angry mob. The doctor came, and was swallowed up in a seething mass of men. The cripple was dying — was dead. So the word spread abroad. And the foreign devils on the hill, outlanders and

disturbers of Chinese peace, were to blame. Then there was no check. The disturbance grew worse, until at night every street and alleyway near the little hill was filled with a surging sea of frenzied life, whose waves rose and fell by a strange internal force. As night crept on the tide pressed in, and crowding up the narrow passage swayed a moving mass of angry yellow faces. On they pushed, threatening, shouting vengeance in a harsh uproar that gained in volume and echoed to the limits of the mob, seething and struggling on in ignorant madness.

Down below, the town lay gray and silent with empty dwellings, waiting for the tide to turn to fill them to their brim. From the little monastery on the hillside came the regular pounding of gongs and tinkling of bells, as the priests moved about their prayers in stolid unconcern. But in the houses on the hill was hideous fear, — fear of the unreasonable brutes surging about their walls, who would torture with the joy of fiends and trample life with merciless heel. Late that night, a shuddering group crept unseen to an outer gate, skulked along behind the town, and fled through the empty streets to the river bank beyond. And there a boat was waiting that took them to the warship lying in the stream.

Fighting, crowding, jamming up the narrow street, the crowd made its way, yelling in hoarse frenzy. Men fought and cursed in the wild surge forward, dug with vicious elbows, and beat and struck at one another. Some were trodden underfoot, and sharp screams of pain cut high above the tumult. On they pushed, — a dense mass of naked limbs, straining muscles, fierce, mad faces ; a vast moving sea, swayed by a brutelike instinct.

Nearer the mob surged to the gate, — pressed so close that those in front gasped in terror, as they felt the strength of a resistless force driving from behind. Again shrieks rose, shrill despairing wails

that broke at last to gurgling sobs, as men strove and fought to turn, in vain. Then the gate gave way, and a maddened, seething mass fell through the gap. With a hoarse shout, those behind sprang forward, and trampled down the wildly struggling heaps of men lying in their path. Through the open way they rushed, and made for the houses standing just beyond.

The vast mob paused, — welled up like a destroying sea, — then burst upon the dwellings. In they swept, flooding every corner, searching with frantic zeal for their trembling prey. Beds were torn open, mirrors and windows smashed, doorways burst through. But still the objects of their quest could not be found. Garments were dragged forth and torn to tatters. Pillows were split, and a rain of feathers was added to the chaos. Cabinets were upturned, ornaments broken in pieces, jewels and silver looted. The crowd jammed and swelled from floor to floor, foiled and desperate in its search. Wine cellars and pantries were entered, and their contents consumed. The riot raged more hotly. Men lay drunk in corners. And the mob, half crazed, turned upon itself and fought for possession. Knives were drawn, blood was spilled, and still life throbbed and beat at doors and windows, striving for admittance.

Then some one struck a light, and curls of smoke began to fill the rooms. There were louder shouts and yells of fear, and a rush was made for stairs and windows. Tiny yellow flames shot up through the dense brown smoke. And again men fought, — fought like wild things for their lives; stumbled, staggered, trod on one another, stamped out life in a fierce dash for liberty.

Out at last, — singed, scorched, bruised and bleeding, half suffocated and blinded by the smoke. So they surged into the bleak gray morn. The ground lay torn and blistered, and smeared with tattered rags and broken fragments from

the riot beyond. Men lay bruised and senseless in limp, wretched heaps, and the morning air was thick and close with smoke.

The tide had turned, and the ebb set in. Those on the farther limits of the mob, still unconscious of motive, ceased their yells, and went back to the town. The battle above waged spasmodically. Personal feuds were still pursued, but the mob was broken and its object lost. By night the crowd had swarmed back to fill the empty streets. And life moved on with stolid unconcern.

In three weeks Peking was paying heavily for destruction of property, and promising greater security to foreign life. Six weeks later the houses were practically rebuilt, and the hideous terror of a night was beginning to fade.

And sitting quietly at the foot of the hill was a cripple begging for alms.

II. FATHER AND SON.

Old Sung-Chow made boxes of camphor wood, and in his little shop they were piled high: smooth yellow boxes with neat brass corners, and with beautiful brown veins showing on their sides. They were of all sizes, and from the dark room where the men of Sung-Chow cut and rubbed this wood there came a clean, strong scent.

Sung-Chow no longer worked with his men, but sat beneath the swinging sign of black that bore his name in great gold letters, and watched the children playing in the dirty street. It was a very dirty street, a very narrow street, with many tiny shops crowded on both sides, and at each shop there hung a dangling board of red or black with straggling letters of gold. Some of these shops were filled, shelf on shelf, with square-bowled, long-stemmed pipes, some with silken, glovelike shoes, and others with jade and the work of the silversmiths. In many sat sleek merchants, with rolls and rolls of silk about them, and these chatted together and

sipped their tea, or talked with the passers-by.

All day this street seethed with a mixed, noisy crowd. Coolies staggered through with heavy burdens on their shoulders, mandarins swayed past in closed sedan chairs, scholars with huge-rimmed goggles and cold, impassive faces stalked along, and whining beggars crouched low in the mud. Coarse coolie women in wide-flapping trousers squatted in the doorways and cooked their stringy, evil-smelling messes. Lepers raised their wretched hands for alms, and venders of strange wares, with boards balanced on their heads, picked a fearful way through the jostling crowd. And all day long was the narrow way filled with a harsh uproar that was made of the calls and screams of a dense, swarming life.

But Sung-Chow sat at his doorway in great unconcern and smoked a long pipe, fondled the bowl with slow old fingers, and watched the children at play. There were many children, with bright threads braided in their little pigtailed and gay betasseled caps bobbing on their heads. There were many pigs and white bristling dogs, and these all lived and played in the dirt together. Yet of all the children Sung-Chow saw but the fat-limbed, brown-skinned Chwang: Chwang the pride and idol of his heart; Chwang who ran and screamed with the children in the street. As he puffed, fond, slow thoughts bubbled up in his heart. He felt again the clasp of the little Chwang as he lay in his arms a babe; Chwang the long-looked-for, long-prayed-for son, for whose life the gentle Ta Shi gave her own. And his heart beat quickly with the thought of the clinging touch of the first-born.

Then the mind of Sung-Chow filled with pictures of his son grown to manhood. He saw him master of the shop, with boxes more smooth and beautiful than his own. He saw him in rich gowns of silk, on his hand a heavy ring of gold. Chwang would walk amongst

his men with proud and haughty step, and they would bow and cringe before him. Mandarins and wealthy merchants would buy from him his wares, and the neighbors would envy him his trade. But the gods would look with favor upon him, and bless him with many sons. And he would cherish the memory of the old father, and stain his walls with the breath of much incense.

So for many months old Sung-Chow sat at his doorway, and smoked his pipe, and dreamed his fond, foolish dreams. And little Chwang played from morn till night with the children in the crowded street.

At last there came a summer when the street was vacant and men laid aside their work; and all hearts were filled with dread. In the open lands lay nature overripe, and scorching winds hissed through the fields and withered the green earth brown. In the cities the streets were foul with the breath of disease, and low, thick vapors rose slowly from the earth. The temples were filled with throngs of troubled creatures, who dragged themselves before their tarnished gods and begged for succor. The great gods sat in stolid silence amid clouds of incense that rose about them night and day; but they heard not, or would not hear, for often disease crept boldly to the very altars and clutched its wretched victim, and the shriek of the stricken mingled with the prayers and supplications of the fearful.

Sung-Chow sat at his door with cold fear gripping at his heart, and listened with tense dread for the boom of cymbals as groups of wailing mourners trailed past his doorway. He watched with straining eyes the fluttering banners, and heard the harsh clang of metal as the weeping troop vanished down the empty street. Then he clasped his trembling hands and prayed to Joss and spirits that his little Chwang be spared. And within the empty room of the boxmakers Chwang played alone, and wondered at

the sudden harshness of old Sung. Soon the stifling fumes of the doomed city rose thicker, and Sung-Chow crept fiercely to Chwang's side and held him in a desperate grasp that would defy all foes. Men crawled to their homes and died like rats in holes. And many lay dead in the streets, to be seized upon by the loathsome vultures that fell upon their prey with greedy haste. Higher and thicker rose the sickening fumes, more dense and deathlike grew the air. A fearful, gasping silence rested upon the city; and if life stirred there were but few to know, a few who crouched low and moved not from their dead.

One night there came a soft pant in the empty streets, and then another breath, and soon a windstorm broke over the steaming city, and shrieked and tore through the fever-smitten ways, and blew the stifling vapors far away. Then the rains broke, and poured great torrents down upon the blistered, parching earth, and cleansed the putrid air, and fell for days and nights. At last the earth raised her scorched and grateful face, and men drew trembling, fearful breaths of life. Soon those who had fled the city returned, and before long life seethed again in the narrow ways.

Once more Sung-Chow sat at his doorway; but he sat as one dead, and stared before him with glazed, unseeing eyes. The neighbors tapped their heads and pointed to the sunken, ghastly face. But Sung-Chow only mumbled to himself, and called his child in hoarse, muffled whispers. At night he lay upon his couch, and seemed to feel again the tender little head upon his breast; but when he stretched out eager arms, he clasped the empty air. Then he knew he was alone,—alone in the torturing stillness of his hut,—and dry, dumb sobs tore at his soul. A black sorrow filled his heart to bursting, and yet he had no tears,—only a gnawing, desperate want that grew heavier as the days dragged by. At last the brain began to weaken, and

Sung-Chow sat upon his stoop, a pitiful old man, and the life and clamor of a dense city moved past him unnoticed.

One night there came to old Sung-Chow this strange, strange dream. He thought that again his hut was in the north, the far north where the river Pei-ho bends through wide green meadows. All about him fell the colors of the gloaming, and the air was soft and sweet and filled with the fragrance of the spring. Fine, tender outlines stood etched against the evening sky, the rushes swayed and stirred, and from the dim, far-reaching meadows came soft, vast sounds of life. But Sung-Chow wandered alone and heavy-hearted in the darkening fields. Before him the Pei-ho twined and twisted, writhed through the meadows like a great serpent; and, as it circled, the sails of many boats caught the last faint glow of twilight, and like a flock of phantom swans turned and drifted into the evening mists. On and on, in this old familiar land, Sung-Chow dragged his weary limbs, till in his path there rose a low red temple. And Sung-Chow paused and wondered at the unfamiliar shape, then slowly entered. All about him lay the silence of unspoken prayers, and the air rose thick with clouds of heavy sweetness. Before him in the dim smoke mists there sat a stranger god upon a throne. And as he looked, a soft light slowly spread and grew, and all the temple glowed as gold.

The lips of the strange god moved, then opened, and full, deep tones rolled out and out upon the thick, sweet waves of darkness. The sorry heart of Sung-Chow trembled, was laid bare, and Joss spoke:—

“Old man, the love of father to son is immortal. This seed planted in the soul of man, with life it grows, till mightier than man, stronger than mortal frame, it becomes. In thy soul this seed has sprouted, borne thee blossom, and of its fragrance thy life has been en-

riched. All men get not this scent, know not the greatness and sweetness that life may hold. Sung-Chow, thou wast blessed beyond thy understanding. Love entered thy heart and cast its rosy light throughout thy soul.

"Old man, to thee a great truth has been shown. Go thou and preach to men. Tell thou the sad, the weary, the hard-hearted and bitter, all who strive and long for the things of earth, to hearken to the words thou bearest. Tell all that in the heart of every man the Joss has placed a tiny seed. The wise find it and nurture it. But tell thou the foolish and the wise, the vain and the broken, the men of pure desire and of evil course, that there lies in all the world, in all the desires of mind and body, in all the strivings of men's souls, but one immortal breath. All else fades, withers, passes away; but this gives to the weak strength, to the sad hope, to all men courage and the breath of life. Go thou and bear this message."

The deep tones ceased, melted away, were lost, and only waves of incense stirred in the dim temple.

And Sung-Chow stretched his arms before him and broke from his sleep, and heard far down the street the watchman strike the early hour of dawn.

III. AH-SING, THE CAMEL COOLIE.

On his camel sprawls Ah-Sing, — Ah-Sing, the camel coolie. Against the rough warm hump he lays his face, and drifting, shifting dreams play through his mind. He dreams of deserts blazing hot and brown to Siberia. He feels again the stinging sands that burn his eyes, stifle, choke him, and he hides his blistered face in the camel's shaggy hair.

Swinging, swaying, he sees the ragged camels move on with fatelike, noiseless tread. He sees them in great yellow lines, as they herd at rest in the noon-day sun, chewing, gazing proudly indifferent before them. At night they lie at rest, and Ah-Sing, on his back, hears

the noises of the night, hears the low bells and steady tramp of camels treading through the sleeping hours. Morning comes, and on again; early morning, sweet and green and tender. From the brown fields come fresh earthy breaths, and ever before stretch the wide green plains. On tramps the endless string, calm and indifferent to the sweetness of the land. Blue crocuses and ghosts of dandelions blow in the little breezes, hold up their heads all wet with dew. But Ah-Sing dangles, dozes, indifferent too, unconscious of all beauty.

Beyond the meadows, through the mountains again, and then the great wall rears its head, cresting the hills and dragging its huge weight across the land, — cutting Manchuria, Mongolia, China. Far down the valley spread the plains, brown and sere. Farther and farther still, for hundreds and yet hundreds of miles writhes the great jagged wall, with the wide, sad plains at its feet. Stretching off, far down the valley runs a footpath, trodden for centuries by these same silent yellow messengers. On they go, — on through plains, over mountains, again through green valleys; and then there creeps up, brown and hot, the blazing desert.

Ah-Sing slips from his perch and walks beside his soft, sure-stepping beast. Slowly they move on, with blazing heat above and blistering heat beneath. Hot winds, hot sands, the sun's scorching breath, prey upon the beasts. In this heat, in the torture of its grasp, men's minds shrivel up, thoughts burn out, the spirit gasps and dies, and the bodies of the men move on as slowly, indifferently, as the ragged beasts treading by their side. Days, weeks, months, — they know not. The sun glares up red and hot over the stretch of sands behind them. It sinks before them with an angry flush, to rise again to-morrow. Steeped in the sun, burned in it, washed in it, they become one with the beasts and the sands.

So this yellow, sunburned life drags its yellow weight across the endless plains. A fatelike, awful march; no hope, no halt for man or beast; but on, on, over the spreading billows of biting sands, of glowing, shifting, sinking sands, with overhead the hot sky, blue and hard, and blazing in the midst of it the scorching eye that burns and blisters with its sight.

Ah-Sing dangles from his seat, limp and blistered, no longer dreaming, in his mind a blank, great nothing. Sands slip by him, under him; all around they stretch. A fearful heat, breathless and dry, closes upon the desert. In agony the camels stumble on, beat at the dense hot wall. Desperately the coolies hide their faces in the hot, swaying hunches before them; but through their stupor there beats a wave of consciousness. A shudder brings them to a knowledge of a something awful. Through the sun-steeped, sun-bleached minds there cuts a keener stab. They are awake to what?

Into the coarse camel hair they dig their fists; tighter they press to the living things beneath them; they look not to one another; words they have not. In the presence of this heat they dare not breathe. Convulsively they cling to the stumbling beasts; and in low, dry sobs the anguish of body breaks forth. Between the two, the brute and the man, there strikes a flash of mutual pain and torment. An instant, and down the

camel line there breaks the brutes' shrill, soullike cry. In it they voice their all, — the pent-up spirit of the wretched yellow beasts, burdened and tortured for life. In it comes a question for the shrinking wretches lying on their humps. The bitter sounds fall on the parched, tense air, and die out.

Far and away comes a gasp, a hot, vicious pant. Again it comes, — a breath of fire that touches and is gone. The great line halts as one. A blank, dead moment; in it the bosom of the desert heaves, and a breath rolls toward the waiting line. With broken moans the creatures bend their knees and wait the coming of the storm. Another scorching breath, — a timeless wait.

Far to the east it starts; across the sands it whirls in circling hoops that form at last a wall. On it curls swiftly, silently; with a hot, fierce lurch it falls upon the crouching backs, stinging with fangs of fire, pelting, blinding, the gasping, panting creatures; with its dry lash whipping out the lives of men and beasts. Faster, thicker, hotter, fall the sands, crushing and burying with a merciless weight, — an ocean of burning fire, pouring wrath and strength upon these wretches as it hurls its mad force across the desert. The billows toss and heave, and break at last, to sweep on, — on for other prey.

On — and gone. And behind is left a great dead stillness.

Elizabeth Washburn.

THE RIGHT APPROACH TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE statement has been made and reiterated in these pages that our best machinery of culture is antiquated and unpractical, not because it is Latin and Greek, but because it is not English; and it has been maintained that English studies, if properly organized and intel-

ligently pursued, will yield us, at a far less cost of time and effort, the same culture that we now get from Latin and Greek, and will bring with them the added gain of a juster perception of the proportions of the life that we lead in the world of "here" and "now." And an

attempt has been made to show in a rough and general way the unusual richness of the English language, and its fitness to be one of the chief means of such culture. In this discussion, English literature in its broader bearings has been given little attention. This was not on account of its lack of importance, nor yet on account of the difficulty of fitting it into a systematic plan of study: it was solely because the study of the English language is fundamental to English culture, and had, therefore, the prior claim to attention.

But if we consider the matter frankly, we shall find that the study of our literature is in a state quite as unsatisfactory as that of our language. For our notions of English literature are conditioned at every turn by that mixture of opinion and prejudice which we call "taste." English criticism has continued to reflect it with varying moods of petulance and arrogancy from Shakespeare's day to ours. The formal teaching of English literature, which is of comparatively recent date, has taken its cue from criticism. When the independent teacher has attempted to escape the critic's tyranny, it has been by flight into the bypaths of history and philology rather than by open revolt. At its best, therefore, our teaching of literature is imperfect, resting now on the study of biography, now on the study of history, now on the study of sources, now on the study of foreign influences, now on the study of style, now on the study of a metaphysical æsthetic turned wordward, — always on some partial aspect of the subject. At its worst, it is unworthy the name of teaching, being merely a generous dole of opinions gathered from various books of critical essays, and salted with the teacher's own prejudices, or larded with that transcendental vapoing to which students have not unaptly given the name of "drool."

Our teaching is thus entirely inadequate. A clear idea of the part litera-

ture has been playing in the lives of the English-thinking people is not to be found in it. There is equally little in the way of a concrete statement of what literature is. Some of the most fundamental distinctions, such as that of the difference between poetry and prose, are left unexplained. The student who has enjoyed the benefit of such training is not much better off than he who has had to get his understanding of literature by dint and stress of journalism. Indeed, the self-made scholar in literature is really the better, for he will read more of literature itself, and his thinking upon it will be more original.

The system has already been much criticised on the ground that it is not teaching, but mere talk. It does not make men understand literature, it does not teach them to write literature, it does not train them either to clear thinking or to clear expression. Progress in these directions is made in spite of it through sheer force of native endowment. It holds its own only because it is thought to be a means of culture, culture being here synonymous with literary emotion. But it is no more a means of real culture than running through Europe with a Baedeker is. Guidebooks are necessary, and second-hand opinion accepted at third hand or fourth hand has its uses. But the true end of culture is sound judgment and healthy emotion, and these things are not attained unto in this way. For a number of years attempts have been made to escape from this slough, and they have been partially successful. But such attempts are naturally "pooh-poohed" by those to whom dicta are of more consequence than facts, and far easier to get. The simple declaration that there is nothing in these methods, or the cheaper sneer at their so-called "low ideals," has thus been sufficient to keep them from getting the serious attention such attempts should have. The problem, therefore, still remains unsolved.

What follows is not set forth as a solution, — that is too large a task to be compassed here; it is rather an attempt to clear the ground, and to suggest a method which, in connection with a sensible and practical study of English, will bring some order into this chaos.

One of the chief sources of vagueness and confusion confronts us at the start. It is the word "literature." Any term which men use to describe or explain mental phenomena not capable of definite measurement, but assigned to the operation of vaguely denoted metaphysical forces, is bound to come to cover vastly different areas of thinking, according to the conditions under which it is used, and the peculiar prejudice of the person who uses it. And "literature" is just such a term. Associated with all manner of enthusiasms, religious and secular, entering into and shaping the convictions of all sorts of men under all sorts of conditions, satisfying a want so fundamental and general as to come within the range of economic study, it is not strange that the scope of its definition should be at once so vague and so various. Let us take down a dictionary and see how vague and various it is. We read: "Literature: Learning; ¹ instruction in letters. The use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge; the communication of facts, ideas, or emotions by means of books or other modes of publication; literary work or production. Recorded thought or knowledge; the aggregation of books and other publications, in either an unlimited or a limited sense" (the breadth of it!); "the collective body of literary productions in general, or within a particular sphere, period, country, language, etc." (the eloquence of that "etc."!). "In a restricted [!] sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connection with

ideas of permanent and universal interest, are characteristic or essential features, as poetry, romance, history, biography, and essays, in contradistinction to scientific works, or those written expressly to impart knowledge."

You cannot use a definition like this for the practical purposes of teaching. It includes too much of universality. Even in the restricted sense, it tells us that "expression and form" (that is, mode of expression and form) "are characteristic or essential [which?] features" of literature. But what mode of expression? What form? If it is the manner in which the thought is expressed that is the essential element, what manner, pray, is it? Or perhaps "any manner" or "any form"? "Ideas of permanent and universal interest expressed in some form," then, is the definition of literature. Are scientific works to be considered as without form and void, and are scientific ideas not of permanent or universal interest, mere vain imaginations?

Nor have the less formal definitions given by critics helped much to correct this vague idea of what literature is. They are not accurate, and most of them violate the very criteria of good definition; for they do not define absolutely, but relatively, and they do not delimit accurately any field of tangible phenomena. Ideas of goodness and badness, beauty and ugliness, relative notions as far as literature is concerned, dependent upon individual judgment and differing in different minds according to previous training, are of constant recurrence in them. They assume something metaphysical in the writer of literature, an inspiring "genius," something that flows out of the blue sky into the mind of the man and transfuses his thought into pleasing forms. The makers of such definitions start with literature as the product of the single mind endowed with

Arts in a university, or confer the degree of Litt. D. for distinguished services in the field of letters.

¹ Not obsolete in this sense, though the dictionary says it is. We still use it when we speak of the Department of Literature and the

powers different in quality or degree from those of other minds, and carry the man and his genius through all their study of literature.

With such an assumption at the bottom of it, literature at the outset falls under a tyranny of personal opinion varying and fluctuating with mood and caprice. No one has yet discovered what this "genius" is. We are agreed that some men who have written what has come to be literature have possessed it in a marvelous degree; but others who seem to have made literature have possessed it or not according to the opinion of the critic. It is not strange that these definitions leave the subject of literature in as much of a haze as they find it, for they are the result of reasoning in a circle. Genius in respect to literature is defined as that which makes literature, and literature is defined as that which is written by men of genius. We say that literature is the best thought of the best men in the world, assuming that the men whose thought is best are those who have made literature. Suppose we adopted the same sort of definition for economics, and should say that economics was the thought of the wisest men in the world; and if asked who were the wisest men in the world, should answer, "Why, those who have thought out the best system of economics." What sort of economics would it be that was raised on such a foundation?

Clearly, then, in defining literature we must escape from relative terms. We must get away from genius, that "idol of the market place" which works this mischievous confusion in our thinking. We must reach some conclusion which opinion does not affect. We must rise into a clearer air, where things are seen by the dry light of the understanding, not by the refracted beams of personal experience, rainbow-hued though they be.

In formulating a definition of literature, the first thing we have to remember is that, as students of literature, we

stand in a dual relation to the phenomena we propose to study: on the one hand, we are part and parcel of our day and generation, and therefore subject to the appeal which literature makes to it; on the other, we are seekers after truth, who should be unbiased by prejudices of time and place. We must beware of confusing these two positions. In the one capacity we may follow where fancy leads, enjoying or not enjoying as we see fit; but in the other our personal likes and dislikes go for naught. It is hard to take this impersonal view of literature; our power of understanding it springs from appreciations, is fostered by them, and gains confidence in their exercise, until we are prone to put on prophetic function, and thus pass unaware from study to criticism. We are then no longer students, — we are critics; and our work, though at first partly judicial, is in the end wholly prophetic. We become espousers of causes, and, forming cults of select spirits like ourselves, devote ourselves to propaganda or exclusive worship, as the case may be. Those who are not of us are Philistines. Such study does not affect literature at all; it only affects ourselves. The Philistines care not for us: they go about their business as their fathers did, seeking their literary food where they sought theirs, and literature keeps a-making as if we had never been.

It is easy for the teacher to let his study of literature take the same turn. His ambition is often that of reaching the wider circle that the prophet-critics have made name and fame by appealing to; and he often consoles himself, in his never very cheerful position, with the thought that he may some day escape from the meaner round of toil into the wider circle of influence. Often he is already a critic, eking out his scanty means by book-reviewing.

The very first step, then, in the study of literature as distinct from reading it, is the one that separates the apprecia-

tive function from the critical and leaves appreciation behind. After we gain a standpoint unclouded by prejudice, opinion, or so-called "taste," the next step is to get a clear idea of the phenomena to be dealt with. This brings us to the question of definition.

Considering literature as a great fact in the life of man, how shall we define it? If we attempt to take in at one sweeping view the whole history of our own literature, beginning with the earliest traces of it that show a tendency among English-thinking people to generalize the thought of a single English-thinking mind, and ending with the last work offered to us as literature from the book-stall, we shall note one characteristic, namely, this: *it is intended to be read*. This seems very obvious, but it is a fact frequently lost sight of by those who assume that literature is written only to be "appreciated" by the discriminating critic. And it involves, too, the cardinal distinction of literature. For under modern conditions literature is an appeal to the public to justify the expense of recording and reproducing thought by paying something to the author and publisher for recording and reproducing it; and under all conditions these elements appear in some form. The author expects to gain something by his appeal, either satisfaction, or influence, or fame, or some personal advantage; and to gain enough of these things to pay him for the trouble or expense of reproducing his thought. Men may respond to the appeal or not, but the offer implies a hope that they will; and if they do not respond, the thought does not become literature. If they do, the meed of the author of the thought may be utterly incommensurate with the real worth of the thought; it may be meat and drink, or it may be mere attention, but it is nevertheless a reward, and the appeal is made in the hope of it. The point to be kept clear is that the offer of literature implies a general want, — else literature

would not exist; and thought is not literature until it has satisfied, partially at least, some aspect of this general want. It exists, not for the man whose brain thought it out, but for those who make it their thought; and it is literature because they make it their thought. It does not become literature until it has been thus generalized, however high its literary potential, so to speak, may be.

Literature is thus due to a desire inherent in the minds of men, impelling them to select from the mass of expressed thought made accessible to them through writing or tradition some portion to make more or less abiding. This portion selected possesses common interest for them because they are men; that is, because all minds think more or less in the same way, are interested more or less in the same things, record in successive generations more or less the same experiences. We might therefore call this interest "generic" or "human" interest. It is characteristic of the earliest as well as of the latest literature. A few words scratched in runes on a piece of wood and handed about among our Germanic ancestors possess it in kind as much as the latest popular novel in the pages of this magazine. In the days of primitive culture before thought has had time to specialize, what we should think of as special religious or special scientific interests are general interests, and almost all things written are literature. To-day, when thought is specialized until the writing of literature is itself a profession, a very small part of things written possess this generic human interest. But all the way through there is this one quality separating literature from what is not literature, using the word "literature" according to the common consent of men. If, then, we are to understand the real nature of literature, we must consider this vital fact, and not try to formulate principles of literary art without having first established a science of literature itself.

We have, therefore, right at our hand a means of definition. If we use it, we shall easily escape from vagueness and intangibility; we shall be able to delimit a certain field of human mental activity that presents a general characteristic; and furthermore, we shall bring before our minds a group of concrete facts which are the interconnected evidences of the operation of a general law.

Our definition will run something like this: *Literature is that part of recorded human thought which possesses, or has possessed, a more or less general and abiding human interest.*

By "recorded thought" is meant thought that is repeated or preserved in any way, through tradition as well as writing. "Recorded" is to be understood, therefore, in this wider sense, though usually it amounts to preservation by writing.¹ By "human interest" is meant interest for men as men, and not as historians, lawyers, scientists, and the like. "General" and "abiding" are terms which explain themselves, and are absolutely and quantitatively determinable: we can limit them as suits the convenience of the special purposes we may have in our study.

Let us examine this definition for a moment. In the first place, it is inclusive. We have marked off by it a definite range of interrelated phenomena. Whatever of recorded thought possesses, or has possessed, this abiding and general human interest, no matter what our opinion of its quality may be, must be considered as literature and be studied as literature. Whatever part of it has not, or has not had, this abiding and general human interest, no matter how "good" it may have been according to any standard of judgment, has no place in literature.

In the second place, it is exclusive. It does not trespass on the field of

history, history being recorded thought which has interest for the person who desires to know about particular facts or events that have "made history;" nor on the field of social science, which has to do with the social activities of men which have an abiding human interest; nor on the field of ethics, which has to do with the moral activities of men which have an abiding human interest. It is possible, however, for thought to possess, besides a special, a general human interest, so that a work primarily of ethical, economic, historic, or indeed any special interest may come into the category of literature through its having the wider human interest that makes literature.

In the third place, it is absolute and positive. It imputes no relative metaphysical qualities to literature, such as goodness or badness (except in so far as violations of natural tendencies are good or bad). It has nothing to do with genius or the lack of it. Its prime concern is literature, and not the literary man. What A or B, or this journal or that journal, may approve of or may disapprove of, is as immaterial to literature itself as A's or B's, or this journal's or that journal's, disapproval or approval of the eohippus is to biology.

With such a definition, we at once escape from the domain of personal opinion and caprice. Our facts are before us, clear, tangible, and presenting the evidence of law. All we have to do is to study them frankly and honestly, and discover their causes and relations. The only special means required to understand the facts is a perfect understanding of all English speech. Those powers of observation and judgment that develop other fields of study will do the rest. Nor need the student of literature be able to write literature in order to understand it. That is not required of him any more than it is required of the chemist that he shall be able to make all the elements he discovers; or of the

¹ The word had in Middle and Early New English just the connotation which is here arbitrarily given to it for purposes of definition.

economist that he shall be able to earn money because he understands the use of it; or of the physician that he shall keep himself in sound health because he claims to be able to cure disease. Indeed, when such men base their claim to attention on such grounds, we know that they are quacks. The teacher of literature need not worry, therefore, about his unfitness for his work because he does not make literature. If his conclusions are valid as thought and clear as English, his duty is done.

The student's field, then, is the recorded thought of men that has, or has had, human interest. How shall he proceed? Evidently, by studying the causes and nature of human interest.

Considering human interest as an appeal to the mind and to the experience stored there, and fixing his attention upon that which has most generally and most continuously been held by men to be literature, he will find that the most obvious appeals have been directed to the imagination and to the reason.

The interest which makes its appeal to the imagination he may right fitly call representative interest. Any thought which takes the thinker of it outside his temporal and local limitations possesses representative interest. It may be a representation of something unfamiliar, or it may be the representation of a new aspect or relation of something familiar; it may have character, or action, or nature as its subject. It may be involved in the turn of a phrase, or elaborated in the plot of a story, or unfolded in the description of a landscape.

The interest which makes its appeal to the reason he may call interpretative interest. Any thought which offers the solution of a problem of man's relation to himself, to his fellows, or to the world he lives in possesses an interpretative interest; nay, more, the very statement of the problem or suggestion of a relation can have interpretative interest. It too may lie in the turn of a phrase, or in the

course of a tragedy, or in an elaborated system of philosophy.

So far, however, the student will have discovered nothing new; he will be merely stating to himself, in somewhat sharper terms, perhaps, two fundamental points of criticism that are to be found in every theory of literature that is worthy the name, from Aristotle with his *mimesis* to De Quincey with his distinction between the "literature of knowledge" and the "literature of power." The first of them widens the range of our experience, the second widens the scope of our knowledge. Their relation to literature is clear and fundamental.

A third interest, equally obvious, is the one which is concerned with what is called beauty. Here, however, the history of criticism will not help much, for this interest is almost always confused with representative or interpretative interest, according to the point of view of the critic. Aristotle, with his assumed "instinct for rhythm," made one aspect of it fundamental, but Plato regarded it merely as a means of securing interpretative interest. We know now that this interest is directed neither to the reason nor to the imagination, but to that faculty of the mind which is known as the æsthetic sentiment. It may therefore be called the æsthetic interest. Nor have we now to narrow ourselves to Aristotle's "genius for rhythm;" we can widen out this appeal to take in every interest of literature that is based upon formal arrangement, either of thought, like that of plot, parallelism, contrast, and harmony, or of sound, like that of syllable groups, or line groups, or stanza groups, in some definite or fixed order.

The student of literature has, then, his representative, interpretative, and formal interests, three aspects of his subject that appeal respectively to the imagination, the reason, and the æsthetic sentiment. As has been said before, these interests have been repeatedly recognized in the history of criticism, sometimes explicitly,

more often implicitly, yet almost always severally, according to the point of view of the critic. But it is always the man of "genius" who engages attention; it is he who paints the pictures, interprets the life, and arranges the thought in pleasing forms. Rarely has it occurred in the history of criticism that the relation these interests stand in to literature have been set forth and made clear. Aristotle came as near doing so as any, but Aristotle's criticism, instead of being seized on and elaborated in the spirit in which Aristotle conceived it, was narrowed and twisted, until it assumed the very shape that its author was most anxious it should not assume. For the Poetics, fragmentary though it is, if we remember Aristotle's limitations as a Greek in matters of art, presents the clearest, most sensible, and most scientific theory of literature that has ever been devised. It is the only one that fits Shakespeare, though Shakespeare was once excluded from literature by Aristotelian canons partially understood and wrongly applied. Indeed, it only remains for modern thought to pass beyond Aristotle's limitations and supplement his theory in the light of modern knowledge, that we may have not only a philosophy of literature, but a working basis for a science of literature.

The thing that the student must keep ever before him, then, is literature, and not the literary man, even though the literary man be Shakespeare. Of course, when he comes to study everything connected with literature, the question of the author's relationship to the work he produced becomes an important one: where he went to school, how he came to write, how much he knew, where he got his material, who published his first book and how much the publisher paid for it, what effect the accidents of his life had upon his thinking. But such things lie on the skirts of literature proper, and are connected rather with the history of its environment than with the study of

literature itself. So with the so-called history of literature, bibliographies and the like, and all those things that the Germans call *Realien*.

But even with this proper point of view and his three interests, the student has not yet got into the vital part of his subject. The great question — how do these interests lay hold on the attention of men? — is still untouched. There is a deal of interpretative interest in writing that has never become literature; much representative interest has made its appeal to deaf ears; much æsthetic interest lies embalmed in still-born poems and "rejected addresses." These interests, too, are found outside of literature: in painting, for instance, and in sculpture. What is the special relation they have to literature? How do they touch the experience to which literature makes its appeal? Here criticism does not help the student, for it has not answered this question. Aristotle assumed an instinct to which these three interests appealed, but his "instinct" was associated with his philosophy and took shape from his notion of forms; it was a special philosophic instinct, not a natural one. Since Aristotle's time the student has been referred to an "instinct for the beautiful."

But it is not necessary to assume any special instinct to account for the influence of literature. If we examine the matter carefully, we shall find that there is an important aspect of literature which we have overlooked.

It is an obvious fact, and one implied in our definition of literature, that most men who can read and think are capable of literary appreciation. In other words, literature is not the production of any particular class of men, but is a concomitant fact of human life. How does this come about? It has been pointed out elsewhere¹ that any word is potentially the component part of a thought; that in each mind it is connected with a bundle

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1898, pp. 467, 468; October, 1898, pp. 463, 464.

of associations gathered up from personal experience, and corresponding to similar though not identical bundles of associations in other minds. The using of the word thus entails the associations corresponding to it, and these associations involve past experiences of the individual. Now if the word has been connected with experiences which the individual recognizes as critical, the thought expressed by it will involve his personality, though the thought itself may not be logically connected with his experience at all. We have here an explanation of one of the chief causes of human interest in literature, and of the means by which the other interests we have been speaking of are kindled with emotion and lay hold on personality.

Let us cite as an illustration Lady Macbeth's soliloquy (Macbeth, I. v. 35ff.) :—

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance ¹ of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits ²
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe ³ top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access ⁴ and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect ⁵ and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ⁶
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless ⁷ substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'"

Look at the words: raven, hoarse, croak, unsex, from crown to toe, top-full, dire, thick blood, remorse, visitings of nature, shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace (that is, make war), woman's breasts, milk, gall, murder, mischief, thick night, pall, dun, smoke, hell, keen knife, wound.

¹ entrance is also Elizabethan English.

² sprites is also Elizabethan English.

³ Read to th' toe.

⁴ Read th' access, as in Folio.

These words, apart from the representative and æsthetic interest they have when wrought into this passage of poetry, are of themselves pregnant with experience to any English mind. By themselves they are loaded with associations, and just such associations as those Shakespeare wants to appeal to in order to represent the warring elements of Lady Macbeth's heart in such a way that the representation will affect us with a sense of personal dread. In the climax, when heaven is represented as peeping through the blanket of the dark to see the awful deed, and crying, "Hold, hold," there is an association, not directly presented, but indirectly suggested, in the words "peep," "blanket," "dark," which calls to mind a child's terror of the night, and drives the thought home to the very soul of the awestruck reader. Shakespeare uses the same means of making the interest personal when he comes to Macbeth's soliloquy, a little later in the play (I. vii. 21ff.) :—

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,
horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

It is here again childhood's simple innocence that is suggested to the reader's mind to make a foil for Macbeth's intended villainy, and the suggestion is by "pity," "naked babe," "blast," "horrid deed," "tears," "drown," "wind." Such things are on every page of Shakespeare; nay, in almost every line. They give his writing universal validity.

Any change in Shakespeare's words which impairs this associative interest will weaken its literary quality. Take the first few words of Hamlet's soliloquy,

"To be or not to be: that is the question,"
and alter them to

"Shall I exist or not: there's my dilemma."

⁵ Read *Th' effect*, as in Folio.

⁶ Read *murth'ring*, as in Folio.

⁷ "invisible."

The fundamental interpretative interest of the line is still there. Its æsthetic interest is unchanged, for its rhythm is the same, and the formal interest arising from its place in the action is even sharper. But the phrase is spoiled completely. Others in the context might lay hold on our experience, but this one has surely lost its grip. Why? Is it not solely because its associative interest has been weakened? The experience behind the words "I am" is not appealed to: Hamlet's question has lost its personality and become academic. Or take the opening of Hamlet, Barnardo's "Who's there?" The thought just in that form is the one that always comes to an English-thinking mind when startled out of sleep at night. I need not elaborate the association and its connection with the tragedy which is to follow. Suppose Shakespeare had written, "I hear some sound!" or worse, "Methinks another's here besides myself!" or had made Francisco say, "Halt! and give the password of the night!"

Other literature that is like Shakespeare in the universality and permanence of its interest will be found to be equally full of this associative interest, as we may call it. The Bible is the instance that comes to every mind: its universal interpretative interest has become so personal through the richness of the English words into which it has been translated that the translation itself is part of our literature, and very few of us realize that the Bible was not written expressly for us. It seems so much a part of our experience that it is hard for us to think of a German Bible or of a French Bible without unconsciously assuming it to be a translation of an original English one, and therefore without that authority that the English Bible has. It is our Book, and we practically think ourselves, English Gentiles, the Chosen People, and the Jews are to us the Having-Been-Chosen People, whom we, by our superior merits, have displaced.

The absence of this kind of associative interest is too well illustrated in current scientific writing to make it necessary to cite concrete instances of it here. Words which have conventional meanings can never make literature, no matter how well they be put together; and though much of the truth of modern science, with its enormous imaginative and interpretative interests, ought to be of human interest, it quite fails of it. And it will continue to be more or less devoid of literary interest on account of its vocabulary, until some one with the power that Browning and Tennyson at times display puts it into language that has experience behind it. When that is done, and done adequately, we shall have a new era in poetry.

But not only words, syntax too has an associative interest, and any violation of it robs literature of power. It is one of the chief reasons why English classical poetry takes so little hold on the popular mind, that its syntax is so artificial. Word order, which English habit has made serve the purpose of inflection, is constantly violated to secure a monotonous and regularly recurring word-stress. The interpretative and representative interests of this literature may be strong, but they make little appeal to personal experience. It is possible to appreciate such poetry by that process through which we appreciate all art, and to make the æsthetic interest which comes from the arrangement of the thought atone in a measure for the lack of the others, but the appreciation is still an artificial product. It was literature in its time, for people had developed an artificial æsthetic sentiment which demanded that sort of stimulus, but it is the literature of an artificial stage of society. It is not in the same class with the *Canterbury Tales*, or Shakespeare, or the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

There is an associative interest, too, that goes with rhythm, for rhythm is conditioned by heredity; and it is an interest that is capable of arousing deep

emotion. In the case of the Bible, the associative interest developed by habitual repetition makes it difficult for us to reconcile ourselves to a revision which entails the disturbing of the rhythm we have been used to. We find ourselves substituting the old familiar accents when we go to quote the new words, because they have become fixed in our minds in childhood. It is quite impossible to appreciate to the full in English literature this form of associative interest without an historical knowledge of English poetry based upon the nature of English accent, and unconditioned by foreign notions of "longs" and "shorts." And this is obtainable only in a few university lecture rooms, not having yet made its way to popular hearing. Generally speaking, the subject of English versification is in much the same confusion that it was in the days of Gabriel Harvey and the seventeenth-century verse reformers. Treatises on Shakespeare's verse are mere dry catalogues of so-called "irregularities," though Shakespeare's verse is the very norm of English poetic expression, and the laws of it can be made evident to any one who can think in English. Indeed, if you take the trouble to make the test, you will find the ordinary reader of Shakespeare's blank verse cannot tell it from prose, if it is printed as prose. Through the same ignorance of the laws of English verse, Whitman's poetry, with the aid of the typographer, becomes a puzzle that criticism cannot unravel.

But besides the associative interest that the component parts of a thought may have, the thought itself may possess associative interest. A representation can therefore possess an additional interest through its association. A character we have come in contact with in actual life has thus stronger interest for us when we meet it in literature. So with interpretative interest: a problem that we ourselves have attempted to solve is always more interesting when we meet it in a new aspect in literature.

Hamlet's "to be or not to be" is a fundamental one that we have all tried our hands at solving some time or other, in this course our experience runs which we call life. It has therefore an additional interest for us; and when we come to —

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of?"

it is our own troubles that we feel the weight of, not Hamlet's. Indeed, they are not Hamlet's in the first instance, but William Shakespeare's.¹ For Ophelia had neither "despised" nor "disprised" Hamlet's love, nor had Hamlet brought the question of his uncle's guilt to an issue in the courts, nor had Polonius been insolent to him, — the shallow courtier had good reason to complain of Hamlet on that score, — nor had his patient (!) merit been spurned of unworthy men. The "calamities" of Hamlet's life were of other making. But we do not think of that. Life, any life, is at some time calamitous, and that we know, and that is enough for us. So the verses, though open to criticism on the ground of formal interest, have such an enormous associative interest that they dwarf all criticism.

Wordsworth's inability to see the importance of this kind of associative interest, and the necessity of choosing subject material which will awaken it, is the one conspicuous error of his theory of poetry, and is the source of his one conspicuous failure when he tries to live up to the Preface of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

¹ See Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, LXVI.

So long as he limited himself to the lives of rustics, it was impossible for him, if he represented their character faithfully, to touch a wide range of human experience. As Wordsworth the poet, with his

"blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul,"

he is incomparable. But the creator of Peter Bell, Michael, The Waggoner, is another Wordsworth, who works in clay, and what he fashions has little use save as a pathetic memorial of the poet's fealty to his literary theory.

Even that formal interest which comes from the arrangement of parts of thought in certain groups or sequences, whether in prose or in poetry, may get this associative interest from continuous repetition of certain types of it. Periodic sentences, absolute participle constructions, epigram, antithesis, may thus get to be chronic in literature. Can we not now recognize such symptoms in the writing of our own day? They come to arouse, or "superinduce" as the physicians say, an artificial interest. We must thus be careful, when we study the sort of literature whose abiding qualities endure but for a generation, that we make ourselves part of the period we are studying, and look not only for general human interest, but for the special associative interest which conditioned the thinking of the time.

It is associative interest, therefore, that the student of English literature must get hold of. But it will not always be easy for him to find it. He must first of all be a thorough student of English, and English in all its forms. He must escape from the idea that there is no English but that which is written in books. He must understand English as thought, not as grammar. He must hear it in all its sinuous rhythm, not trace the cold words of the printed page through a tangle of

meaningless signs. He should be able to read with understanding anything ever written in English. If then he separates himself from prejudice and opinion, and bases his thinking on evident fact; if he ceases to concern himself with mysterious "influences," and begins to observe, classify, correlate, and generalize, we shall have a study of literature that will be better than soothing opinion, and a teaching of literature will follow that will be more than talk.

With such an equipment, and with the catholic conception of his task we have here suggested, whole fields of work lie open to him. He can follow the various interests through a single piece of literature like Hamlet, where all their forms are to be found on every page, or particular interests like the rhythm in Paradise Lost, or the representative interest of Shelley's Prometheus, or the interpretative interest of Wordsworth's Sonnets. Studying literature in this way, as a fact of human experience, something thrown off by the race, he has a subject as wide in its bearings as economics or ethics, and one of as much importance.

Nor is this method of study unpractical. It starts where such study should begin, with the English language, and it leads straight to English culture. What better culture can there be than one that is based on right understanding of one's own language and literature? At any rate, the teaching and study of literature should be more catholic, more systematic, more scientific, than it is now, if the subject is not to be pushed aside by newer and more vigorous claimants for the student's time and energy. That it is a science, resting on a solid foundation and bearing a definite relation to human activity, is as little to be doubted as that ethics or economics is a science. While the presentation of the subject in its scientific aspect demands a fuller, more consecutive, and withal a more discursive and technical treatment than can be attempted here, these suggestions, derived

chiefly from experience with university classes, and so far practical, may be of some help to those who are seeking for a more solid ground than that furnished by the current books of criticism and history of literature.

The tendency of a system of teaching based upon arbitrary opinion is not only unscientific, it is vicious. For what but evil can result from the cultivation of morbid or sensuous imaginations under the guise of developing so-called appreciation? And what but moral weakness will follow from the debauching of sound and healthy judgment by the pampering of these artificial appreciations? Have n't we, alas, seen it already? Did not the English law courts show it with relentless clearness a few years ago? What else can the cult of the monstrosities of this so-called decadence we hear so much of bring in its train but weak intellects and perverted morals? How many heart-strings have been wrung in the last few years by the spread of this intellectual sensuousness in our colleges! How many patient fathers have been amazed at degenerate sons coming back to them, with weak intellects and mawkish sensibilities, the result of training in "appreciation"! Let us be devoutly thankful for the physical training that has so far checked it, and kept the manly English virtues to the front in spite of insidious influences at work to sap them. And let us get more of the soundness of our literature into our study of it.

We need not fear that if we devote less time to what is now called criticism, literature will fall from its high plane and grovel in vulgarity. It can take care of itself, as it has always done. It owes no great debt to the critics. There will always be plenty of it and good enough for the best of us without help from them. If only it is sound and healthy and ringing with honest and earnest life, we shall not take harm of it. Though its vocabulary reek with lard oil,

and savor of sweat, and grit with grime, if it's the English of sweaty, grimy, gritty men, they get it from life, and they and it are part of the life we have to live and know. It is living English we want, an infusion of Shakespeare. And Falstaff will be in it, you may be sure, — you cannot keep him out because his words are not heard in ladies' boudoirs. We need not fear him: there is more real vulgarity in some of our modern sonnets than there is in both parts of Henry IV. put together. Our danger is not in this quarter. It is from not knowing we are thinkers of English, and not knowing the life of English letters. It is drawing-room criticism and lecture-room twaddle combined with ignorance of our mother tongue that we have most to fear from. It is in the divorce of the study of English literature from our English-thinking life that the danger lies. And our English-thinking life will never be clear to us until we understand our English speech. There is where we must start, and down in our common schools. So that every American, whether he can think the thought of Plato or not, will know that his own speech is the speech of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton still living and vital, perfected in efficiency and fineness by centuries of daily use.

And when there comes to us that rich development of literature that usually follows a period of intense political, social, and intellectual activity by a third of a century or so, we shall be ready to recognize it and welcome it. And our recognition will be a help and a stimulus to make it richer and stronger than it would otherwise have been. Nay, may we not hope for another such burst of thought as the one that gave us Shakespeare, and look for another Shakespeare to crown it all, — another Shakespeare to whom some patient teacher in a public school may even now be giving his first instruction in English?

Mark H. Liddell.

A PARNASSIAN SCRAMBLE.

JOHN BRACE sat at the breakfast table, gazing reflectively at a bulky envelope opened at one end. The superscription recited his address. The imprint in the upper left-hand corner was that of a well-known periodical.

To his world — the world of business — Brace was a common soldier in the great army of traffic. To his wife, who knew him rather better than he knew himself, he was that and more. For example, she knew that under the enthusiastic exterior of the man of business there dwelt a deep-seated love for such unmarketable trumpery as literature and music and art.

It was this love which had made it easy for him, when brought face to face with a business reverse, to try his hand at story-writing. The first story was sent to the periodical whose return envelope Brace was thoughtfully regarding at the breakfast table.

He was the first to break the silence which followed the reading of the politely worded circular of declination. "It's pretty carefully non-committal, is n't it? It suggests a stack of reasons, from which the snubbed one may take his choice, and so let himself down easy."

"It is designed to fit a good many different kinds of cases, I suppose," rejoined the wife.

"Doubtless. Well, thus endeth the first lesson. Now I'll go to work and write something worth while."

Clara Brace knew her husband too well to remonstrate, and she held her peace when he got out the writing materials and plunged recklessly into a second attempt. She feared the difficulties for him vicariously. And yet, woman-like, she put reason aside, and from that moment John Brace the aspiring had an ally whose loyalty was not measured by the facts in the case.

Every evening for a week found Brace at the writing table, turning off page after page of the new story with the easy fluency which is the birthright of beginners. He read some of it to his wife as it progressed; and when it was finished, he settled himself comfortably in his chair and asked her to listen to the whole of it.

"Is n't that a good story?" he demanded, facing the last sheet of manuscript upon the pile.

"Ye-es; it's much better than I thought you could do. But" —

"But what? Don't consider it as the production of your nearest relative. Just rise above all that, and criticise it coldly, as you would a story in print."

Her eyes met his with a look of half pleading in them. "I can't do that, John; please don't ask me to. Your work will always be a part of yourself to me."

Brace gave a low whistle. "So be it. I've done the best I could with it; but now that you've refused to slash it, I'll admit that it seems peculiarly weak and tasteless."

"In what way?"

"If I knew, I'd change it. That's what fazes me."

"Can't you learn to criticise your own work?"

"I suppose I'll have to. But it's very evident that the self-critical faculty has n't begun to sprout yet. If it had, I could tell what is the matter with this thing," Brace rejoined, clasping his hands at the back of his head, and relapsing into a posture of ease before the crackling wood fire on the hearth. "I'm afraid I've started up a long hill, this time."

"Will you send this story out?"

"Assuredly. Why else have I wrought upon it? It'll come back, to a dead

moral certainty, — if I don't forget to put in return postage ; but I hope there 'll be a word — just one word — of criticism, to enable me to get the trajectory for the next shot."

"You have determined to go on, then?"

Brace laughed. "I could n't stop now, if I wanted to. I never did have sense enough to let go of anything. But there's one thing about it: I've got to scrape an acquaintance with somebody who can give me a few points on the mechanical details. I'm too fresh to know where to sign my name on a manuscript as yet."

"Have you ever met Mr. Talford, over at the Palmettos?"

"Yes, casually. He was on the train, coming over from the city yesterday."

"Mrs. Allison says he writes for the magazines. Perhaps he would help you."

"That's the idea. I'll drop in on him to-morrow and give him a chance to try."

Following his card up to Mr. Talford's room, the next morning, he stated his errand frankly, and with a naïve disregard for the congruities which brought a smile to the face of the real maker of books. But the journeyman was too kindly to discourage the apprentice.

"You will have to find out most of it for yourself," he said, when Brace had made an end. "If the gift is in you, you can develop it. Such advice as any one could give you now would be chiefly about the mechanical part of the work, and I presume you don't need that."

"But I do," admitted the tyro shamefacedly. "I thought of a point this morning. Is a writer expected to punctuate his manuscript?"

The amused smile came again. "Certainly. You are expected to present it as it should appear in type."

The apprentice grimaced his dismay. "That's my failing, — or one of them," he confessed. "I sent a story to the *Adytum* last night, in which I'm afraid

the punctuation is conspicuous by its absence. You see, I've been writing business letters all my life, with a dash or two here and there, and a period at the end."

The author caught at the name of the periodical. "The *Adytum*, did you say? You aim high, don't you? But that is right; hitch your wagon to a star, and don't be discouraged if you find there is no thoroughfare. I happen to know that the *Adytum* has a great many manuscripts ahead."

"Oh, I shan't mind if it comes back," said the apprentice magnanimously. "I know an editor can't buy everything in sight. But I thought I might get a word or two of criticism which would help out."

"You must n't expect that, either. Last year, one of the leading magazines was required to pass upon rather more than ten thousand manuscripts, and" —

Brace rose and found his hat. "That will do," he said. "I'm only one of the ten thousand, and the worst equipped of the lot; but I'll have to fight it out to a finish, now. I don't begin to have sense enough to let go."

As a result of this interview, Brace went back to his business journeyings with a large and increasing respect for the difficulties of the vocation which had been taken up as a side issue. He foresaw that he must prepare for a long and patient struggle, with the odds against the chances of ultimate success.

"I've gone into this fight just about barehanded," he said to his wife, while he was packing his valise for a journey. "I have n't any of the munitions of war, and I don't know what I need. How will this do to begin on?" thrusting a small volume of Shakespeare into the traveling bag. "Have you any pointers to give me?"

"No, dear; only that you don't work too hard over it."

"Over what, — the Shakespeare or the fad?"

"You know what I mean. You are earning a good living now, and there is no necessity for such a strenuous effort as you are making."

"Only the necessity of succeeding in that whereunto I have laid my hand. Be good to yourself and the babies. I'll be back Saturday."

For some weeks the tyro adhered steadfastly to a resolution he had made to read and study much, and to let composition severely alone. Within this period the story was returned, without comment.

"That's a weight off my mind," he said, with a sigh of relief, when the package appeared in the mail. "I should have had a fit if it had by any chance gotten into print, — though I fancy there was n't much danger of that."

Clara laughed. "Do you think you could criticise it now?"

"I don't want to. It would have to be rewritten before it could be criticised. I had mighty little to say when I wrote it, and I did n't know how to say that little."

"Did Shakespeare tell you that?"

"Possibly. He's had a good bit to say to me in the last few weeks. I've been catching on to a few things: one of them is that something more than a fair knowledge of the rules of English grammar and the ability to spell correctly is needful to the building of a readable story."

The lack of material — a lack which, in the first fervor of composition, seems the most remote among the future exigencies — began to make itself apparent with the gradual overcoming of the mechanical difficulties. From having the beginner's plethora of stories and no words in which to tell them, he came by easy stages to that valley of vacuity where the very air is rife with forms of expression, but where everything conceivable seems too banal to write about.

For many days, and over endless miles of railway journeys, Brace sought

diligently for a theme worthy of the name, and found it not. The daily panorama and the archives of memory were alike barren. It was a period of soul-searching trial, and the Delectable Mountains of fruition were dimming to the vanishing point, when a word from his loyal ally set him at work again. He had been digging in the archives, rejecting incident after incident, with the plaint that none of them had any literary value.

"Is n't that the artist's art, John, — to take the bones of fact and clothe them with the flesh and blood of verisimilitude?" asked the ally.

"By Jove, Clara, I believe you've hit it! I've been hunting for an incident that had all the attachments, — something that I could photograph. I forgot that incidents are not typical. Imagination is the brick and mortar of the thing, with a stone or two of fact for the foundation."

Brace thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and began the digging of another pit in the quarry of memory. Well below the detritus of later years he came upon a gruesome incident marking a day in a summer outing among the Colorado mountains. On one of its exploring trips, the party of which he was a member had come upon an abandoned "prospect" tunnel high up on the tressure of Uncompahgre. Propped against one of the entrance shores was the mummy of a man, with the skeleton of a pistol beside it; and in the heading of the tunnel, prone upon its face in the débris brought down by the blasting, was a second mummy. Inquiry at the nearest mining camp had left the mystery still unexplained; and Brace had suffered his imagination to construct, upon the foundation of visible fact, a story of avarice and murder and remorseful suicide. Here was a starting point, and he lost no time in making a beginning.

"How does that strike you, Clara?" he asked, when something like a con-

nected narrative had grown out of the ghastly memory.

"Mercy! it's simply horrible! How could you think of such a thing, John?"

Brace chuckled at the unconscious tribute to his descriptive powers. "It has to be horrible to agree with the after fact."

"Yes, but" —

"But what?"

"Is n't it a little too much on the 'penny dreadful' order?"

"Perhaps it is; but we'll give it a trial, anyway."

It was tried, accordingly, not once, but many times, and it finally found lodgment in a periodical whose literary standing compensated somewhat the scanty figures of the check.

When it had gone upon the first of its journeys, Brace began to rummage again, this time with suspended pen, — an expectant attitude in which an entire evening was wasted.

"The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that fiction is n't my best hold, Clara," he said, tearing up the twentieth beginning and dropping the paper ribbons into the wastebasket.

Mistress Clara looked up from her sewing with the light of a new sympathy in her eyes.

"What else can you try, John?"

"I don't know. I used to be pretty good at essays in my undergraduate days. I believe I'll try something in an argumentative way; something meaty and solid, you know, like a leader in an English newspaper."

"But I always supposed that kind of work required a special knowledge of the subject."

"I guess it does; but I can cram for it, if I can find a timely subject. How would the lottery question do? There's a lot of word-spinning about that in everything you pick up, nowadays."

"You might try it," said the ally, in loyal acquiescence, bending lower over the garment she was making, and shed-

ding inward tears of compassion for the sublime obstinacy which would rise above such petty obstacles as the mere lack of a starting point.

"I believe I will. But first I'll write to one of the magazines to find out if such a paper would be timely. If the editor says 'yes,' I'll begin to fish for facts."

The editor said "yes," hedging the affirmative about with *chevaux-de-frise* of a cautionary nature, designed to prevent the possible construing of his letter into an order; and Brace plunged into the study of his subject. Old M'sieu' Bougard drove him to the railway station that morning, into whom the sounding line of investigation was dropped haphazard.

"W'at I s'all t'ink 'bout da lott'ry? Bien, he's not much 'count. Me? I'll juz buy da tick' two, t'ree year, reg'lar, an' I don't get nutting back. Ha! da morale, you h-ask? I'll t'ink dat's not da good morale; tek da mona from poor h-ol' man lak me. Yes, sir, I'll t'ink dat's not da good morale, non?"

That was the barren beginning; and the middle part and the ending were scarcely more fruitful. None the less, Brace raked patiently in the rubbish heaps of statistics, and made shift to grind out a dissertation whose periods alternated between commonplace matters of fact and spread-eagle bursts of denunciation; these last in spite of the author's best efforts to hold the argument down to the level of a fair-minded discussion.

"It's no use; it does n't march, Clara," he admitted ruefully, folding the manuscript and addressing it. "I'll have to come down a peg and try something easier."

"You always have an alternative, dear. What is it this time?"

"I've thought of trying a gossipy letter for the newspapers, using it as an entering wedge to get my name before the public. Anything for the sake of practice and a little advertising. I can't

afford to stick at trifles, at this stage of the game."

"I don't believe you would be satisfied with anything of that kind, John."

"Probably not; but it seems to be the last resort."

The "gossipy letter" was carefully written, and was a model of its kind, — stately, dignified, and somewhat over-exact as to matters of fact. It went to a Western newspaper, and brought a courteous letter of declination, unaccompanied, however, by the manuscript. Brace thought no more of it until, some weeks later, a friend sent him a marked copy of the paper in which the declined "letter" occupied the post of honor, specialized by the enticing headline, "From our special correspondent."

Brace carried the paper home and showed it to his ally. "If these be the ethics of journalism, I'm done with the newspapers," he said wrathfully. "If the thing were worth the trouble, — which it is n't, — I'd try to get even with that fellow."

Clara laid the paper aside, and came and stood behind his chair. "The American Monte Carlo is back with a printed slip," she said gently, trying to temper the bad news with a caress.

"Is it? Well, that's the end of that experiment, too. It's the end of all of them, by Jove!"

"The end of them?" she faltered. "Oh, John!" Time was when she would have rejoiced; but now vicarious ambition sat in the seat of reason, and there was sharp disappointment in her voice.

"Don't mistake me. The fight is still on, and it shall continue until I win or wear out. But there is n't going to be any more dabbling in experiments. I shall take one line and stick to it through thick and thin. No more time-potboilers, or letters 'from our special correspondent.' We're going into the house of literature through the front door, or not at all."

"Bravo!" she said, clapping her hands softly. And then, in an uprising of tender solicitude: "But I do so wish I could help you. It hurts me to see you working so hard, and alone."

"You do help me. You believe in me."

"It does n't keep you from looking worn and tired."

"Never mind about that. I've an idea for another story, — suggested by the face of a mountain girl whom I saw up in Alabama the other day. I'm going to tramp the beach and develop the plot. Won't you come along?"

"No. You can think better if you are alone."

In the course of the plot-making jaunt Brace came upon Talford, who asked him to report progress.

Brace laughed. "There is n't much to report. I'm desperately in earnest, by this time; so far into it that retreat means more discomfiture than I'm equal to. You did n't say much about the stumbling-blocks, but I'm finding them, all right."

Talford caught step and linked arms with him. "Then you have n't given it up?"

"No, I can't now. That's one of the things I don't know how to do. I suspect I'm a natural-born idiot for having gone into it, but that's neither here nor there; I'm in for it, and nothing short of defeat positive and proscriptive will drive me out of the field."

"I like that," said the man of letters. "It's refreshing in this day of diletantism. Are you working on anything now?"

"Of course. I came out this morning for the express purpose of gathering up the threads of an elusive plot. It moves after a fashion, but I'm afraid the scheme's pretty badly overworked."

"Give me the line. Perhaps I can help you."

"It's about like this: Scene, the Alabama mountains. Hero, a young fellow

off on a hunting trip. He is mistaken for a revenue officer, and captured by the moonshiners. They hold him for a few days, and the boss moonshiner's daughter falls in love with him. She is that impossible combination of all the feminine graces and virtues wrapped up in no end of ignorance and simplicity; beautiful as a black-eyed dream, and all that. You get the idea?"

"Yes; go on."

"Well, the hero can't identify himself, and he is condemned to walk the plank. That's in secret session; but the girl overhears, and purchases a chance to save her lover by promising to marry the villain. Whereupon succeeds the flight of the hero and heroine through the moon-washed forest at midnight. Pursuit of same by the baffled mountaineers—and I have n't quite decided yet whether I shall violate all of the unities by letting the two escape together, or whether I shall turn on the blue lights and end it with a couple of rifle shots."

Talford laughed. "Your commercial training is worth something to you even in literature. I've known a man work a week to get a notion into such terse form as that. The scheme is a bit hackneyed, as you intimate; but you can redeem it by original treatment."

Their walk had led them back to the village, and Talford shook hands with Brace at parting. "I wish you abundant success," he said. "Come to me when I can help you."

"Thank you. That's the first God-speed I've had, outside of the family."

"Don't be discouraged. You've got to learn the trade, and it'll take time. And don't work too hard; you're showing the marks of it already. There is no mental labor included in Adam's curse so exhausting as the creative."

Brace went home and began again. This time he put impatience aside, and wrote and rewrote until he could do no more. When *The Moonshiner's Daughter*

was launched upon the first of its many voyages, he went on writing other stories of Southern folk life, sending them adrift one by one on the heaving ocean of competition.

As the struggle went on, the patient tenacity which was the strong thread in the warp of his character was strained to the utmost. His daily life became an eager quest for knowledge. Every chance word of dialect or quaint idiom, stumbled upon in his journeys, was carefully written out for future use. Every tale of folk life, heard on the trains or over the evening pipe in country inns, was remembered and summarized. And gradually, with a growth so slow as to be almost imperceptible, there came a juster appreciation of the things that go to the making of a story; what was better, there came also the genesis of a deep love of the art for its own sake.

While he studied he wrote, not now with the easy fluency of the beginnings, but rather with a painful exactness wearying alike to writer and to reader. Brace recognized this as a new stone of stumbling, and strove patiently to acquire an easier style. That too promised to come in time; but meanwhile his little argosies came back to him from each succeeding voyage, bringing always the same courteously worded stereotyped letter of refusal.

"Are n't you getting dreadfully weary, dear?" asked the ally one evening, when Brace had settled himself at his desk. He had just returned from a journey, and the inevitable plethoric envelope was awaiting him.

"Of failure, yes; of the effort, not in the least. But I should be grateful if some fellow who knows would stop the machinery long enough to point out a few of the weak places. Take this story: it's been everywhere, and not a man of them all has said anything more to the purpose than this last. Hear him: 'We sincerely regret that we are compelled to decline the manuscript you

were good enough to submit to us. Accept our thanks for your kindness in allowing us to examine it,' — facsimile stereo., with date and signature written in. It's all right, I suppose, but I wish he'd told me in so many words that I'm a botch, and no carpenter. Then I could go about my legitimate business with a clear conscience."

"But you know you would n't, John. You'd work yourself into a brain fever trying to produce something which would make him retract."

"Should I? I don't know but you're right. Which goes to prove that the Sphinxlike editor knows his business, after all."

"You say the story has been everywhere. Your list is very small; would n't it pay to go a little farther down the scale and enlarge it?"

Brace shook his head. "No; the second-rate periodicals can't afford to bring out new people. They can better afford to take poor work from writers of repute, as many of them do. It's different with those on my list. Their position is assured. Instead of banking upon the name of a writer, they make him a name if his work is worthy."

Wherein spake chiefly the optimistic pertinacity of the tyro, not wholly uncolored, perhaps, by a tinge of logic. Every fresh suggestion to change his plan of campaign only served to make him fight more strenuously upon the line he had drawn for himself. All through the long Southern summer he toiled on with a dogged perseverance which seemed to gather fresh inspiration from each succeeding failure. In the sanguine desperation which is sometimes a consequent of hope long deferred, he came to reckon atoms as weighing upon one side or the other in the scale of success. A manuscript kept long gave rise to the hope that it had been found worthy of a more critical examination; and when some editor, touched, perhaps, by the pathetic persistence of the man, added

a written word of regret or criticism, Brace found fuel therein to keep alive the fires of perseverance through another period of working and waiting.

Such strenuous and unsparing effort, joined to the wear and tear of business, could scarcely fail of its effect upon the health of the toiler. With the reddening of the sweet-gum leaves in autumn came a weariness which refused to be ignored. Brace fought it fiercely, and would not desist, though the weariness was presently emphasized by failing eyesight and a clouded brain.

Clara Brace saw, with vision sharpened by affection, the symptoms of approaching collapse; and one evening, when her husband announced his intention of making a long-deferred business trip into Florida, with a complete rest from literary work, the sudden relaxing of the strain upon her sympathy brought the tears to her eyes.

"It is what you need more than anything in the world, John, dear," she said. "I've been waiting so anxiously for you to find it out for yourself."

Brace threw down the pen and rose stiffly. "I guess you're about right, Clara, as you usually are. I have n't much sense when it comes to climbing the hill Difficulty."

She got up and stood beside him, with her cheek on his shoulder. "It's a fine ambition, dear, and I love you for it; but it will make me a widow some day, if you don't control it. When will you go?"

"To-morrow morning. The trip will take two weeks, and a fortnight's rest ought to have something to say to my addled brain. Just now it seems as if I could never think another thought that would be worth putting in black on white."

"The thoughts will come again; but you must make the rest absolute."

"I mean to. I'm going to try to forget that I was ever bitten by the scribbling tarantula."

So ran the good intention. But the shackles of habit are not so easily broken, and the first night out found Brace working far into the small hours, heedless of reluctant brain and smarting eyes; his good resolution forgotten in the genesis of a new train of ideas fostered by a quiet writing room in a comfortable hotel.

That was the beginning of the end, and the catastrophe did not tarry. Never before had he had such far-sighted glimpses into the heart of things; and never had he striven so vainly to catch and crystallize into fitting words the thoughts which slipped and glided from his grasp like globules of quicksilver. Night after night he renewed the struggle, only to sink deeper in the mire of bafflement. He gave up at last, heart-sick and ill, and turned his face homeward; but he could not stop the mazy dance of the half-formed mental pictures weaving themselves in and out to the clicking of the car wheels.

As he neared home, he tried to interest himself in the familiar panorama flitting past the car window, but the effort only added fresh complications to the figures in the relentless mental kaleidoscope. The colonnades of stately pines; the quaint Old-World architecture in the villages; the bright bits of color in the dooryards, thrown out into vivid relief against the white of the limewash on the cottages, and the sombre green backgrounds of Chinese umbrella trees and wax-leaved magnolias; the broad bands of snowy sand on the beaches; the sudden reaches of open water, stretching away to invisible horizons, — all the homely and tangible realities became component parts of the devils' dance of thought images.

Turning his back to the window in a fit of despair, he drew out the worn notebook, and tried once more to catch and fix the outlines of the story which clamored for expression. It was useless. The effort only quickened the phantas-

magoric medley, and the pencil shared the helplessness of his faculties.

At such times, when the failing will is bent like a strained bow toward the accomplishment of a single purpose, small irrelevancies pierce like luminous spears through the mists and vapors of the sick brain, until their keen points touch the reason. Brace remarked two of these curiously obtrusive facts, and was conscious of an effort to ignore them. One was the dancing of a group of microscopic meteors on the page of the notebook, and the other was the inability to gauge the distance from the pencil point to the open page.

The autumn afternoon was waning when the train rumbled over a long bridge and across the shell road into the hamlet which Brace called home. When the brakeman shouted the name of the station, Brace started to his feet and stumbled down the aisle. The next moment there was a shriek from the locomotive; the air brakes ground viciously on the flying wheels, and the train stopped with a jolt that scattered the piled-up wares of the newsvender. Brace was near the door when the shock came, and he fell clumsily, striking his head against the iron arm of a seat. He was unconscious when they took him up and carried him home; and an hour later, when he came out of the swoon, he was delirious.

The village doctor, summoned quickly, shook his head and hinted at brain fever when Clara questioned him.

"Get him to bed and keep him quiet," he said. "He's been working himself to death, and that cut on his head is only the exciting cause. I hope it is n't going to be serious, but he's in bad shape to fight a fever."

Through the early part of the night the sick man talked incoherently; but toward morning he sank into a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken until after the physician had made his morning call. Clara was at the bedside when he awoke, and a vague foreboding

seized upon her when he rose on one elbow and stared at her.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are here, at home, John. Don't you know me?"

Brace fell back upon the pillow and tried to rally his wits. "What has happened to me, Clara?" he asked, after a little.

"You were thrown down in the collision, yesterday, and you struck something in falling. Do you remember it?"

"I don't think I do; at least, not very clearly. Was it yesterday, did you say?"

"Yes; in the afternoon. You were on Number Four, coming from the east."

"I do remember something about it, but it seems as if it might have been ages ago. What time is it now, Clara?"

Her heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. The clock on the mantel was measuring the final half hour of the forenoon, and the wide-open eyes of the sick man were staring fixedly at its face. The dreadful truth overwhelmed her for a moment; but when she answered him, there was infinite tenderness in her voice and her hand sought his.

"It is nearly noon, dear," she said.

"Nearly noon! Why have you made the room so dark?"

She held his hand in both of hers now, and he felt a warm tear plash upon it.

"I know," he said. "I'm blind. I'll never see you or the babies again." Then he turned his face to the wall and tried to pull himself together to fight the horrors of darkness.

Only He who was acquainted with grief could know the silent agony of those first few moments: the sudden plunge into endless night, the insurmountable barrier closing all the avenues of study, the swift transition from ambitious activity to the monotonous half life of the blind.

When he turned his face again toward her, the wife read with grief-quicken eyes the sharply graven history of the fierce struggle. She laid her hand on his

forehead. "I'll be eyes and hands to you, John. Can't you trust me?"

"If that were all, yes. But how are we to live?"

"Don't think about that yet, dear. We'll consider ways and means when you are stronger. Shall I bring the children in?"

"Not now. I think I'd like to be alone for a while, if you don't mind. And before you go, I wish you'd draw the curtains and darken the room. It hurts me to know that the place is full of things that can stare at me when I can't see them. It's terribly new yet, and I'll have to get used to it by degrees."

When Dr. Turnley came again, that afternoon, he listened to the story of the gradual failure of his patient's sight, and inquired minutely concerning the symptoms attending it.

"You've been something worse than heedless," he said, when Brace had made an end of his confession. "Of course, we all knew you were in training for literary work, but I had no idea you were burning the candle at both ends at this rate. I'll be frank with you. The case is beyond me, now. You'd better call in the best oculist you can find in New Orleans, and do it at once."

"Don't be too hard on me, doctor. I know I've been an ambitious idiot, but you should n't hit a man when he's down. About the oculist, I wish you'd send for him — and come with him, yourself. I shall need some good friend to rail at, if he tells me I'm done for."

The oculist came the next day, and Dr. Turnley drove him to the cottage. The examination was brief. When it was over, Brace asked the verdict.

"You have about one chance in ten of recovering your sight," said the great man curtly.

"And the treatment?"

"I will arrange with Dr. Turnley about that. But you must make up your mind to obey orders. You must have perfect rest in a darkened room, till a cure is

effected, or until we know that you can't be cured."

"How long shall I have to lie by?"

"I said until you're cured. It may be six weeks, but it's more likely to be six months." And the oculist bowed to Mrs. Brace, and left the room with Dr. Turnley.

Brace groaned as he heard the door close behind them. "That settles it, Clara. You're there, aren't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, call a meeting of the ways and means committee, and let's see what's to be done. So far as I'm concerned, it might as well turn itself into a coroner's jury and be done with it."

"That is n't like you, John. You must n't give up, if only for the sake of the children and me."

"I know it. I ought to be sufficiently grateful for the tenth chance, but I'm not. I'm afraid you'll have to administer another dose of solitude, and give me a chance to argue myself into a better frame of mind."

She darkened the room and left him, returning in an hour with a dainty luncheon.

"Has the better frame of mind arrived?" she asked.

"Let us hope so. But the ways and means trouble me. I suppose I'm definitely out of business. The company won't hold my place unfilled for six months or six weeks; and I'd like to know how I'm to earn anything."

"You don't need to earn anything for a while," she rejoined. "For what rainier day have we been saving, all these years?"

"That's all right; but the bank account is no widow's cruse, — it won't last forever."

"Never mind about the bank account, now; I'm going to feed you. You'll feel better after you've had your luncheon."

Brace wedged a pillow behind his shoulders and submitted. "Think of it," he said. "Two days ago I was a

man among men, able to do for myself and for the rest of us. To-day I can't find the way to my own mouth. I'd actually starve to death if you weren't good to me. Eheu!"

Halfway through the meal he caught her hand and held it. "Say, little woman, I've an idea! If I can learn to dictate, will you do the amanuensis act?"

"Dictation would be work, and the doctor said perfect rest."

"Perfect rest implies some sort of safety valve. I shall swell up and burst in less than a week, if I have to lie here and think thoughts that I can't get rid of."

"That would be sad. We might try the amanuensis plan; but if it tires you, you must n't insist."

"I'll be simply cherubic. When shall we begin?"

"Perhaps some day next week, if you are strong enough."

"Oh, Clara, dear, don't be despotic! Think how wicked it is to bully a blind man! Now listen. Last week — or was it last year, or a century ago? — the making of the best story I've ever thought of was dodging about in my head. It was too slippery, and I went foolish trying to write it out; but now it has come back, clothed and in its right mind. Won't you please help me to put it in black on white?"

She said "no," and then went for the writing materials, propping the window shade open an inch, and sitting where the narrow ray of light fell across the page in her lap; and thereupon another experiment, more exacting than any of its forerunners, was begun.

But the obstacles were chiefly of a mechanical nature. The art of dictating is not to be acquired without practice; and success bespeaks active and comprehensive work on the part of the author, and infinite patience in the amanuensis. It was days before Brace could formulate a sentence, and keep the balance of its component parts in a clear field of mental vision while dictating it;

but once he was able to do this, the compensations of his affliction began to be evident in his work. With the mandatory banishment of business cares came a return of the diverted rivulets of thought to the main stream. For hurried moments, snatched at irregular intervals, there were peaceful hours for consecutive work in preparation; mental revision became the natural substitute for manual rewriting; and there was time for indulgence in that luxury of expression, the choosing and fitting of apposite words, — that part of composition which is comparable to the art of the lapidary selecting his gems so that the reflected brilliance of each shall increase the lustre of its neighbor.

The story was completed after many patient days; and whatever its shortcomings in depth of motif and intricacy of plot, it set forth in unmistakable phrase the careful work of the craftsman.

"I wish I could see it," Brace said. "I can't tell how it looks from hearing it. Is it any better than the others?"

"It is hardly to be compared with anything else you have done; it is very different. It tells of leisure and uninterrupted trains of thought; and you have put much of yourself into it."

"That last is a consequence, is n't it? I wonder if a writer is quite free from the charge of impudence, if he goes before his public without having first tasted for himself something of the joys and sorrows he attempts to depict. It's no light thing to speak to a multitude, and yet I fancy most beginners think little of that."

The story went the way of its predecessors; and when it was gone, Brace settled down to await the outcome. The days dragged wearily enough without occupation, but he felt that he had put his best into this last experiment, and that more fuel must be added before the fire would burn higher. Just how it was to be added, with all the means of

self-help lacking, was a problem which the loyal ally undertook to solve by reading aloud to him from his favorite books.

One evening Clara had bandaged his eyes and led him to a seat on the veranda, leaving him to enjoy the cool breeze sweeping in from the Gulf. The harmony of the plashing waves, chiming with the gentle rustling of leaves and the small voices of insects, charmed the sense which so soon begins to lift the heavy burden of the blind; and Brace fell into a reverie, in which the vanishing point led up to devout gratitude for the gift of the keener mental vision which had followed so closely upon the heels of his affliction.

A familiar step on the shell-paved walk brought him back to a realization of things present.

"Have you been to the post office?" he inquired, as Clara came up the steps.

She went to him and stood behind his chair. "John, dear," she said softly, "have you — have you been counting much upon the success of *A Borrowed Conscience*?"

He knew what was coming, and bent his head as one who faces a wintry storm.

"You were quite prepared to have it returned two or three times, were n't you? It was hardly to be expected that it would find a place on its first journey."

"No; I did n't dare hope for that — and yet" — He turned his face eagerly toward her. "Did he say anything? Did he write a letter?"

She bent over him till her lips touched his brow. "He did, dear; and this is what he says: 'We have read with much pleasure your story, *A Borrowed Conscience*, and are glad to accept it for publication in the magazine. It will be put into galleys within a few weeks, and payment for it will be sent you about the time the proofs are forwarded. Thanking you for having permitted us to see your work, and trusting that we shall see more of it, we are very truly yours.'"

Francis Lynde.

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.

I.

BACK again in England. Early morning: the sea and downs in gray, misty sunlight; everything inexpressibly clean, refined, pure, and in a way (how express it otherwise?) *general*. This country in fine weather, like its inhabitants when in happy circumstance, has a singular look of newness and good breeding.

This impression grows on me during these few days in Sussex and Kent. Everything is swept and garnished, like the interior of a daintily kept house. The hop-poles make a pale green pattern on the violet ploughed ground. In the streams, the long willow-like weeds are combed out and starred with jasmine-looking blossoms. Fish dart like ghosts in the sunlit, bright golden water. And then the gardens of the old cottages, — cottages, some of them, of the time of Elizabeth, nay, almost of the Black Prince, with scalloped weather-tiles of delicate peach-bloom color, and brilliant whitewashed walls, against which stand out geraniums, and pink and white mal-lows, and even an exquisite Japanese lily. What dainty prosperity! And, characteristically English, through the midst of it runs the past, in the shape of an old Roman highway. You can still see slabs of it, along the downs, among immense nut-laden beeches, past duckponds and haystacks. What a strange mixture of a very present present with a past which seems scarcely past at all!

Strolling yesterday through the little Kentish village of Charing, which lies along the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, and seems barely altered since their days, I realize why England is England; or rather, why the English country is what it is. The explanation is virtually given, though not explicitly, in Thorold Rogers's book on the Economic Inter-

pretation of History: England is the only country which was not merely prosperous, but on the whole peaceful, during the Middle Ages. Hence its sort of bourgeois-bucolic (*not* Theocritan idyllic) character even nowadays. Note the fact that the Elizabethan playwrights had to fetch their tragic subjects (save Arden of Feversham) from abroad, — their Othellos, Measure for Measures, Duchesses of Malfy, and Giovanni and Annabellas. England inspires As You Like It, Midsummer Night's Dream, Comus, L'Allegro, and Spenser's Epithalamium. There is no trace of bloodshed and tragedy in this English past, as everywhere on the Continent; 't is the past of yeomen and burgesses and cottagers and quiet country squires, not of kings and princes. There are no scars of fire on blackened stones in this country. Compare the past of places like Perugia, Volterra, Verona! The prosperity of mediæval Italy was passionate and terrible; that of mediæval England, peaceful and idyllic, of a land of shepherds providing the foreign looms with wool.

Such is the impression made by the past; that of the present, for one just come from the Continent, is as special in its way. In years spent abroad I had almost forgotten what it was like, and it came on me all of a sudden, yesterday evening, with the sight of the daisy heads and red sorrel stalks standing out in the low sunlight, with the note of the unseen lark over the bracken, the scent of universal green; the conversation, also, of the daughters of the house and their friends. For it is an impression of moral characteristics even more than of physical, or of such physical characteristics as suggest moral ones: the well-ordered large house, neither raised to higher importance nor convulsed by any individual spirit, but produced, so

to speak, by a whole family, you might say almost a whole nation (at least a whole class thereof), acting harmoniously, if a trifle dully, together. This landscape, pale grass rounded by dark green trees till it merges into folds and folds of blue; all sloping up to the very doorstep, gently, not aggressively or theatrically, opposite the low, wide windows; this house, with its comfort and prosperity subdued into delicacy and almost simplicity (nothing showy in these pale wall papers and chintzes so immaculately fresh, in this well-polished furniture), — this landscape, this house, seem to carry the same meaning as these young women: we are pure, good, high-bred; we are carefully selected away from vulgarity and evil. But when you think of the towns — Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, especially London — at whose expense all this exists, you feel what I fancy underlies not a few of the secret feelings of these young women: the world to which all this good belongs is, in itself, most strangely full of evil.

II.

For England, alas, is not all country, is not all old world, is not altogether composed of well-appointed houses and well-bred persons. I am in the train again, going Londonwards. The line passes through the same delicate, intimate landscape of green cliffs just scarred with chalk; of green fields of short grass, dotted with sheep and cricketers: all wrapped in a tender mist, such as Carrière envelops his personages in, which makes one understand, as it were, the tender dewy freshness of the scene. This country seems as *new* as when the Romans landed: oak woods barely in leaf, meadows reddened with sorrel, great tufts of daisies, white, pure, even among the cinders of the railway embankment; neat flowery stations and comfortable-looking flowery cottages. Who would guess that London, of all places on earth, is at the end of the line? The horror of Bermondsey and the like, with its mil-

lions of squalid houses the train looks down upon, and its sickly smell of kiln and beer; the Thames, with its great barges and shipping, which, from the railway bridge, is so evidently a magnificent gigantic drain.

III.

In London. Across the Park, where there are beds of the most lovely flowers (things worthy of a show) along the path; close to that beautiful house which has, inside, the brass staircase and marble incrustated walls, and many fine pictures, I notice two persons on a bench, asleep, — black, draggled, and in heavy sleep: the man thrown back, the woman forward, her head low over her knees; the one in a high hat, the other in a bonnet! My friend, to whom I point them out, says they are probably asleep because they are drunk, and drunk because drink is the cheapest thing to buy. Everywhere here is Nemesis, saying "Enjoy not" at the elbow of those who enjoy.

Great cities are places where mankind live upon pleasures and excitements which are compensations for the loss of what nature is prevented from giving them. Yet even in London nature does take the trouble to provide a performance once in a way. This morning, though only the 5th of August, there was a fog. The air outside gradually became a positive, real thing, thickening, growing gray and at the same time luminous; the room became dusky, all things in its shadowy; but on these shadowy, vaguely looming things the fog-enwrapped sun dabbled broad high lights, brilliant and blinding in this penumbra, a strange Rembrandt etching. Outside, also, a Rembrandt effect, but this time in color. The visible atmosphere now changed into a wonderful tawny luminousness; a mist of palest orange, bright, dazzling, in which all nearer objects start into violent relief, blaze out, green, orange, scarlet, like lacquer; while all the further things stand flat like theatre

scenes, separate, layer by layer, against the smokelike layers of air. And over it all, the magnificence and mystery of a luminous, veined, and suffused smoked-amber sky.

Little by little the strange high lights disappear from the furniture, leaving an unnatural twilight. The air outside thickens; the sky descends; the suffused gold dies away into solid lead. The intervening distances are effaced, the further objects disappear entirely; only tree-tops, rows of chimney-stacks (fantastic like castle battlements), loom unsubstantial against the gray substantial sky, and every now and then a preternatural dash of yellow or green or scarlet across the grayness, — a passing omnibus, or a fire-escape being wheeled along the street. Certainly, nature's chief performance in London is impressive and not without beauty. But it leaves one with aching eyes and head, and an intolerable sense of dreariness and degradation.

IV.

Just returned from two days' stay at a Settlement in the extreme east of London, the home of the dock laborers. The walk we took the first evening made me understand Miss Beatrice Potter's words about the attractions, the æsthetic and imaginative attractions, which a great city has for the poor. Within doors, I am told, blackness and inexpressible squalor; within the houses, and also within the district, the immense blocks of brick and mortar and human life hidden away by their own compassionate darkness and by the brilliant light of the thoroughfares which inclose them. For it is brilliant, in the one or two wide streets, crowded with people buying at the open stalls and barrows, and strolling about in the mild evening, children dancing and turning somersaults to the barrel-organ music, venders vociferating, sounds of harp and banjo from behind the white ground-glass effulgence of the public; gas everywhere, in great sheets and in

little flamelets, among the cheap high-colored clothes of the shops, the tinware, the stacked-up fruit and spread-out fish, the great staring pink carcasses at the butchers'. Bright signal lights, also, red and green against the blue starlit sky, and every minute or two a long train, like a snake filled with fire, flashing and rattling along the side of the road. Undoubtedly a spectacle, a performance, every part of it, for these poor squalid, often hungry people; no mere place for use, like *our* shop streets, but a place also for imaginative pleasure, a Crystal Palace, Kursaal, St. Mark's Square.

The day impression is very different. Yet despite the sadness of bands of able-bodied loiterers (ninety men of a hundred only can get a job) at the dock gates, where a horrible shanty eating-house, against the background of green marsh and distant factory obelisks and bulbs, calls itself grimly Peace and Plenty, — despite all this, the impression of the dockers' district is that of life, of sound, of participation in the great movement of the world, rather than of anything we can regret. A stranger and finer impression than any to be got in well-to-do, philistine western London. There is something of the universal and eternal in it, of the great give-and-take which constitutes life. The immense ships, on either side of the big basin, sunk to the wharf edge with their freight still in them; or riding high up, waiting for cargo to ballast them; or stranded, being painted scarlet or black in the dry dock; an interminable line, with the corresponding line of wooden sheds, cases and bales and boxes in front, and inside, black sticky baskets of raw sugar, painted boxes of tea, piles and piles of sweet-smelling Japanese matting. Strong men wheeling and carrying the wares about among the railway lines; cranes rising and falling, with clank of chain and whir of engine; coal-heavers, black to their hair, in the flat-bottomed coal-boats; and all about the place, groups

of red-turbaned Lascars sweeping the wooden wharf, and single Lascars walking barefoot like statues, — bringing in a note, as it were, from antiquity as well as from the East; the immensely distant, the past and present, seeming to work together under the fresh sea breeze.

All this, seen superficially and with the fancy, is a piece of life as it should be, — of the life of body and of soul, of near and distant, of complexity and simplicity, in which we would all of us fain participate, — and therefore, as much as anything in field or mountain, church or study, a piece of the ideal. But the ideal a little, I fear, as a delusion; the ideal in the same sense, for instance, as Tanguier: horror behind it, quite as much as good; a bit, in short, of that barbarism which our one-sided progress has isolated and accentuated, — barbarism which contains so much we would gladly have for ourselves, and so much which we shrink from perceiving.

V.

Westminster Abbey, about five P. M. A fine grayish-blue sky outside, and enormous rumble of traffic. The first impression is of the extremely narrow vaulting, and of the lovely meeting of the sheaves of pillars of the aisle with those of the main vault; tapering boles, springing higher, higher, and spreading like palm trees into the roof spandrels. One's attention is caught at first, owing to the incongruity, by the tombs of the barelegged, tunicked heroes in full-botomed wigs, often opposite painted robed Shakespearean worthies kneeling among delicate colored Renaissance moulding; here and there a Gothic knight or lady; and, specially colossal and dramatic, Charles James Fox collapsing between a negro and a goddess. One likes, however, the rough-and-ready liberalism of it all: Wesley commemorated in this Anglican abbey, although the founder of a sect, and Garrick in most unecclesiastic way disporting himself between

Comedy and Tragedy. Near him also is "G. Handel Esqre," with his wig off and dressing-gown on, posing among musical instruments, with a green laurel crown. The strangest is Poets' Corner; the most conspicuous, the poets that are forgotten. Prior, for instance, standing grandly like a general, with a bandanna round his head; and Phillips (yes, I remember a Life of Ambrose Phillips in Johnson's Lives), more forgotten still. There is a lovely tender piece of Gothic lace carving with effaced inscription and a loose label inscribed "Poet Chaucer;" but Mr. Somebody (with wigged bust and 1780 fireplace sculpture), "Secretary to Lord Pelham, minister of King George III" has been triumphantly built into Chaucer's resting-place. A bust of Milton is here; and a modest inscription, "the Poet Spenser," and a monument with the one line, "O rare Ben Jonson." One no longer smiles, but feels something like what one felt a minute ago while following that highest shaft to its palm branchings, or as one would feel if suddenly the organ played. What thoughts and images and melodies in those names, — Milton, Handel, "Poet Chaucer," Spenser, Ben Jonson! What names to conjure with! And meanwhile, outside, where once (as the Morte d'Arthur tells us) the green fields and hawthorn hedges were, the 'buses cross and recross; and the Aquarium, with its Diving Man and Boxing Kangaroo, offers "the greatest variety of entertainment in London."

The Abbey again: this time the apse. Beautiful effect (in Henry VII.'s Chapel especially), of much glass and little masonry and groined ceiling in imitation of woodwork, what masonry there is reduced to sculpture. The stone saints have remained, and, in the vaults, numbers of those very English, Burne-Jonesian angels with Tudor roses and portulicis. Everything black, tarnished; everything seeming endlessly old, even the banneret helmets, which are really mod-

ern, hanging over the stalls, converted to thorough antiquity. Through the open chapel doors one sees, a fantastic vista, the spring of the arches in the main church, beyond the Confessor's tomb. This whole apse, with its innumerable tucked-away chapels, and tombs of all times crammed in every corner, is singularly touching in its neglected, yet inhabited, its "old-house" character. Into this lumber-room — one feels it almost more here than in Poets' Corner — is crowded all England's greatest past; all that England was before the advent of machinery and commercialism. Here lie the great soldiers, from Henry V.'s knights of Agincourt to the great navigators and buccaneers; and Shakespeare's kings and queens and dukes and regents, stone or bronze, all equally blackened, equally exiled from this life, under the bower of stonework, the chipped, smoked sculpture, the torn banners, colorless like black cobwebs, hanging from the roof; and round these is a spiritual atmosphere, a silent afflatus, in which one feels one's soul quiver. This world of glory and pathos and poetry (poor brass Richard II., and the Confessor under his chipped half-Byzantine canopy, and the urn of the little Princes murdered in the Tower), all thrust out of sight, with the old Shakespearean England, with the old mediæval religion, into that blackened lumber-room at the back, by the smug modern Protestant England, which bids the pilgrim "use both the scraper and mat" before entering, and then "keep with the guide" when going round. It is strange that the most conservative and, on the whole, most poetical of nations should endure to see the tombs of its kings and great men in company with vergers belonging dates of birth and death; should feel, apparently, so little inclination, or have so little time, to muse thereon.

VI.

And this is what, for the imagination and emotion, at present replaces it: I am

speaking of the Crystal Palace, where we had supper yesterday. All the centuries have been called upon, here also, to bring their gifts; and there they are, higgledy-piggledy: casts of antiques and Michelangelos; Innsbruck bronze knights; switchback railways and aerial flights; a colossal organ with the list of *all* Handel's oratorios round it; moreover, on this occasion, the Dahomey warriors parading and dancing in the midst of it all. People meanwhile eating cold pie and ham on bare tables, sitting on nailed-together stools, and drinking American drinks; umbrellas and hats stowed away on fire-engines and pails, and on the base of Parthenon statues; family parties with babies held on high to see the savages dance, and parties of numerous 'Arriets entertained by less numerous 'Arries. Here a space is cleared, and the Dahomey warriors dance, — magnificent, like bronze athletes, with kilts of tiger skins, — and play with knives, and work themselves up into a rhythmic fury which anywhere else means killing. A tremendous impression of the splendor and terror of savagery. Then, when they have disappeared, the crowd streams down the gigantic flights of steps into the gardens. In the blue darkness stands out the great ribbed huge hall-of-Eblis palace, made of beams of moonlight, one would say, like, dim, with absurd mediæval towers; in front great descents and pits and open spaces pricked out in colored lights, mysterious, scarce visible, among which the crowd circulates silently, to vague strains of music. Later fireworks, the gold dust of rockets in the deep blue sky! The smoke (with stifling smell of powder) making a gray, lurid background for exquisite showers of silver sparks and trails of orange and grass-green filaments of fire. Then the return home. The immense train, darkness, other trains racing by one's side, full of uproarious cads, — a ribbon of light; rushing through stations with their tin advertisement plates flashing in the

haze and beams of electric light. And suddenly a few moments' stoppage by the dimly lit up Thames. Altogether a confused impression of soiled, hustled, joyless beauty and wonder.

VII.

One of the most curious things, surely, about England, is its amount of wild country, and of wild country in close proximity to London. In a way it is London which is responsible for its existence, or the spirit which London typifies. For it is the industrialism, the race for wealth, of England which sucks the inhabitants out of the rural districts to the great towns; and which, at the same time, leaves miles and miles of land uncultivated that would be made to produce poor crops in a country where the demand for labor and the supply of riches were less. Be it as it may, the fact is a very curious one. Take, for instance, the district near Hindhead, not fifty miles from London. There are ridges and ridges of magenta heather, slopes on slopes of high green bracken, great vague valleys, marked with dark green woods and light green meadows, a distance of pale blue mist, out of which sometimes rises a white glint of far-off chalk cliff, so welcome with its suggestion of something which is not mere vegetation. The roads among the heather a violent chrome yellow, sandy, desolate.

This landscape has immense charm, far more than itself can account for: the charm of the smell of wild greenness, of the abundance and bracingness of the air (unbreathed air, suggestive of much greater heights than we are really on); and above all, charm of the vast extent and great movement of clouds.

The moral aspect is equally wild. In one of the roads is a stone with an inscription "in detestation of a barbarous

murder committed on an unknown sailor" by three men, who were taken and hanged on that spot, in chains, in 1787. (The chains, by the way, I am almost sure, I have seen hanging up in Lady D——'s drawing-room, among other old iron.) To this is added a bloodthirsty text, "He who spillesh blood," etc., and very elaborately, on both sides of the stone, the name and address of the pious person who put it up. Evidently in these desolate places, and in the year 1787, a gallows hung with tarred malefactors was considered a sane and pleasant subject of contemplation, and the person who perpetuated the memory of those hanged men, after the birds and storms had worked them toward oblivion, thought of himself much as if he had erected a drinking-fountain in a more prosaic time and spot. Indeed, had he not furnished the world with a salutary draught of decocted vengeance? Such places explain Hardy's tales and some of Stevenson's, and explain why we English, even if we live in Bloomsbury or Kensington, feel that they express our country.

But there are nobler impressions of wildness than this. Oddly enough, one of the strongest I have got even nearer London, on the Chiltern downs, near Aylesbury, — long, low ridges above the fields and beech woods, here and there seamed with chalk pits and scars; tall, steep hillsides, dotted only with stunted junipers; and on the top a flat strip of grass opposite the moving inky storm sky, only a hawk or two in it. These little ridges of solitariness, narrow domains of clouds and winds, utterly aloof from man, explain much that is finest and most delicate in the English soul, a certain primeval quality, the power of being moved and chastened by the free contact of the elements, a possibility of dispensing with vain talk and worthless properties, of finding companionship in silence.

Vernon Lee.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

THE FORTRESS ; THE ESCAPE.

I.

THIS was, then, the terrible fortress where so much of the true strength of Russia had perished during the last two centuries, and the very name of which is spoken in St. Petersburg in a hushed voice.

Here Peter I. tortured his son Alexis and killed him with his own hand ; here the Princess Tarakánova was kept in a cell which filled with water during an inundation, — the rats climbing upon her to save themselves from drowning ; here the terrible Minich tortured his enemies, and Catherine II. buried alive those who objected to her having murdered her husband. And from the times of Peter I. for a hundred and seventy years, the annals of this mass of stone which rises from the Nevá in front of the Winter Palace were annals of murder and torture, of men buried alive, condemned to a slow death, or driven to insanity in the loneliness of the dark and damp dungeons.

Here the Decembrists, who were the first to unfurl in Russia the banner of republican rule and the abolition of serfdom, underwent their first experiences of martyrdom, and traces of them may still be found in the Russian Bastille. Here were imprisoned the poets Ry-léeff and Shevchénko, Dostoévsky, Bakúnin, Chernyshévsky, Písareff, and so many others of our best writers. Here Karakózoff was tortured and hanged.

Here, somewhere in the Alexis ravelin, is still kept Necháieff, who was given up to Russia by Switzerland as a common-law criminal, but is treated as a dangerous political prisoner, and will never again see the light. In the same ravelin are also two or three men whom

rumor says Alexander II., because of what they know, and others must not know, about some palace mystery, ordered imprisoned for life. One of them, adorned with a long gray beard, was lately seen by an acquaintance of mine in the mysterious fortress.

All these shadows rose before my imagination. But my thoughts fixed especially on Bakúnin, who, though he had been shut up in an Austrian fortress for two years, chained to the wall, after 1848, and then handed over to Nicholas I., who kept him here, yet came out, when the Iron Tsar's death released him after an eight years' detention, fresher and fuller of vigor than his comrades who had remained at liberty. "He has lived it through," I said to myself, "and I must, too : I will *not* succumb here !"

My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a long, narrow opening, cut in a wall five feet thick, and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window frame. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, of immense thickness, on the top of which I could make out a gray sentry box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky.

I made a minute inspection of the room where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the Mint I guessed that I was in the southwestern corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Nevá. The building in which I was incarcerated, however, was not the bastion itself, but what is called in a fortification a *reduit* ; that is, an inner two-storied pentagonal piece of masonry which rises a little higher than the walls

of the bastion, and is meant to contain two tiers of guns. This room of mine was a casemate destined for a big gun, and the window was an embrasure. The rays of the sun might never penetrate it; even in summer they must be lost in the thickness of the wall. The room held an iron bed, a small oak table, and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt, and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was pasted upon canvas, and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, back of which was a layer of felt; only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand, and a thick oak door in which I made out a locked opening, for passing food through, and a little slit, protected by glass and by a shutter from the outside: this was the "Judás," through which the prisoner could be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the shutter and looked inside, — his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him; then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be furtively opened a minute or two later; but I could get not a word of reply from the sentry.

Absolute silence reigned all round. I tried to catch some sound from the Nevá, or from the town on the opposite side of the river; but I could not.

"The main thing," I said to myself, "is to preserve my physical vigor. I *will* not fall ill. Let me imagine I am compelled to spend a couple of years in a hut in the far north, during an arctic expedition. I will take plenty of exercise, practice gymnastics, and not let myself be broken down by my surroundings. Ten steps from one corner to the other is already something. If I repeat them one hundred and fifty times, I shall have walked one verst" (two thirds of a mile).

I decided to walk every day seven versts, — about five miles: two versts in the morning, two before dinner, two after dinner, and one before going to sleep. "If I put on my table ten cigarettes, and move one of them each time that I pass the table, I shall easily count the three hundred times that I must walk up and down. I must walk rapidly, but turn slowly in the corner to avoid becoming giddy, and turn each time a different way. Then, twice a day I shall practice gymnastics with my heavy stool." I lifted it by one leg, holding it at arm's length. I turned it like a wheel, and soon learned to throw it from one hand to the other, over my head, behind my back, and across my legs.

A few hours after I had been brought into the prison the governor came to offer me some books, and among them was an old acquaintance and friend of mine, the first volume of George Lewes's *Physiology*, in a Russian translation. I asked, of course, to have paper, pen, and ink, but was absolutely refused. Pen and ink are never allowed in the fortress, unless special permission is obtained from the Emperor himself. I suffered very much from this forced inactivity, and began to compose in my imagination a series of novels for popular reading, taken from Russian history, — something like Eugène Sue's *Mystères du Peuple*. I made up the plot, the descriptions, the dialogues, and tried to commit the whole to memory from the beginning to the end. One can easily imagine how exhausting such a work would have been if I had had to continue it for more than two or three months.

But my brother Alexander obtained pen and ink for me. One day I was asked to enter a four-wheeled cab, in company with the same speechless Georgian gendarme officer of whom I have spoken before. I was taken to the Third Section, where I was allowed an interview with my brother, in the presence of two gendarme officers.

Alexander was at Zürich when I was arrested. From early youth he had longed to go abroad, where men think as they like, read what they like, and openly express their thoughts. Russian life was hateful to him. Veracity — absolute veracity — and the most open-hearted frankness were part of his creed; he could not bear deceit or even conceit in any form. The absence of free speech in Russia, the Russian readiness to submit to oppression, the veiled words to which our writers resort, were utterly repulsive to his frank and open nature. Soon after my return from Western Europe he removed to Switzerland, and decided to settle there. After he had lost his two children — one from cholera in a few hours, and another from consumption — St. Petersburg became doubly repugnant to him.

My brother did not take part in our work of agitation. He did not believe in the possibility of a popular uprising, and he conceived a revolution only as the action of a representative body, like the National Assembly of France in 1789. As for the socialist agitation, he knew it only by means of public meetings and public speeches, — not as the secret, minute work of personal propaganda which we were carrying on. In England he would have sided with John Bright or with the Chartists. If he had been in Paris during the uprising of June, 1848, he would surely have fought with the last handful of workers behind the last barricade; but in the preparatory period he would have followed Ledru Rollin or Louis Blanc.

In Switzerland he settled at Zürich, and his sympathies went with the moderate wing of the International. Socialist on principle, he carried out his principle in his very frugal and laborious manner of living, and toiled on passionately at his great scientific work, — the main purpose of his life, — a work which was to be a nineteenth-century counterpart to the famous *Tableau de la Nature*

of the Encyclopædists. He soon became a close personal friend of the old refugee Colonel P. L. Lavrôff, with whom he had very much in common in his Kantian philosophical views.

When he learned about my arrest, Alexander immediately left everything, — the work of his life, the life itself of freedom which was as necessary for him as free air is necessary for a bird, — and returned to St. Petersburg, which he disliked, only to help me through my imprisonment.

We were both very much affected at this interview. My brother was extremely excited. He hated the very sight of the blue uniforms of the gendarmes, — those executioners of all independent thought in Russia, — and expressed his feeling frankly in their presence. As for me, the sight of him at St. Petersburg filled me with the most dismal apprehensions. I was happy to see his honest face, his eyes full of love, and to hear that I should see them once a month; and yet I wished him hundreds of miles away from that place to which he came free that day, but to which he would inevitably be brought some night under an escort of gendarmes. "Why did you come into the lion's den? Go back at once!" my whole inner self cried; and yet I knew that he would remain as long as I was in prison.

He understood better than any one else that inactivity would kill me, and had already made application to obtain for me pen and ink. The Geographical Society wanted me to finish my work on the glacial period, and my brother turned the whole scientific world in St. Petersburg upside down to move them to support his application. The Academy of Sciences was interested in the matter; and finally, two or three months after my imprisonment, the governor entered my cell and announced to me that I was permitted by the Emperor to complete my report to the Geographical Society, and that I should be allowed pen and

ink for that purpose. "Till sunset only," he added. Sunset, at St. Petersburg, is at three in the afternoon, in winter time; but that could not be helped. "Till sunset" were the words used by Alexander II. when he granted the permission.

II.

So I could work!

I could hardly express now the immensity of relief I then felt at being enabled to resume writing. I would have consented to live on nothing but bread and water, in the dampest of cellars, if only permitted to work.

I was the only one to whom writing materials were allowed. Several of my comrades spent three years and more in confinement before the famous trial of "the hundred and ninety-three" took place, and all they had was a slate. Of course, even the slate was welcome in that dreary loneliness, and they used it to write exercises in the languages they were learning, or to work out mathematical problems; but what was jotted down on the slate could last only a few hours.

My prison life now took on a more regular character. There was something immediate to live for. At nine in the morning I had already made the first three hundred paces across my cell, and was waiting for my pencils and pens to be delivered to me. The work which I had prepared for the Geographical Society contained, beside a report of my explorations in Finland, a discussion of the bases upon which the glacial hypothesis ought to rest. Now, knowing that I had plenty of time before me, I decided to rewrite and enlarge that part of my work, which accordingly grew in the fortress to the size of two large volumes. The first of them was printed by my brother and Polakóff (in the Geographical Society's Memoirs); while the second, not quite finished, remained in the hands of the Third Section when I ran away. The manuscript

was found only in 1895, and given to the Russian Geographical Society, by whom it was forwarded to me in London.

At five in the afternoon, — at three in the winter, — as soon as the tiny lamp was brought in, my pencils and pens were taken away, and I had to stop my work. Then I used to read, mostly books of history. Quite a library had been formed in the fortress by the generations of political prisoners who had been confined there. I was allowed to add to the library a number of staple works on Russian history, and with the books which were brought to me by my relatives I was enabled to read almost every work and collection of acts and documents bearing on the Moscow period of the history of Russia. I relished, in reading, not only the Russian annals, especially the admirable annals of the democratic mediæval republic of Pskof, — the best, perhaps, in Europe for the history of such cities, — but all sorts of dry documents, and even the Lives of the Saints, which occasionally contain facts of the real life of the masses which cannot be found elsewhere. I also read during this time a great number of novels, and even arranged for myself a treat on Christmas Eve. My relatives managed to send me then the Christmas stories of Dickens, and I spent the festival laughing and crying over these beautiful creations of the great novelist.

III.

The worst was the silence, as of the grave, which reigned about me. In vain I knocked on the walls and struck the floor with my foot, listening for the faintest sound in reply. None was to be heard. One month passed, then two, three, fifteen months, but there was no reply to my knocks. We were only six then, scattered among thirty-six casemates. When the non-commissioned officer entered my cell to take me out for a walk, and I asked him, "What

kind of weather have we? Does it rain?" he cast a furtive side glance at me, and without saying a word promptly retired behind the door, where a sentry and another non-commissioned officer kept watch upon him. The only living being from whom I could hear even a few words was the governor, who came to my cell every morning to say "good-morning" and ask whether I wanted to buy tobacco or paper. I tried to engage him in conversation; but he also cast furtive glances at the non-commissioned officers who stood in the half-opened door, as if to say, "You see, I am watched, too."

There were no sounds whatever except the squeak of the sentry's boots, the hardly perceptible noise of the shutter of the Judas, and the ringing of the bells on the fortress cathedral. They rang a "Lord save me" ("Gospodi pomilui") every quarter of an hour, — one, two, three, four times. Then, each hour, the big bell struck slowly, with long intervals between successive strokes. A lugubrious canticle followed, chimed by the bells, which at every sudden change of temperature went out of tune, making at such times a horrible cacophony which sounded like the ringing of bells at a burial. At the gloomy hour of midnight, the canticle, moreover, was followed by the discordant notes of a "God save the Tsar." The ringing lasted a full quarter of an hour; and no sooner had it come to an end than a new "Lord save me" announced to the sleepless prisoner that a quarter of an hour of his uselessly spent life had gone in the meantime, and that many quarters of an hour, and hours, and days, and months of the same vegetative life would pass, before his keepers, or maybe death, would release him.

Every morning I was taken out for a half hour's walk in the prison yard. This yard was a small pentagon with a narrow pavement round it, and a little building — the bath house — in the middle. But I liked those walks.

The need of new impressions is so great in prison that, when I walked in our narrow yard, I always kept my eyes fixed upon the high gilt spire of the fortress cathedral. This was the only thing in my surroundings which changed its aspect, and I liked to see it glittering like pure gold when the sun shone from a clear blue sky, or assuming a fairy aspect when a light bluish haze lay upon the town, or becoming steel gray when dark clouds obscured the sky.

Winter is gloomy at St. Petersburg for those who cannot be out in the brightly lighted streets. It was still gloomier, of course, in a casemate. But dampness was even worse than darkness. In order to drive away moisture the casemate was overheated, and I almost suffocated; but when I obtained my request at last, that the temperature should be kept lower than before, the outer wall became dripping with moisture, and the paper was as if a pail of water had been poured upon it every day, — the consequence being that I suffered a great deal from rheumatism.

With all that I was cheerful, continuing to write and to draw maps in the darkness, sharpening my lead pencils with a broken piece of glass which I had managed to get hold of in the yard; I faithfully walked my five miles a day in the cell, and performed gymnastic feats with my oak stool. So time went on. Then sorrow crept into my cell and nearly broke me down. My brother Alexander was arrested.

Toward the end of December, 1874, I was allowed an interview with him and our sister Hélène, in the fortress, in the presence of a gendarme officer. Interviews, granted at long intervals, always bring both the prisoner and his relatives into a state of excitement. One sees beloved faces and hears beloved voices, knowing that the vision will last but a few moments; one feels so near to the other, and yet so far off, as

there can be no intimate conversation before a stranger, an enemy and a spy. Besides, my brother and sister felt anxious for my health, upon which the dark, gloomy winter days and the dampness had already marked their first effects. We parted with heavy hearts.

A week after that interview, I received, instead of an expected letter from my brother concerning the printing of my book, a short note from Polakóff. He informed me that henceforward he would read the proofs, and that I would have to address to him everything relative to the printing. From the very tone of the note I understood at once that something must be wrong with my brother. If it were only illness, Polakóff would have mentioned it. Days of fearful anxiety came upon me. Alexander must have been arrested, and I must have been the cause of it! Life suddenly ceased to have any meaning for me. My walks, my gymnastics, my work, lost interest. All the day long I went ceaselessly up and down my cell, thinking of nothing but Alexander's arrest. For me, an unmarried man, imprisonment was only personal inconvenience; but he was married, he passionately loved his wife, and they now had a boy, upon whom they had concentrated all the love that they had felt for their first two children.

Worst of all was the incertitude. What could he have done? For what reason had he been arrested? What were they going to do with him? Weeks passed; my anxiety became deeper and deeper; but there was no news, till at last I heard in a roundabout way that he had been arrested for a letter written to P. L. Lavróff.

I learned the details much later. After his last interview with me he wrote to his old friend, who at that time was editing a Russian socialist review, Forward, in London. He mentioned in this letter his fears about my health; he spoke of the many arrests which were occurring then in Russia; and he freely

expressed his hatred of the despotic rule. The letter was intercepted at the post office by the Third Section, and they came on Christmas Eve to search his apartments. They carried out their search in an even more brutal manner than usual. After midnight half a dozen men made an irruption into his rooms, and turned everything upside down. The very walls were examined; the sick child was taken out of its bed, that the bedding and the mattresses might be inspected. They found nothing, — there was nothing to find.

My brother very much resented this search. With his customary frankness, he said to the gendarme officer who conducted it: "Against you, captain, I have no grievance. You have received little education, and you hardly understand what you are doing. But you, sir," he continued, turning toward the procureur, "you know what you are doing. You have received a university education. You know the law, and you know that you are trampling all law, such as it is, under your feet, and covering the lawlessness of these men by your presence; you are simply — a scoundrel!"

They swore hatred against him. They kept him imprisoned in the Third Section till May. My brother's child — a charming boy, whom illness had rendered still more affectionate and intelligent — was dying from consumption. The doctors said he had only a few days more to live. Alexander, who had never asked any favor of his enemies, asked them this time to permit him to see his child for the last time. He begged to be allowed to go home for one hour, upon his word of honor to return, or to be taken there under escort. They refused. They could not deny themselves that vengeance.

The child died, and its mother was thrown once more into a state bordering on insanity when my brother was told that he was to be transported "for an undetermined term" to East Siberia, to

a small town, Minusinsk. He would travel in a cart between two gendarmes, and his wife might follow later, but could not travel with him.

"Tell me, at least, what is my crime," he demanded; but there was no accusation of any sort against him beyond the letter. This transportation appeared so arbitrary, so much an act of mere revenge on the part of the Third Section, that none of our relatives could believe that the exile would last more than a few months. My brother lodged a complaint with the minister of the interior. The reply was that the minister could not interfere with the will of the chief of the gendarmes. Another complaint was lodged with the Senate. It was of no avail.

A couple of years later, our sister Hélène, acting on her own initiative, wrote a petition to the Tsar. Our cousin Dmitri, governor-general of Kharkoff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor and a favorite at the court, also deeply incensed at this treatment by the Third Section, handed the petition personally to the Tsar, and in so doing added a few words in support of it. But the vindictiveness of the Románoffs was a family trait strongly developed in Alexander II. He wrote upon the petition, "Pust posidit" (Let him remain some time more). My brother stayed in Siberia twelve years, and never returned to Russia.

IV.

The countless arrests which were made in the summer of 1874, and the serious turn which was given by the police to the prosecution of our circle, produced a deep change in the opinions of Russian youth. Up to that time the prevailing idea had been to pick out among the workers, and eventually the peasants, a number of men who should be prepared to become socialistic agitators. But the factories were now flooded with spies, and it was evident that, do what they might, both propagandists and workers

would very soon be arrested and hidden forever in Siberia. Then began a great movement "to the people," when several hundred young men and women, disregarding all precautions hitherto taken, rushed to the country, and, traveling through the towns and villages, incited the masses to revolution, almost openly distributing pamphlets, songs, and proclamations. In our circles this summer received the name of "the mad summer."

The gendarmes lost their heads. They had not hands enough to make the arrest nor eyes enough to trace the steps of every propagandist. Yet not less than fifteen hundred persons were arrested during this hunt, and half of them were kept in prison for years.

One day in the summer of 1875, in the cell that was next to mine I distinctly heard the light steps of heeled boots, and a few minutes later I caught fragments of a conversation. A feminine voice spoke from the cell, and a deep bass voice — evidently that of the sentry — grunted something in reply. Then I recognized the sound of the colonel's spurs, his rapid steps, his swearing at the sentry, and the click of the key in the lock. He said something, and a feminine voice loudly replied: "We did not talk. I only asked him to call the non-commissioned officer." Then the door was locked, and I heard the colonel swearing in whispers at the sentry.

So I was alone no more. I had a lady neighbor, who at once broke down the severe discipline which had hitherto reigned amongst the soldiers. From that day the walls of the fortress, which had been mute during the last fifteen months, became animated. From all sides I heard knocks with the foot on the floor: one, two, three, four, . . . eleven knocks, twenty-four knocks, fifteen knocks; then an interruption, followed by three knocks and a long succession of thirty-three knocks. Over and over again these knocks were repeated in the same succession, until the

neighbor would guess at last that they were meant for "Kto vy?" (Who are you?) the letter *v* being the third letter in our alphabet. Thereupon conversation was soon established, and usually was conducted in the abridged alphabet; that is, the alphabet being divided into six rows of five letters, each letter is marked by its row and its place in the row.

I discovered with great pleasure that I had at my left my friend Serdukóff, with whom I could soon talk about everything, especially when we used our cipher. But intercourse with men brought its sufferings as well as its joys. Underneath me was lodged a peasant, whom Serdukóff knew. He talked to him by means of knocks; and even against my will, often unconsciously during my work, I followed their conversations. I also spoke to him. Now, if solitary confinement without any sort of work is hard for educated men, it is infinitely harder for a peasant who is accustomed to physical work, and not at all wont to spend years in reading. Our peasant friend felt quite miserable, and having been kept for nearly two years in another prison before he was brought to the fortress, — his crime was that he had listened to socialists, — he was already broken down. Soon I began to notice, to my terror, that from time to time his mind wandered. Gradually his thoughts grew more and more confused, and we two perceived, step by step, day by day, evidences that his reason was failing, until his talk became at last that of a lunatic. Frightful noises and wild cries came next from the lower story: our neighbor was mad, but was still kept for several months in the casemate before he was removed to an asylum, from which he never emerged. To witness the destruction of a man's mind, under such conditions, was terrible. I am sure it must have contributed to increase the nervous irritability of my good, true friend Serdukóff. When, after a four years' imprison-

ment, he was acquitted by the court and released, he shot himself.

One day I received a quite unexpected visit. The Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of Alexander II., who was inspecting the fortress, entered my cell, followed only by his aide-de-camp. The door was shut behind him. He rapidly approached me, saying, "Good-day, Kropotkin." He knew me personally, and spoke in a familiar, good-natured tone, as to an old acquaintance. "How is it possible, Kropotkin, that you, a page de chambre, a sergeant of the corps of pages, should be mixed up in this business, and now be here in this horrible casemate?"

"Every one has his own opinions," was my reply.

"Opinions! So your opinions were that you must stir up a revolution?"

What was I to reply? Yes? Then the construction which would be put upon my answer would be that I, who had refused to give any answers to the gendarmes, "avowed everything" before the brother of the Tsar. His tone was that of a commander of a military school when trying to obtain "avowals" from a cadet. Yet I could not say No: it would have been a lie. I did not know what to say, and stood without saying anything.

"You see! You feel ashamed of it now" —

This remark angered me, and I at once said in a rather sharp way, "I have given my replies to the inquiring magistrate, and have nothing more to say."

"But understand, Kropotkin, please," he said then in the most familiar tone, "that I don't speak to you as an inquiring magistrate. I speak quite as a private person, — quite as a private man," he repeated, lowering his voice.

Thoughts went whirling in my head. To play the part of Marquis Posa? To tell the Emperor through the grand duke the desolation of Russia, the ruin of the peasantry, the arbitrariness of the officials, the terrible famines in prospect?

To say that we wanted to help the peasants out of their desperate condition, to make them raise their heads, — and by all this try to influence Alexander II.? These thoughts followed one another in rapid succession, till at last I said to myself: “Never! Nonsense! They know all that. They are enemies of the nation, and such talk would not change them.”

I replied that he always remained an official person, and that I could not look upon him as a private man.

He then began to ask me indifferent questions. “Was it not in Siberia, with the Decembrists, that you came to such ideas?”

“No; I knew only one Decembrist, and with him I had no talks worth speaking of.”

“Was it then at St. Petersburg that you got them?”

“I always was the same.”

“Why! Were you such in the corps of pages?”

“In the corps I was a boy, and what is indefinite in boyhood grows definite in manhood.”

He asked me some other similar questions, and as he spoke I distinctly saw what he was driving at. He was trying to obtain avowals, and my imagination vividly pictured him saying to his brother: “All these examining magistrates are imbeciles. He gave them no replies, but I talked to him ten minutes, and he told me everything.” That began to annoy me; and when he said to me something to this effect, “How could you have anything to do with all these people, — peasants and people with no names?” — I sharply turned upon him and said, “I have told you already that I have given my replies to the examining magistrate.” Then he abruptly left the cell.

Later, the soldiers of the guard made quite a legend of that visit. The person who came in a carriage to carry me away at the time of my escape wore a

military cap, and, having sandy whiskers, bore a faint resemblance to the Grand Duke Nicholas. So a tradition grew up amongst the soldiers of the St. Petersburg garrison that it was the grand duke himself who came to rescue me and kidnapped me. Thus are legends created even in times of newspapers and biographical dictionaries.

V.

Two years had passed. Several of my comrades had died, several had become insane, but nothing was heard yet of our case coming before a court.

My health gave way before the end of the second year. The oak stool now seemed heavy in my hand, and the five miles became an endless distance. As there were about sixty of us in the fortress, and the winter days were short, we were taken out for a walk in the yard for twenty minutes only every third day. I did my best to maintain my energy, but the “arctic wintering” without an interruption in the summer got the better of me. I had brought back from my Siberian journeys slight symptoms of scurvy; now, in the darkness and dampness of the casemate, they developed more distinctly; that scourge of the prisons had taken hold of me.

In March or April, 1876, we were at last told that the Third Section had completed the preliminary inquest. The “case” had been transmitted to the judicial authorities, and consequently we were removed to a prison attached to the court of justice, — the house of detention.

It was an immense show prison, recently built on the model of the French and Belgian prisons, consisting of four stories of small cells, each of which had a window overlooking an inner yard and a door opening on an iron balcony; the balconies of the several stories were connected by iron staircases.

For most of my comrades the transfer to this prison was a great relief.

There was much more life in it than in the fortress; more opportunity for correspondence, for seeing one's relatives, and for mutual intercourse. Tapping on the walls continued all day long undisturbed, and I was able in this way to relate to a young neighbor the history of the Paris Commune from the beginning to the end. It took, however, a whole week's tapping.

As to my health, it grew even worse than it had lately been in the fortress. I suffocated in the close atmosphere of the tiny cell, which measured only four steps from one corner to another, and where, as soon as the steam pipes were set to work, the temperature changed from a glacial cold to an unbearable heat. Having to turn so often, I became giddy after a few minutes' walk, and ten minutes of outdoor exercise, in the corner of a yard inclosed between high brick walls, did not refresh me in the least. As to the prison doctor, who did not want to hear the word "scurvy" pronounced "in his prison," the less said of him the better.

I was allowed to receive food from home, it so happening that one of my relatives, married to a lawyer, lived a few doors from the court. But my digestion had become so bad that I was soon able to eat nothing but a small piece of bread and one or two eggs a day. My strength rapidly failed, and the general opinion was that I would not live more than a few months. When climbing the staircase which led to my cell in the second story, I had to stop two or three times to rest, and I remember an elderly soldier from the escort once commiserating me and saying, "Poor man, you won't live till the end of the summer."

My relatives now became very much alarmed. My sister Hélène tried to obtain my release on bail, but the procureur, Shúbin, replied to her, with a sardonic smile, "If you bring me a doctor's certificate that he will die in ten days,

I will release him." He had the satisfaction of seeing my sister fall into a chair and sob aloud in his presence. She succeeded, however, in gaining her request that I should be visited by a good physician, — the chief doctor of the military hospital of the St. Petersburg garrison. He was a bright, intelligent, aged general, who examined me in the most scrupulous manner, and concluded that I had no organic disease, but was suffering simply from a want of oxidation of the blood. "Air is all that you want," he said. Then he stood a few minutes in hesitation, and added in a decided manner, "No use talking, you cannot remain here; you must be transferred."

Some ten days later I was transferred to the military hospital, which is situated on the outskirts of St. Petersburg, and has a special small prison for the officers and soldiers who fall ill when they are under trial. Two of my comrades had already been removed to this hospital prison, when it was certain that they would soon die of consumption.

In the hospital I began at once to recover. I was given a spacious room on the ground floor, close by the room of the military guard. It had an immense grated window looking south, which opened on a small boulevard with two rows of trees; and beyond the boulevard there was a wide space where two hundred carpenters were engaged in building wooden shanties for typhoid patients. Every evening they gave an hour or so to singing in chorus, — such a chorus as is formed only in large carpenters' *artels*. A sentry marched up and down the boulevard, his box standing opposite my room.

My window was kept open all the day, and I batted in the rays of the sun, which I had missed for such a long time. I breathed the balmy air of May with a full chest, and my health improved rapidly, — too rapidly, I began to think.

I was soon able to digest light food, gained strength, and resumed my work with renewed energy. Seeing that by no means should I finish the second volume of my work, I wrote a résumé of it, which was printed in the first volume.

In the fortress I had heard from a comrade who had been in the hospital prison that it would not be hard for me to escape from it, and I made my presence there known to my friends. However, escape proved far more difficult than I had been told. A stricter supervision than had ever been heard of before was exercised over me. The sentry in the passage was placed at my door, and I was never let out of my room. The hospital soldiers and the officers of the guard who occasionally entered it seemed to be afraid to stay more than a minute or so.

Various plans were made by my friends to liberate me, — some of them very amusing. I was, for instance, to file through the iron bars of my window. Then, on a rainy night, when the sentry on the boulevard was dozing in his box, two friends were to creep up from behind and overturn the box, so that it would fall upon the sentry and catch him like a mouse in a trap, while I, in the meantime, was to jump out of the window. But a better solution came in an unexpected way.

"Ask to be let out for a walk," one of the soldiers whispered to me one day. I did so. The doctor supported my demand, and every afternoon, at four, I was allowed to take an hour's walk in the prison yard. I had to keep on the green flannel dressing gown which is worn by the hospital patients, but my boots, my vest, and my trousers were delivered to me every day.

I shall never forget my first walk. When I was taken out, I saw before me a yard full three hundred paces long and more than two hundred paces wide, all covered with grass. The gate was open,

and through it I could see the street, the immense hospital opposite, and the people who passed by. I stopped on the doorsteps of the prison, unable for a moment to move when I saw that yard and that gate.

At one end of the yard stood the prison, — a narrow building, about one hundred and fifty paces long, — at each end of which was a sentry box. The two sentries paced up and down in front of the building, and had tramped out a footpath in the green. Along this footpath I was told to walk, and the sentries walked beside me, — so that I was never more than ten or fifteen paces from the one or the other. Three hospital soldiers took their seats on the doorsteps.

At the opposite end of this spacious yard wood for fuel was being unloaded from a dozen carts, and piled up along the wall by a dozen peasants. The whole yard was inclosed by a high fence made of thick boards. Its gate was open to let the carts in and out.

This open gate fascinated me. "I must not stare at it," I said to myself; and yet I looked at it all the time. As soon as I was taken back to my cell I wrote to my friends to communicate to them the welcome news. "I feel well-nigh unable to use the cipher," I wrote with a tremulous hand, tracing almost illegible signs instead of figures. "This nearness of liberty makes me tremble as if I were in a fever. They took me out to-day in the yard; its gate was open, and no sentry near it. Through this unguarded gate I will run out; my sentries will not catch me," — and I gave the plan of the escape. "A lady is to come in an open carriage to the hospital. She is to alight, and the carriage to wait for her in the street, some fifty paces from the gate. When I am taken out, at four, I shall walk for a while with my hat in my hand, and somebody who passes by the gate will take it as the signal that all is right within the prison. Then you must return a signal: 'The street is clear.'

Without it I shall not start: once beyond the gate I must not be recaptured. Light or sound only can be used for your signal. The coachman may send a flash of light, — the sun's rays reflected from his lacquered hat upon the main hospital building; or, still better, the sound of a song that goes on as long as the street is clear; unless you can occupy the little gray bungalow which I see from the yard, and signal to me from its window. The sentry will run after me like a dog after a hare, describing a curve, while I run in a straight line, and I *will* keep five or ten paces in advance of him. In the street, I shall spring into the carriage and we shall gallop away. If the sentry shoots — well, that cannot be helped; it lies beyond our foresight; and then, against a certain death in prison, the thing is well worth the risk."

Counter proposals were made, but that plan was ultimately adopted. The matter was taken in hand by our circle; people who never had known me entered into it, as if it were the release of the dearest of their brothers. However, the attempt was beset with difficulties, and time went with terrible rapidity. I worked hard, writing late at night; but my health improved, nevertheless, at a speed which I found appalling. When I was let out into the yard for the first time, I could only creep like a tortoise along the footpath; now I felt strong enough to run. True, I continued to go at the same tortoise pace, lest my walks should be stopped; but my natural vivacity might betray me at any moment. And my comrades, in the meantime, had to enlist more than a score of people in the affair, to find a reliable horse and an experienced coachman, and to arrange hundreds of details which always spring up like mushrooms around such conspiracies. The preparations took a month or so, and any day I might be moved back to the house of detention.

At last the day of the escape was set-

tled. June 29, old style, is the day of St. Peter and St. Paul. My friends, throwing a touch of sentimentalism into their enterprise, wanted to set me free on that day. They had let me know that in reply to my signal "All right within" they would signal "All right outside" by sending up a red toy balloon. Then the carriage would come, and a song would be sung to let me know when the street was open.

I went out on the 29th, took off my hat, and waited for the balloon. But nothing of the kind was to be seen. Half an hour passed. I heard the rumble of a carriage in the street; I heard a man's voice singing a song unknown to me; but there was no balloon.

The hour was over, and with a broken heart I returned to my room. "Something must have gone wrong," I said to myself.

The impossible had happened that day. Hundreds of children's balloons are always sold at St. Petersburg, near the Gostinói Dvor. That morning there were none; not a single balloon was to be found. One was discovered at last, in the possession of a child, but it was old and would not fly. My friends rushed then to an optician's shop, bought an apparatus for making hydrogen, and filled the balloon with it; but it would not fly any better: the hydrogen had not been dried. Time pressed. Then a lady attached the balloon to her umbrella, and, holding the umbrella high over her head, walked up and down in the street along the high wall of our yard; but I saw nothing of it, — the wall being too high, and the lady too short.

As it turned out, nothing could have been better than that accident with the balloon. When the hour of my walk had passed, the carriage was driven along the streets which it was intended to follow after the escape; and there, in a narrow street, it was stopped by a dozen or more carts which were carrying wood to the hospital. The horses of the

carts got into disorder, — some of them on the right side of the street, and some on the left, — and the carriage had to make its way at a slow pace amongst them; at a turning it was actually blocked. If I had been in it, I should have been caught.

Now a whole system of signals was established along the streets through which we should have to go after the escape, in order to give notice if the streets were not clear. For a couple of miles from the hospital my comrades took the position of sentries. One was to walk up and down with a handkerchief in his hand, which at the approach of the carts he was to put into his pocket; another was to sit on a stone and eat cherries, stopping when the carts came near; and so on. All these signals, transmitted along the streets, were finally to reach the carriage. Friends had also hired the gray bungalow that I had seen from the yard, and at an open window of that little house a violinist stood with his violin, ready to play when the signal "Street clear" reached him.

The attempt had been settled for the next day. Further postponement would have been dangerous. In fact, the carriage had been taken notice of by the hospital people, and something suspicious must have reached the ears of the authorities, as on the night before my escape I heard the patrol officer ask the sentry who stood opposite my window, "Where are your ball cartridges?" The soldier began to take them in a clumsy way out of his cartridge pouch, spending a couple of minutes before he got them. The patrol officer swore at him. "Have you not been told to-night to keep four ball cartridges in the pocket of your coat?" And he stood by the sentry till the latter put four cartridges into his pocket. "Look sharp!" he said as he turned away.

The new arrangements concerning the signals had to be communicated to me at once; and at two on the next day a

lady — a dear relative of mine — came to the prison, asking that a watch might be transmitted to me. Everything had to go through the hands of the procureur; but as this was simply a watch, without a box, it was passed along. In it was a tiny cipher note which contained the whole plan. When I read it I was seized with terror, so daring was the feat. The lady, herself under pursuit by the police for political reasons, would have been arrested on the spot, if any one had chanced to open the lid of the watch. But I saw her calmly leave the prison and move slowly along the boulevard.

I came out at four, as usual, and gave my signal. I heard next the rumble of the carriage, and a few minutes later the tones of the violin in the gray house sounded through our yard. But I was then at the other end of the building. When I got back to the end of my path which was nearest the gate, — about a hundred paces from it, — the sentry was close upon my heels. "One turn more," I thought; but before I reached the farther end of the path the violin suddenly ceased playing.

More than a quarter of an hour passed, full of anxiety, before I understood the cause of the interruption. Then a dozen heavily loaded carts entered the gate and moved to the other end of the yard.

Immediately, the violinist — a good one, I must say — began a wildly exciting mazurka from Kotsky, as if to say, "Straight on now, — this is your time!" I moved slowly to the nearer end of the footpath, trembling at the thought that the mazurka might stop before I reached it.

When I was there I turned round. The sentry had stopped five or six paces behind me; he was looking the other way. "Now or never!" I remember that thought flashing through my head. I flung off my green flannel dressing gown and began to run.

For many days in succession I had practiced how to get rid of that imma-

surably long and cumbrous garment. It was so long that I carried the lower part on my left arm, as ladies carry the trains of their riding habits. Do what I might, it would not come off in one movement. I cut the seams under the armpits, but that did not help. Then I decided to learn to throw it off in two movements: one casting the end from my arm, the other dropping the gown on the floor. I practiced patiently in my room until I could do it as neatly as soldiers handle their rifles. "One, two," and it was on the ground.

I did not trust much to my vigor, and began to run rather slowly, to economize my strength. But no sooner had I taken a few steps than the peasants who were piling the wood at the other end shouted, "He runs! Stop him! Catch him!" and they hastened to intercept me at the gate. Then I flew for my life. I thought of nothing but running, — not even of the pit which the carts had dug out at the gate. Run! run! full speed!

The sentry, I was told later by the friends who witnessed the scene from the gray house, ran after me, followed by three soldiers who had been sitting on the doorsteps. The sentry was so near to me that he felt sure of catching me. Several times he flung his rifle forward, trying to give me a blow in the back with the bayonet. One moment my friends in the window thought he had me. He was so convinced that he could stop me in this way that he did not fire. But I kept my distance, and he had to give up at the gate.

Safe out of the gate, I perceived, to my terror, that the carriage was occupied by a civilian who wore a military cap. He sat without turning his head to me. "Sold!" was my first thought. The comrades had written in their last letter, "Once in the street, don't give yourself up: there will be friends to defend you in case of need," and I did not want to jump into the carriage if it was occupied by an enemy. However,

as I got nearer to the carriage I noticed that the man in it had sandy whiskers which seemed to be those of a warm friend of mine. He did not belong to our circle, but we were personal friends, and on more than one occasion I had learned to know his admirable, daring courage, and how his strength suddenly became herculean when there was danger at hand. "Why should he be there? Is it possible?" I reflected, and was going to shout out his name, when I caught myself in good time, and instead clapped my hands, while still running, to attract his attention. He turned his face to me — and I knew who it was.

"Jump in, quick, quick!" he shouted in a terrible voice, calling me and the coachman all sorts of names, a revolver in his hand and ready to shoot. "Gallop! gallop! I will kill you!" he said to the coachman. The horse — a beautiful racing trotter, which had been bought on purpose — started at full gallop. Scores of voices yelling, "Hold them! Get them!" resounded behind us, my friend meanwhile helping me to put on an elegant overcoat and an opera hat. But the real danger was not so much in the pursuers as in a soldier who was posted at the gate of the hospital, about opposite to the spot where the carriage had to wait. He could have prevented my jumping into the carriage or could have stopped the horse by simply rushing a few steps forward. A friend was consequently commissioned to divert this soldier by talking. He did this most successfully. The soldier having been employed at one time in the laboratory of the hospital, my friend gave a scientific turn to their chat, speaking about the microscope and the wonderful things one sees through it. Referring to a certain parasite of the human body, he asked, "Did you ever see what a formidable tail it has?" "What, man, a tail?" "Yes, it has; under the microscope it is as big as that." "Don't tell me any of

your tales!" retorted the soldier. "I know better. It was the first thing I looked at under the microscope." This animated discussion took place just as I ran past them and sprang into the carriage. It sounds like a fable, but it is a fact.

The carriage turned sharply into a narrow lane, past the same wall of the yard where the peasants had been piling wood, and which all of them had now deserted in their run after me. The turn was so sharp that the carriage was nearly upset, when I flung myself inward, dragging toward me my friend; this sudden movement righted the carriage.

Two gendarmes were standing at the door of a public house, and gave to the military cap of my companion the military salute. "Hush! hush!" I said to him, for he was still visibly excited. "All goes well; the gendarmes salute us!" The coachman thereupon turned his face toward me, and I recognized in him another friend, who smiled with happiness.

Everywhere we saw friends, who winked to us or gave us a Godspeed as we passed at the full trot of our beautiful horse. Then we entered the large Nevsky Perspective, turned into a side street, and alighted at a door, sending away the coachman. I ran up a staircase, and at its top fell into the arms of my sister-in-law, who had been waiting in painful anxiety. She laughed and cried at the same time, bidding me hurry to put on another dress and to crop my conspicuous beard. Ten minutes later my friend and I left the house and took a cab.

In the meantime, the officer of the guard at the prison and the hospital soldiers had rushed out into the street, doubtful as to what measures they should take. There was not a cab for a mile round, every one having been hired by my friends. An old peasant woman from the crowd was wiser than all the lot. "Poor people," she said, as if talking to

herself, "they are sure to come out on the Perspective, and there they will be caught if somebody runs along that lane, which leads straight to the Perspective." She was quite right, and the officer ran to the tramway car that stood close by, and asked the men to let him have their horses to send somebody on horseback to the Perspective. But the men obstinately refused to give up their horses, and the officer did not use force.

As to the violinist and the lady who had taken the gray house, they too rushed out and joined the crowd with the old woman, whom they heard giving advice, and when the crowd dispersed they went also.

It was a fine afternoon. We drove to the islands where all the St. Petersburg aristocracy goes on bright spring days to see the sunset, and called on the way, in a remote street, at a barber's shop to shave off my beard, which operation changed me, of course, but not very much. We drove aimlessly up and down the islands, but, having been told not to reach our night quarters till late in the evening, did not know where to go. "What shall we do in the meantime?" I asked my friend. He also pondered over that question. "To Donon!" he suddenly called out to the cabman, naming one of the best St. Petersburg restaurants. "No one will ever think of looking for you at Donon," he calmly remarked. "They will hunt for you everywhere else, but not there; and we shall have our dinner, and a drink too, for the success of your escape."

What could I reply to so reasonable a suggestion? So we went to Donon, passed the halls flooded with light and crowded with visitors at the dinner hour, and took a separate room, where we spent the evening till the time came when we were expected. The house where we had first alighted was searched less than two hours after we left, as were also the apartments of nearly all our friends. Nobody thought of making a search at Donon.

A couple of days later I was to take possession of an apartment which had been engaged for me, and which I could occupy under a false passport. But the lady who was to go with me took the precaution of visiting it first by herself. It was thickly surrounded by spies. So many of my friends had come to inquire whether I was safe there that the suspicions of the police had been aroused. Moreover, my portrait had been printed by the Third Section, and hundreds of copies had been distributed to policemen and watchmen. All the detectives who knew me by sight were looking for me in the streets; while those who did not were accompanied by soldiers and warders who had seen me during my imprisonment. The Tsar was furious that such an escape should have taken place in his capital in full daylight, and he had ordered, "He *must* be found."

It was impossible to remain at St. Petersburg, and I concealed myself in country houses in its neighborhood. In company with half a dozen friends, I stayed at a village frequented at this time of the year by St. Petersburg people bent on picnicking. Then it was decided that I should go abroad. But from a foreign paper we had learned that all the frontier stations and railway termini in the Baltic provinces and Finland were closely watched by detectives who knew me by sight. So I determined to travel in a direction where I would be least expected. Armed with the passport of a friend, I crossed Finland, and went northward to a remote port on the Gulf of Bothnia, whence I crossed to Sweden.

After I had gone on board the steamer, and it was about to sail, the friend who was to accompany me to the frontier told me the St. Petersburg news, which he had promised our friends not to tell me before. My sister Hélène had

been arrested, as well as the sister of my brother's wife, who had visited me in prison once a month after my brother and his wife went to Siberia.

My sister knew absolutely nothing of the preparations for my escape. Only after I had escaped a friend had told her the welcome news. She protested her ignorance in vain: she was taken from her children, and was kept imprisoned for a fortnight. As to the sister of my brother's wife, she had known vaguely that something was to be attempted, but she had had no part in the preparations. Common sense ought to have shown the authorities that a person who had officially visited me in prison would not be involved in such an affair. Nevertheless, she was kept in prison for over two months. Her husband, a well-known lawyer, vainly endeavored to obtain her release. "We are aware now," he was told by the gendarme officers, "that she has had nothing to do with the escape; but, you see, we reported to the Emperor, on the day we arrested her, that the person who had organized the escape was discovered and arrested. It will now take some time to prepare the Emperor to accept the idea that she is not the real culprit."

I crossed Sweden without stopping anywhere, and went to Christiania, where I waited a few days for a steamer to sail for Hull, gathering information in the meantime about the peasant party of the Norwegian Storting. As I went to the steamer I asked myself with anxiety, "Under which flag does she sail, — Norwegian, German, English?" Then I saw floating above the stern the union jack, — the flag under which so many refugees, Russian, Italian, French, Hungarian, and of all nations, have found an asylum. I greeted that flag from the depth of my heart.

P. Kropotkin.

THE LAME BOY.

LATHAM was about to take the aisle seat; but he remembered his wife and stood aside, smiling a good-natured confession of his absent-mindedness.

When they were seated Mrs. Latham said, "How did you come to think of me?" She looked up at him, her eyes shining over the joke of his abstraction.

The man smiled again, but more vaguely. A light reply occurred to him; but his thoughts were running too strongly back to the absorbing coil of that problem which he had left, evidenced by a wide litter of papers and law books on his study table.

He was well enough aware of the scene, — the theatre-like hall, the stage in front prodigally framed in flowers, the people filling the seats about. He nodded here and there, and he was aware that other people glanced at him.

His face was easily recognized even from these variously caricaturing portraits which appeared in the newspapers from time to time. The short sandy hair, inclining from each side, ran together in a sort of snarl above the centre of his broad, sloping, aggressive brow. This odd snarl was repeated in miniature in the meeting of his heavy eyebrows. The eyes themselves looked dim behind the gold-bowed glasses. From each side of his wide, blunt nose a deep furrow ran down, and a welt of tough colorless flesh lay over the furrow. The mouth was rather small; the chin square, with a cleft in the middle. His strong, well-made hands lay one on each arm of the seat. Mrs. Latham dropped her wrist across the hand which monopolized the arm between their seats, and instantly drew it away, leaning a little to the other side so as not to disturb him. Latham was trying to recall the precise language of that decision in the 32d Illinois, — a bore to be away from one's

books. But he again supposed, in an undercurrent consciousness, that a Commencement was an affair demanding some sacrifice, if one had a son.

Music began, and banished the slight, superficial annoyance of the stirring and chattering about him. He approved of music. It made a good atmosphere to think in. Some other affairs went forward on the stage, to which he gave at moments a cursory attention.

Ah, the boy! Latham made a strong winking with both eyes. His big frame slid further down in the seat. He softly laid the tips of his fingers together. He was ready to listen.

A slight lad, about eighteen, was coming to the front of the stage, walking with a distinct limp. Abruptly, quite unexpectedly, a dull pang touched Latham's heart. Such a misfortune to be lame in youth!

The boy's stiff leg had always been a sorrow, naturally; but for years a familiar, accepted sorrow, like a death that had happened long ago. Now, as the slender young figure stood forth so conspicuously in a moment when youth should be triumphant — Oddly, Latham recalled the girl who had lately stood there singing; even out of his mental remoteness there emanated a sense of the joy of her young, vigorous, beautiful limbs, like a perfume remembered after it has passed. His boy's lameness became vitally of the present. There were his own huge, tireless limbs, his own bodily vigor that was equal to anything. He felt an impotent, pitying wish to give the boy a fairer endowment. Another thing struck him with new force, — it was the mother's face up there.

The lad was speaking. His subject was *The Duties of Citizenship*. Latham had smiled over it vaguely when his wife told him.

At first, as he listened, there was a slight movement of his lips, like the beginning of a smile. But very soon that ceased, and slowly, step by step, a large wonder took possession of him.

This essay was callow enough in the main, sophomorical enough, romantic enough. Latham knew that he could blow the thing over with a breath; that he could riddle it with a gibe; that a movement of his finger would be enough to shatter it. But he was not thinking of that. The emotion in his mind amounted to this: Where had the boy come by those thoughts? This boy, who half an hour before had seemed so familiar, as thoroughly imbedded in the intimate environment of his life as the chair in his study, in respect of whom his indefinite and unformulated impression had been that he could draw his finger around the whole circumference of the younger existence, — by what miracle had he suddenly developed the universe of an independent mind?

For there was thought here. The lawyer's mind, without conscious analysis, recognized the independent intellectual force. Much was taken at second hand, much was false, much was flimsy; but the boy had thought. The father perceived, with extreme surprise, that the son had been standing apart in his individuality, trying, considering, pondering. Latham sympathetically translated himself to the lad's place. He understood that this speaker had been weighing and judging his father, and his father's world.

It occurred to Latham that he must have known this would happen, — but only "some time," a time far off. Again he felt a kind of immense pity. He had always proposed vaguely to do what he could about forming the boy's mind; and behold! while he slept the forming had taken place.

It touched his affection, and at the same time, indistinctly, it stirred a self-pity in him, as though he had irreparably

lost something. He looked around at his wife, moving his hand a little to touch her arm with an unwonted softness. But at the first light contact she drew her arm away, and bent a little further to the other side, just as she had at first when her arm disturbed his hand. Instantly, in the play of new-wrought emotion, Latham saw that this was simply her habitual, long-schooled, sweet sacrifice to the inexorable demands of his preoccupation. Then he saw her face more fully, and his hand slipped back from the arm of the seat. In a queer flash he felt a fear of disturbing her.

She sat well forward. Her rapt face was fixed upon the speaking boy so intently that she seemed to have entered into his being, to be speaking with him.

It was in a way the boy's face, with its soft dark eyes, short straight nose, and gentle mouth and chin, — still a well-preserved, pretty face, its comeliness dignified by the slight powdering of gray in the smooth brown hair. Her hands rested in her lap. Now and then they stirred with a slight unconscious nervous motion. Her lips, too, moved a little now and then. In a moment Latham perceived that she was in fact speaking with the boy. It came to him with sudden insight how the boy had often gone to her with this essay; how she had read and listened to it; how she had absorbed it as a part of his life. The words from the stage failed to impress him as he hung on this new wonder.

Soon he saw something else, — that it was the moment of the woman's tenderest and completest triumph. She had heard him speak a few times. He had humored her wish with good-natured tolerance. But now he knew that nothing he could do would ever move her as this boy's speech did. Though he should lay a new corner stone of law or compel a senate, her heart would not be suffused with this tender exultation. He felt strangely lonely.

Getting into the carriage, he wished to sit by his wife, to feel her beside him, to touch her. But she and the lad took the back seat as a matter of course. He had already patted the boy's shoulder and mumbled something about the essay. As the carriage wheeled around, the boy said, with a kind of gentle boldness, "Did n't you like Rose's singing, father?"

"Yes," replied Latham absently, engrossed in his surprises. At once the mother and son fell to talking together in low tones. It wounded the man, although he knew well enough it was his own work.

When they entered the house, Latham went at once stolidly up the ample curving stairs, while the other two loitered in the hall. On the second floor he mechanically pushed through the door to his study, turned on the electric lights, and sat down in the big leather-covered chair before the long table, covered with its professional litter, from which he had torn himself reluctantly. His wife had appeared at the door putting on her gloves, and said, "It's time now, Edward," and he had got up quickly, for she always gave him the last second.

Now, as he looked down at the pile of papers and the opened books, a singular repugnance filled his mind. How long he had toiled at those things! How many days!

He had succeeded. The house was spacious. There was money enough. His name was a host. But at this moment he felt a kind of disgust, a kind of anger, toward that admirable mind of his; that splendid, tireless, insatiable machine, which wrought ceaselessly day and night, and ground up his life. He was lonely. He got up and stepped to the small secretary in the corner. He explored a little drawer, then another, and drew out a yellow cabinet photograph of his wife, taken in the year they were married. It came to him just how she used to sit at the piano and play lightly and sing

softly to herself in the evening, while he pored over his law books. There was not this spaciousness in their appointments then. He was just struggling up to his first small successes. He had not looked at this photograph for years.

Where had those years gone? He could count them in lawsuits fought, in fees won. They were written deep in those yellow-backed books about him. But he was getting old. He was old. His son had grown up unawares. His own wife, — how had that sprinkling of gray come into her hair, when it was only yesterday that she was like this picture?

Suddenly that solid world of affairs in which he had lived seemed phantasmagorical, hollow, a dream in which somehow he had lost his life. For the better part of it was lost. Soon he would be bent, decrepit, joy would be forever behind him.

He slipped the photograph into his inner coat pocket. He turned to the door with a kind of anxious despair, as though he felt the strength going out of his rugged limbs, as though he felt age overwhelming him. He wished most of all to take his wife's hand, to sit beside her, to feel himself again loving and beloved, to warm away the frost that touched his heart.

He crossed the hall, pushed open the door of his wife's room, and hesitated on the threshold. The boy sat beside his mother. They were talking together.

The son's presence was a shock. Somehow, to Latham's perception, that presence made his own simple, ardent outflowing of tenderness half grotesque, half silly, as though the lad had caught him in something unseemly. He felt embarrassed, almost sheepish.

The mother and son had stopped talking the moment he appeared. The woman looked up at him, serene, gentle, loyal, half ready to rise, expecting that he would ask for something.

Latham pulled a chair over, and sat

down before them. He wished to say: "I am very lonely; go on talking; let me hear what it is that you always have to say to each other." But what he did say was: "I thought I'd come in and see how the young orator felt after his effort." He spoke smilingly; but the words struck him as patronizing, as possibly suggesting a sarcasm.

The boy glanced down. The mother looked at him fondly. "He feels very well, I guess," she said. Her hand brushed the hair back from his forehead.

The boy turned with a shy eagerness. "Did you think I was right, father?"

Latham smiled tolerantly, and replied at once: "Oh, bless you, no. You were quite wrong. But you spoke very well, and it was fairly original. That is the main thing at your age."

The lad's eyes fell quickly. He put his hand, as by an unconscious motion, to the arm of his mother's chair. She put her hand over it caressingly.

Then Latham saw that he had hurt the boy; that the youth's thought was as precious to him as the man's to him. This perception wounded him. "Why can they not understand me?" he asked himself bitterly, half resentfully.

"I thought it was very good, Edward," said the mother, more to the lad than to him; and comfortingly, not contentiously.

Latham saw again how close they were to each other. It came to him that if she no longer played and sung to herself softly, it was because the boy had filled up her life. Long ago she had been lonely many a time, just as he was to-night. But the human nature in her had taken its perfect revenge. The boy was all she required. The husband was left to the preoccupations on which he had insisted.

"Very likely it was altogether good. I am apt to be mistaken — about many things," said Latham. He felt that he spoke dryly, even that it sounded some-

what bitter. His wife looked at him with a faint surprise. There was a brief, awkward pause. Something else came to his lips; but it was not the right thing. He sat a moment, embarrassed, helpless.

"Have you finished your work so early?" Mrs. Latham asked.

He felt it to be simply a politeness, — the sort of speech that one makes when nothing else comes to one.

"No, I have more to do," he answered, and he rose from his chair.

For an instant the woman glanced up at him. The momentary sense of a loss, of an affectionate desire, stirred in her. But he had taken one look at her, and was turning away. It was the law of their lives. She said nothing.

It had come to Latham that, after all, he had nothing to say to these dear strangers in his house. His thought and their thought were a world apart, and he had lost the trick of interpretation, — lost it somehow in those years of intense application that had worn his mind in grooves, so that, however well it went along its own path, a distraction had come to be painful to him.

He took his loneliness back to his den. His will was set now, and he bent grimly over his task.

Two hours later he stood up, wiping his glasses. He was tired, but content. The brief lay outlined before him. He knew the men were few who could have done it so well and so quickly. The old mill ground!

He touched something in his pocket, and drew out his wife's picture. He smiled over it a little mournfully, but without any bitterness. His manner of life was fixed. He was Latham. A sense of his capacity, of his power, stirred in him. He felt the solid structure of his success. Thank God, at any rate, he had made an enduring rock, in the shadow of which their lives were secure. Let him be the rock. There were not too many of them.

Will Payne.

IN THE ORCHARD.

THE thick grass, and the blue, blue sky,
The clover and the timothy,
And, overhead, July ;
Bird echoes sounding faint and fine,
And your heart beating close to mine.

Slow whispers in the apple boughs
Of murmuring leaves a-drowse,
That passing breezes rouse ;
And flickering webs of silver, spun
By the white fingers of the sun.

Dim silences beneath the trees,
Lulled sometimes by the hum of bees
Afloat on summer seas ;
The dry air sparkling up like wine,
And your heart pulsing close to mine.

The sense of living, keen as pain,
When the tense heartstrings seem to strain
While golden moments wane ;
In near-by fields the song of birds,
And now no need nor wish for words.

Now nothing matters ; each for each
With the long lessons love can teach
Without or sound or speech ;
And soft winds blow, and far suns shine,
With your heart leaping, close to mine.

Ernest McGaffey.

UNMARKED, A GLORY.

I HEARD two youths make moan, and say
Each his wish, upon a day.
Stood the first beside his plough :
Angrily he wiped his brow,
And, " Ah ! " he cried, " that I might be
What else I might, so I were free
To live my life, and cast behind
These mindless tasks that cramp the mind,
These shackles of the commonplace
That crush out all life's finer grace ! "

At Nightfall.

The second lifted up his head,
 Heavy with toil, and sadly said :
 " Would I might leave the town for aye !
 Surely, beneath the open day,
 Among the hills, I should not pine
 That naught worth having might be mine ;
 That all that life to me could give
 Was to make ready still to live ! "
 Then saw I how about them lay,
 Unmarked, a glory, all the day.
 The one scarce looked beyond his plough,
 Although it seamed a mountain's brow,
 And half the world, below, outspread
 Its mystic meanings, all unread !
 The other let mankind go by,
 Nor dreamed the things he sought were nigh ;
 He saw a thousand faces shine,
 With eyes that knew not the divine ;
 And walked the streets where life was lived,
 Longing for life — and hopeless grieved !

F. Whitmore.

AT NIGHTFALL.

SUNK is the sun behind the western trees,
 And the long shadows melt into the dusk ;
 The garden flowers look palely through hushed leaves,
 Freighting the air with heavy-scented sweets.
 Sleep.

Now falls the night, down sifting through the air
 Lulled waftures of soft-dropping silences ;
 And slumber-breathing darkness shrouds thine eyes.
 Sleep.

The idle hands lie folded in the lap,
 Forgetting the long travail of the day ;
 The playthings we call work are all put by ;
 And all the rankling of the bitter world,
 Like a dull snake, coils up itself to sleep ;
 And peace falls, like a flutter of white doves.
 Sleep.

For sin, and pain, and passion, and all ills
 That tear the unshielded weakness of our souls,
 The power that bids us suffer gives us sleep ;
 And he that says he has no faith lies down

And in all faith resigns his soul to sleep.
Sure of the morning and the light again,
Forth ebbs the soul upon the tide of dreams.
Sleep.

And all alike are folded in one love ;
And all alike are guided by one will ;
And on each heart fall the cool dews of rest.
Sleep.

Love, thou art weary, and thine eyes are wet —
Sleep.

Albert Phelps.

LETTERS BETWEEN TWO POETS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER.

II.

IN the early part of July, 1876, Mr. Lanier was in Philadelphia for a few days, at the time when his first volume of poems (containing *Corn*, *The Symphony*, *The Psalm of the West*, *In Absence*, *Acknowledgment*, *Betrayal*, *Special Pleading*, *To Charlotte Cushman*, *Rose-Morals*, and *To —*, with a *Rose*, with the dedicatory stanzas *To Charlotte Cushman*) was published by the Lippincotts. He was just recovering from a sharp attack of the disease which he was to fight continuously for the next five years, but the cheerful serenity brought him by his growing power in his art is written large over the hint of physical distress in the next letter: —

July, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I write a mere note to say, in answer to your kind inquiry about my volume, that Mr. Peacock brought up a copy yesterday which had just been sent to the Bulletin office, from which I presume that the book is now published. I've been here (at the Peacocks') for several days, very ill, and

have not seen the publishers in a long time, — which accounts for my lack of more precise knowledge. The book is called simply *Poems* By S. L. I'll have a copy sent you as soon as I get out. . . .

I found pleasure in learning from your letter that the *Eve*. Post had copied the sonnets. I can't tell you with what ravishing freedom and calmness I find myself writing, in these days, nor how serene and sunny the poetic region seems to lie, in front, like broad upland fields and slopes. I write all the time, and sit down to the paper with the poems already done. I hope to have out another volume soon of work which will show a much quieter technique than this one. A modern French writer has spoken of the works of the great artists of the world as being like the high white clouds which sail calmly over a green valley on a summer day. This seems to me very beautiful. . . .

WEST CHESTER, PA., *July 19, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I'm just crawling back into some sort of shambling activity after a very depressing illness; and my congratulations on the suc-

cess of your Ode will therefore not be considered by you as too late to enter in.

I found that General Hawley had been kind enough to send me an invitation to the platform; but it did not arrive until some days after the event, having been sent to Baltimore, and forwarded from several other addresses, before finally reaching me. I hear, however, the most pleasant accounts of the complete success both of your matter and your manner on the "stately day" from Mr. Peacock. My retired position—we are boarding at a farmhouse about a mile from West Chester, Mr. Thompson's—has rather taken me out of range of the newspapers, and I have seen no newspaper account of the ceremonies except the *Pha. Bulletin's*. I sincerely hope that the malice which you thought likely might seize this opportunity to vent itself has recoiled before the calm and noble front of your Ode. I have not seen or heard any evidences of its activity. . . .

NEW YORK, *July 21, 1876.*

MY DEAR LANIER, — I'm very glad to hear from you. Am really dead from heat and unending work, and can only thank you for your kind congratulations. The Ode made an impression which amazed me; it is something worth living for. Of course all sneers are powerless now; but they are on hand! . . .

Fluidly, yet faithfully,

B. T.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — In spite of the rejected poem which your letter contained, I was glad — O Might of Friendship (for I fondly expected twenty-five dollars instead of this manuscript!) — to get your little message. I don't at all know why they sent it to you: the poem contained my address plainly written on the last page. It was making you *particeps criminis*. In order that you may see the unrelieved

blackness of their (*i. e.*, Dr. Holland's) guilt, I send you the poem and message accompanying, which you can read in some little by-time when you've nothing better to do.

As to the pen and ink and all toil, I've been almost suppressed by continual illness. I can't tell you how much I sigh for some quiet evenings at the Century, where I might hear some of you talk about the matters I love, or merely sit and think in the atmosphere of the thinkers. I fancy one can almost come to know the dead thinkers too well: a certain mournfulness of longing seems sometimes to peep out from behind one's joy in one's Shakespeare and one's Chaucer,—a sort of physical protest and yearning of the living eye for its like. Perhaps one's friendship with the dead poets comes indeed to acquire something of the quality of worship, through the very mystery which withdraws them from us, and which allows no more messages from them, cry how we will, after that sudden and perilous Stoppage. I hope those are not illegitimate moods in which one sometimes desires to surround one's self with a companionship less awful, and would rather have a friend than a god. . . .

September 23, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I've read your poem over several times, and am quite clear about it. The title, *The Waving of the Corn*, is slightly fantastic, rather than fanciful, and the word, or act, of waving is too weak for a refrain. The last stanza is quite unnecessary: it drops out of the tone of the three preceding ones, forces a moral where none is needed, and is in no sense poetical. *Voilà tout!* I don't know that precisely these things decided Dr. Holland; but I feel pretty sure that he would have accepted the poem had they not been. The rest is so sweet, tranquil, and beautiful that it has the best right to be, without a moral. Now, don't take offense, but let me make the changes in your manuscript

and send it with this, just to show you, not how I should have written it (our ways are not the same, you know), but how I think you should have written it. The feeling of peace and blissful pastoral seclusion is so exquisitely expressed that the poem should be restricted to that only. . . .

Ever faithfully,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I think I could get *The Galaxy* to take the poem.

October 6, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I've been absent in Baltimore, and this will explain my delay in writing to thank you for the evident trouble you were at in behalf of my poem. Your somewhat serious defense of Dr. Holland leads me to fear, a little, that you misunderstood my allusion to his "criminality," etc., in rejecting the poem, — which I meant for the merest joke. A good deal of experience in these matters renders it quite impossible for me to have any *feeling* as to the judgment of any given person upon the merits of a poem, or its availability for magazine purposes; for I have seen that these judgments depend upon two elements which are infinitely variable: the mood of the person judging, and the particular idea which he may have formed in his mind of that phantasm called the General Public. Certainly, nothing can be more striking than the perpetual reversal of such decrees by time and the popular tide; and the day is quite past when I could be in the least disturbed by any contemporary judgment either as to the artistic quality or probable popularity of a poem.

I am thus didactically particular for the reason that you really seemed to think I was cherishing enmity against the — gentlemen, whereas the fact is that I feel greatly obliged to them for a general reception of my little offerings far more heartily than I could expect, in view of our wholly different ways of looking at things.

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And as for your prefacing your own suggestions with "Now don't take offense, but," etc., nothing could be more absurd: offense, indeed!

I find myself agreeing with two of your verbal criticisms on *The Waving of the Corn* (the "haply undainty" and the equivocal "faint"), and though not agreeing at all with your condemnation of the last stanza, I think I will strike it out, as likely to produce a disagreeable impression of moralizing. In reality it is a vigorous carrying out of the idea of *personal* tranquillity; advancing beyond that to the conception of the larger tranquillity of *Society*.

It's very good of you to offer to try *The Galaxy*; but I would n't like the poem to win a place in print upon any influence save its own merits: and if this objection were disposed of, I could not bear to think of giving such trouble to so busy a man as I know you to be.

Pray tell me of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Have the world, the flesh, and the devil completely crowded the sweet typic Man and Woman to the wall? I hope you manage to escape into their larger realm sometimes. . . .

October 22, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I hope you'll like these inclosed sonnets,¹ from the November number of Lippincott's, just out. I believe I think more of the two first than of anything I have done; the last two are redactions of two earlier ones which I think you have seen in manuscript. . . .

Your friend,

S. L.

November 15, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — . . . It's very pleasant to get such good news (barring the illness) of your poetic activity. All poets have *periods*, and you are just passing from one into another. I have seen and felt this, but did not say so, because I was not sure whether you quite knew it yourself; but *now* I may

¹ Acknowledgment.

freely say that I comprehend the change, and rejoice in it for your sake. I am especially glad to hear that you are thinking already of a new volume: the technique is really an important matter, — as much so in verse as in sculpture.

I await the volume with real interest, although I probably know the whole of it already. But poems, somehow, have a different atmosphere when they are collected and placed side by side; so I shall be sure to get new views of your achievements.

As for myself, the lectures are not overabundant. If I save enough during the whole winter to take me to the Sulphur Springs of Virginia for two months next summer, I must be satisfied. I am quite fagged and wearied, — incapable of poetry, hardly capable of my routine work on the Tribune. . . . I am not naturally despondent, but it's a little hard to keep cheerful when one is physically depressed. . . .

I have lately found a new friend in the Portland Press (apparently a woman), a critic of rare insight and sympathy. But I have also a word of cheer for you: I see that you are finding quiet friends, genuine appreciators — therefore *Sursum corda!* All will be right in the end.

December 6, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — My physician has become alarmed at the gravity and persistence of my illness, and orders me immediately to Florida, denouncing death unless a warm climate is speedily reached. He might as well talk to the stars whose light has n't yet reached us as try to persuade me that any conceivable combination of circumstances could induce me to die before I've written and published my five additional volumes of poems; nevertheless, it is decided that my wife is to leave here with me on Monday night next for Florida, and I'm scratching this hasty note in the possibility that your nomadic habits might bring you to Philadelphia within

that time, simply to ask that you won't fail — if they should bring you here — to give me a final sight of you. .

TAMPA, FLA., *January 11, 1877.*

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — What would I not give to transport you from your frozen sorrows instantly into the midst of the green leaves, the gold oranges, the glitter of great and tranquil waters, the liberal friendship of the sun, the heavenly conversation of robins and mocking-birds and larks, which fill my days with delight!

But if I commence in this strain I shall never have done; and I am writing in full rebellion against the laws now in force over the land of Me, — which do not yet allow me to use the pen by reason of the infirmity of my lung; yet I could not help sending you some little greeting for the New Year, with a violet and a rose, which please find herewithin. The violet is for purity, — and I wish that you may be pure all this year; and the rose is for love, — and I'm sure I shall love you all the year.

We are quite out of the world, and know not its doings. The stage which brings our mail (twice a week only) takes three days to reach the railroad at Gainesville; and it is a matter of from nine days to any conceivable time for a letter to reach here from New York. Nevertheless, — nay, all the more therefor, — send me a line, that I may know how you fare, body and soul.

I received a check for fifteen dollars from Mr. Alden, Ed. Harper's, for the poem you sent to him; and I make little doubt that I owe its acceptance to the circumstance that you sent it. I hear of an *International Review*, but have not seen any copy of it: do you think it would care for anything like the inclosed? — a poem which I have endeavored to make burn as hotly as, yet with a less highly colored flame than, others of mine. If you do, pray direct the envelope; if not, address it to *The Galaxy*,

unless you think that inadvisable: in which last event, keep the copy, if you like.

I had a very cordial letter from Mr. Eggleston about my volume of poems, which gave me pleasure.

I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I improve decidedly; I see no reason to doubt that I shall be soon at work again. In truth, I "bubble song" continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as a toper from his tipple. . . .

January 27, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I have been away, lecturing and snow-bound, cold and hungry, among the drifts of Central New York, and come back to find your most welcome letter, written on my birthday (though you did n't know it!), with the smell of the violet and rose as fresh — for about five minutes — as when you gathered them. Something of the endless summer of Tampa came to me in your letter, and I am still full of the longing to be beside those blue waters and where "im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn."

Last night I spent with Stedman and Dudley Buck, and we talked much of you. Buck played the accompaniment, and Mr. Brown (a barytone) sang your last song in Scribner's, the *Cleopatra Night*; so that I have heard it before you! It is simply superb. . . .

I shall send your poem immediately to *The Galaxy*. *The International Review* is a mean concern, — publishes little poetry, pays its authors next to nothing, and has n't much circulation. I know Church, of *The Galaxy*, and am free to ask him not only to publish the poem, but also to pay you properly. If I see him to-night at the *Century*, I can settle the matter in two minutes. If you have anything more, of a simple, melodious quality, send it to me, and I'm much mistaken if I can't get it into *The Atlantic*.

Your song in Scribner's was much copied. In the *New Library of Song*, to which Bryant's name is attached as editor, — though he does n't edit it much, — your *Cantata* is published beside Whittier's *Hymn* and my *Ode*. So pluck up heart, and don't be discouraged! We must all wait.

I wish I had time to send you the manuscripts of two late poems I have written, *An Assyrian Chant* and *Peach-Blossom*. I have two or three more waiting for the lucky hour — but alas! Ah me! Eheu! Ay de mi! I am ground to the dust with work and worry. I live from day to day, on the verge of physical prostration. Nothing saves me but eight to ten hours of death-like sleep every night. Of course everything must wait, — my *Life of Goethe*, my lyrical drama, everything that is solely and dearly mine. . . .

Ever affectionately,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

February 5, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I inclose Sheldon & Co.'s (*Galaxy*) check for \$25, for your Beethoven. I tried hard to get \$40 for it, but failed. I have also carefully read the proof, and was much tempted to change a word, —

The *slanders told* by sickly eyes, — but it seemed too great a liberty. However, I did make one or two necessary changes in punctuation. . . .

I wish you could have been here Saturday evening to hear Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* — not that I liked it! I'm through with my outside lecturing. We have soft airs and clear spring skies, and all my fatigues are falling off me like a snake's old skin. I hope to come out (poetically) in new and shining scales. Send me a poem for *The Atlantic*! Pardon haste: we both greet you both.

TAMPA, FLA., February 7, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Your letter, bringing many pleasant words, came

on my birthday ; which I consider a fair reciprocation for mine, written (as you tell me) on yours. My wife had managed to arrange my room, with the help of some cunning female friends, without my knowledge ; and when I awoke in the morning I found myself in the midst of a very brave array of flowers. During the day our apartment was further hung with wreaths of gray moss, bamboo vines, and fragrant spruce pine tassels to such a degree that I felt like a whole Sunday-school celebration all by myself ; and in the afternoon, among a lot of pleasant mail matter, came your letter.

I was never able to stay angry in my life ; and I should meet — without ever letting him know how much pain he had given me. . . . It only increased the pain of the wound that it was given in this advisory way which would have made me seem very truculent to resent it ; and there was nothing to do but get off into some brake of silence, like a deer with a shot in the flank, and lick mine own wound. This seems extravagant, but it is not, compared with the real suffering : it was *such* a fall for my vanity, to think that any human being could have dreamed me capable of such a thought, after having seen me twice !

Voilà tout. As for forgiveness : the summer and the silence here have been very medicinal to me : since I have been here I've thought over the few people that ever wrong'd me, and I don't find in my heart the least speck of hard feeling against anybody in the world.

Pray keep the inclosed little poem, and send it anywhere you think it might be accepted. I should mention that Scribner's, Harper's, and Lippincott's, each has a poem of mine on hand (and you'll care to hear that Scribner's paid me twice as much as ever before for the last one, bought a couple of weeks ago). Don't charge your mind with it ; and pray don't be at the trouble of writing any

recommendations, or the like. I cannot bear to think of taking your time. . . .

Have you seen a somewhat elaborate notice of me in *The Graphic*, by Orpheus C. Kerr ?

I should like to see your Assyrian Chant, and specially Peachblossom. If you could only see the plum trees, the roses, the orange blossoms, here !

God bless you.

TAMPA, FLA., February 11, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — In the poem I've just sent you, — *The Bee*, — it occurs to me that I have carelessly used the pronoun "him" referring to the bee, — forgetting that, although the worker bees were formerly thought to be sexless, they have recently been found to be imperfectly developed females. Pray let me trouble you, therefore, to substitute "its" for "his" in the sixteenth line from the beginning, —

Thrust up its sad-gold body lustily ;

and also "it" for "him" in the thirty-sixth line from the beginning, —

Perceived it poisoning o'er a fresh new cup.

I am, too, in some little doubt about the words "*on his wings*," six lines further on from the last quoted, —

He hath a sense of pollen on his wings.

While I know that the pollen used by the bee *for food* is carried in the "pollen baskets" of the legs, I am not sure whether any of the pollen used in crop fertilization is carried *on the wings* ; my impression is that it mostly adheres *to the body*. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to substitute for this line the following : —

Some sense of pollen every poet brings.
(Of pollen for to make thee fruitful, etc., etc.)

To how many sins one leadeth . . . is shown in all this trouble I'm giving you in consequence of failing to be strictly accurate at first.

I write in great haste, to save a mail.

TAMPA, FLA., February 25, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Yours with The Galaxy check came safely, bringing me heaviness of purse and lightness of heart, — for both of which pray hold yourself thankful.

About the piece for the —, I am afflicted with doubts which I find myself unable to solve. Once, in my early pleiocene epoch, before the man had appeared in any of my formations to supplant the crude monsters of earlier periods, I sent Corn to Mr. —: and, upon his refusing it, I tried, some time afterwards, a couple of sonnets, accompanied by a note asking (poor green goose that I was! As if an editor had time for such things! — but I really knew no better) if he would not do me the favor to point out in these a certain “mysticism” of which he had complained in Corn. This he did not answer; only returning the two poor little sonnets with the usual printed refusal.

This looked so much like a pointed invitation to me to let him alone that I have never had the courage to trouble him since. I thought his treatment was very cold at that time and wrote so once to —, who had been friends of mine. Of course I now see how absurdly callow and unreasonable were my views then; but this does not diminish the mortification with which I remember the ignominious termination of my efforts in that direction; and while I do not retain the least spark of feeling against Mr. —, I do not feel at all sure but *he* may remember *me* as an absurd person whom he was obliged to rebuff by silence. What would *you* do? I’m sure I do not want to be finical. . . .

I have occasional backsets, due to the warm climate; but there is now no doubt the lung is healing rapidly, and I am much better. I hope your project for the German lectures (which I saw announced in the Evening Post) has been successful. What a foolish noise is this about Deirdré! It is just a poor dull

piece of orthodox verse. I do not find an *idea* in it, from beginning to end; and the imitations of Homer’s ideas affect me unpleasantly. Moreover, the story is too little for an epic. There is n’t wind enough for so much canvas; whereby the latter is pot-bellied, and bags absurdly.

My wife joins me in affectionate messages to you and Mrs. Taylor. I wish I could gossip a little, but mine infirmity of the pen arm saith, Forbear.

TAMPA, March 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I earnestly hope you’ll like this:¹ it is written with a very full heart! I wanted to say all manner of fair things about you; but I was so intensely afraid of appearing to plaster you that I finally squeezed them all into one line, —

In soul and stature larger than thy kind;

which in truth has kept saying itself over within me ever since it was written, until I have come to take infinite satisfaction in it.

If you like this well enough to be willing that I should print it, pray give me a hint in what direction I had better send it; I mean, where you would best like it to appear.

I have just seen the Beethoven in The Galaxy. A queer mistake in punctuation occurs when it says, —

When luminous lightnings blindly strike;
The sailor praying on his knees
Along with him that’s cursing God, etc.

The semicolon marked is an error. The verb “strike” governs “The sailor,” etc., in the following line: the luminous lightnings blindly strike (not only) the sailor praying, etc., but also the sailor cursing, etc. I speak of it as a queer error, because I am amused to see that a sort of dim sense may be evolved out of it even as it stands. On seeing the poem in print, I find it faulty: there’s too much matter in it; it is like reading the dic-

¹ Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut.

tionary, — the meanings presently become confused, not because of any lack of distinctness in each one, but simply because of the numerous and differing specifications of ideas.

Did you get a letter from me inclosing a poem called *The Bee*?

But I must stop writing. God bless you.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1877.

(You know the address.)

MY DEAR LANIER, — Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery! What else can I say? Does not that explain all? Two courses of twelve lectures on German Literature, here and at Brooklyn, daily work on the *Tribune*, magazine articles (one dismally delayed), interruptions of all sorts, and just as much conscience as you may imagine pressing upon me to write to you and other friends! The fact is, I am so weary, fagged, with sore spots under the collar bone, and all sorts of indescribable symptoms which betoken lessened vitality, that I must piteously beg you to grant me much allowance.

I got your second letter about *The Bee* just in time; for I had meant to send it to — that very morning. What you said made me pause for a few days; but I have at last decided to send it none the less, and it will go to-morrow morning! I see no other place for it. The poem is very charming. I shall make the changes you desire, although *je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. You see I admit your full right; but not one man in 10,000,000 will know enough about bees to notice any scientific mistake. I must send you a long magazine article I have just written on Tennyson, to illustrate the fault of overattention to details. You are right about the Beethoven: it is too crowded, and the ideas are not clearly expressed. I must say frankly ("which I should not") that *The Chestnut Tree* is very fine: only *do* say something else instead of "colic." Three hundred years ago a poet could say that: not now. And I would not put the stanzas in *Italic*: it is so far

from the fashion of the day that people will think it equivalent to the author saying, "Mark how fine this is!" We must yield something to the custom, just as we wear horrid stovepipe hats. I return it, because, as you will understand, I can't offer it anywhere; yet I am sure Scribner would publish it. Why not change the title to *The Chestnut Tree* at (or of) Cedarcroft? It seems a little less personal. The line you mention *is* fine, apart from mine own interest in it; too good as applied to me. Somehow, I feel as if such things might be said after a man is dead, — hardly while he is living. But that *you* feel impelled to say it now gives me a feeling of dissolving warmth about the heart. You must not think, my dear friend, simply because I recognize your genius and character, and the purity of the aims of both, that I confer any obligation on you! From you, and all like you, few as they are, I draw my own encouragement for that work of mine which I think may possibly live. . . .

Ever faithfully and affectionately your friend,
BAYARD TAYLOR.

April 15, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I am very glad to get yours of March 29th, from which I infer (though you don't say so) that you must be better. Since my two lecture courses are over and I have stopped magazine work, I am getting fresher and stronger, and have decided to go to Cedarcroft instead of Florida! . . .

— returned *The Bee* along with my *Assyrian Night Song*, having no mind for either. But for this fact I should regret having sent yours. I have several times half resolved never to send him another poem; but now I wholly resolve. He has personal whim in place of clear critical judgment. I shall next try — with a better hope of success.

Pray let me know what your plans are, — especially what your physical condition is, — where you expect to pass the

summer, etc. I must go to Cornell University for ten days in May; shall work here until July 1st, then take a holiday for July and August, spending the former month at the White Sulphur, Virginia. My overwork comes solely from the necessity of providing means for this necessary summer rest. But now the end is secured, and I shall take life more easily. . . .

BRUNSWICK, GA., April 26, 1877.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Pray don't trouble to send *The Bee* to —. I have n't the least idea of letting you act as poem-broker for me any longer. I'm now getting well enough to write a little, and May (that's my wife) is becoming a capital secretary.

If you should not have sent off *The Bee* before this reaches you, I'll trouble you to inclose it to me. I've kept no copy, and am not sure that I remember it exactly.

Have you happened to see the illustrations to an extravaganza of mine¹ (a sort of story which one "makes up as he goes along," to a lot of importunate youngsters) in the May number of *St. Nicholas*? They seem to me, who am but little of a critic, however, in such matters, to be very charming. Mrs. Dodge appears not to have received the proof sheets, which I returned from Tampa, in time; for in them I carefully corrected some very disagreeable repetitions and faults of punctuation which appear in the publication.

I believe there is a little scrap of a poem of mine in *Scribner's* for May, but I have n't seen it.

I take real delight in thinking of you at Cedarcroft among the leaves. How fares my Master, the Chestnut-tree? If you only had there the infinite sweetness of spring which is now in full leaf and overflowing song all about us here! I have at command a springy mare, with ankles like a Spanish girl's, upon whose

¹ A Fairy Tale for Grown People.

back I go darting through the green overgrown woodpaths like a thrasher about his thicket. The whole air seems full of fecundity: as I ride, I'm like one of those insects that are fertilized on the wing, — every leaf that I brush against breeds a poem. God help the world, when this now hatching brood of my *Ephemerae* shall take flight and darken the air. . . .

Tell Mrs. Taylor I wish we could send her a rose from the little garden of the house where we sojourn; though we don't dare to pick one often, by reason that a mocking-bird is sitting on her eggs in the spirea bush, and we shrink from disturbing the tranquillity of her mind at this interesting period.

Your friend,

S. L.

May 9, 1877.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I return your *Bee* with a sense of discouragement at my inability to find a place for it. I went to Harpers' meaning to read it aloud to Alden, but did n't find him. I thought I could thus make more impression, and get a prompt decision. I read it the other day to Boker, who was here, and he said the — does n't have more than two as good poems in a year. . . .

In your last letters you say very little about your physical condition. I should like to hear that you are getting back strength, and overcoming, no matter how slowly, the persistent trouble. To be sure, your hint of poetic activity is an encouraging sign, and I hope it has its source in more vigorous blood.

As for me, I do nothing but "loaf and invite my soul," when I am not at work. My soul does n't respond to the invitation, as yet. . . .

Ever faithfully,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MACON, GA., May 25, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Yours with *The Bee* — my poor little bee, my humblest of humble-bees — came to me here.

Within two weeks from now I hope to see you, and the anticipation gives me a great deal of pleasure. I seem to be fairly on the high road to health, — almost within the boundaries, indeed, of that most lovely state, — and am quite agog with all manner of matters, about many of which I desire greatly to talk with you.

The talk here is of the advance of corn, and of the failure of our City Bank; and, so far as concerns any man I have yet conversed with, there is absolutely nothing in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth but corn and the City Bank. Perhaps if I had several thousand bushels of the former, or a large deposit in the latter, these topics might interest me more. But I have n't; and when I think how I shall enjoy tackling you about something or other, — say Emerson, whom I have been reading all the winter, and who gives me immeasurable delight because he does not propound to me disagreeable systems and hideous creeds, but simply walks along high and bright ways where one loves to go with him, — then I am ready to praise God for the circumstance that if corn were a dollar a bushel I could not, with my present finances, buy a lunch for my pony. .

MY DEAR LANIER, — Just back from giving six lectures at Cornell University, and your letter from Macon awaits me. It is most welcome, for *at last* you give me a word about your physical state, and a good word it is.

I can't write much, for there is a pile of unanswered letters at my left hand. We shall be here until July 1st; then we go directly to the White Sulphur Springs for a month, and shall divide August between Cedarcroft and a visit to some friends at Newport. I long with inexpressible longing for the release from work; for although somewhat of the work seems to tell, — to give me a slight increase of influence in literary circles,

— it is not what I would choose to do, were I free.

As you say "two weeks from now," I count on seeing you here soon. I shall be very glad to see you taking my thin claret and cheap cigars again, and to talk over your new plans, — for I suppose they are *new*. I also need a change in my way of living, and a few possibilities have lately turned up. We all need to live at least twenty-five years longer, to get our reward. But mine, as yet, is only half earned: all I care for is leisure *to labor*. . . .

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 9, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I am merely writing a line to inclose the two slips which you will find herein, and which I thought might interest you apropos of what you were telling me the other day. The Philadelphia Ledger, from which the slip of July 7th is cut, is so reliable in these matters that I suppose there can be no doubt of the substantial fact as therein stated; though it seems wonderful that the originators of such a movement should not have been immediately struck with the propriety of sending the translator of Goethe to Germany instead of to Russia or to Belgium.

But is n't Russia *or Belgium* a somewhat queer alternative, — something like offering a man either the presidency of the United States *or* the postmastership of Kennett Square?

I send you to-day a Boston magazine containing a portrait of me which I think will amuse you, particularly the smutched one accompanying the biographical sketch inside. This, this is Fame: to have your "visnomy" transformed into that of a keen blue-nosed New England manufacturer of shoe pegs.

I have not often seen anything more tragic than my wife's indignation over this woodcut; nor have I succeeded in allaying her resentment by my sympathetic assurance that I think it the unkindest cut of all.

My wife joins me in friendly messages to you both. With earnest wishes that you may be drawing strength from the dear mountains, as it were from the very breasts and big nipples of our Mother Earth,

Faithfully your friend,

S. L.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., August 26, 1877.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — . . . I should have been inclined to think you a very shabby Colossus indeed, — to stay away for a week when there were so many Rhodes from here to Kennett, — if I had not gathered from your brief note that you were either very busy or very worried, or both. I do hope you are now more at ease from whatever may have troubled you.

In truth, I particularly longed for one whole free day about this lovely house with you. Do you know the place, — old Mr. George Brinton's? To the west is a vista running for miles along the Brandywine: it's so fine that you can fancy, every sunset, that the sun has gone that way on purpose to see the country over there. A long green hill in front of the house slopes down to the river; and within a few feet is a wild ravine, through which a stream runs down to the great rock-built milldam.

Tell me how fare our friends Pro- and Epi-metheus, as also Deucalion and Pyrrha, with attendant Spirits and Voices. As for me, all this loveliness of wood, earth, and water makes me feel as if I could do the whole universe into poetry; but I don't want to write anything large for a year or so: and thus I content myself with throwing off a sort of spray of little songs, whereof the magazines now have several. . . .

Faithfully yours,

SIDNEY L.

BALTIMORE, MD., October 6, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I have been in the unsettled state of a bear who

goes poking about the logs and coverts in search of a place to hibernate; and this nomadic condition has kept me from answering your letter. I had thought of being in Washington during the winter. There was some prospect that either a small consulate or some minor place in one of the Departments would be given me. But, from what I can gather, places of this sort are rarely obtained except by *personal* application and persistence. Of course I cannot come down to that, and so have let the matter go. If anything should be offered I will cheerfully take it, but I will do no urging or solicitation of any sort. . . .

The editors of The Galaxy write me that a poem of mine, called A Dream of the Age: To Richard Wagner, will appear in the November number. As it is about time for that to be in print, — and as they are sometimes slow in remitting when I write, — will you take the trouble to call at Sheldon's (I think it is 8 Murray St.) and get the check and send it to me? The poem is about seventy-five or eighty lines, if I am not mistaken. I would n't bother you with this, but I really need the money. . . .

My Bee is in the October Lippincott's. Tell me what you are doing with Deucalion. Have you seen a poem by Swinburne, of which the refrain is, "*Villon*, our sad mad bad glad brother's name"? Sad mad bad glad is not intended for a joke. It's a wild panegyric of Villon.

Will you squelch the Atlantic contributor who is unhappy about Goethe?

With cordial messages to Mrs. Taylor,

Your friend,

SIDNEY L.

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 6, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — When I tell you that since I saw you I have searched the city of Baltimore for a dwelling suitable to my little flock, have found one, have cajoled the landlord into

a hundred repairs and betterments, have painted, whitewashed, weather-stripped, and new-locked-and-bolted the entire establishment, have furnished it with all manner of odds and ends purchased from all manner of cheap Johns, have got in my coal and my wood, have provided a lot of oatmeal and hominy against the wolf, have hired a cook and general domestic, have arranged with the daily milkman and all his peripatetic tribe, have done at least a million and sixteen other things, and have finally moved in and settled, you will understand why both Christmas and New Year passed without greetings from me to you. Though it has been a desperate piece of work, it seems a mere bagatelle when looked back upon from the serene delight with which we all find ourselves at last in something like a home. I think I could wander about the house — we have nine rooms! — for a month, with my hands in my pockets, in supreme content with treading upon my own carpets and gazing at my own furniture. When I am on the street, there is a certain burgher-like heaviness in my tread; why should I skip along like a bladdery Bohemian? I am a man of substance. I am liable, look you, for water rates, gas bills, and other important disbursements incident to the possession of two gowns and everything handsome about me.

Let me have some news of yourself, — “yourself” being a term which of course includes Mrs. Taylor and the poem.

I send you part of a Christmas poem¹ which I wrote specially for the purpose of giving an engraver a good chance for four fine woodcuts. Don't you think a sheep painter could make four lovely pictures by carrying into detail the mere hints given in the poem? . . .

Accept my loving wish for the New Year, — that it may be full of new creations from your hand; for this, to the artist, is supreme happiness.

¹ The Hard Times in Elf-Land.

January 20, 1878.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I was wondering what had become of you, when your letter arrived. It was pleasant to find you so active and well contented in your new home, and I relished your delight in it, having had exactly the same sensation here, three years ago, after living so long in trunks and satchels.

The Baltimore papers have no literary criticism, — not a particle. Can't you persuade the best of them to try the experiment with you? There's such a *stay* in having regular work of some kind. I think your New Year poem charmingly quaint and fanciful; and so do several persons to whom I have shown it. I wanted to get it into the Weekly Tribune, and the editor only declined because New Year was ten days past, and there was a stock of poetry impatiently waiting. . . .

BALTIMORE, MD., February 3, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was sorry to miss you and Mrs. Taylor when I called on Monday. My cold had taken such possession of me on Sunday evening that I found it prudent to keep my room. I delivered your books to the servant. I read through the three volumes on Sunday; and upon a sober comparison I think Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* worth at least a million of *Among My Books* and *Atalanta in Calydon*. In the two latter I could not find anything which has not been much better said before; but *Leaves of Grass* was a real refreshment to me, — like rude salt spray in your face, — in spite of its enormous fundamental error that a thing is good because it is natural, and in spite of the world-wide difference between my own conceptions of art and its author's.

I did not find a fitting moment to mention to you a matter in which I am much interested. I have an unconquerable longing to stop all work for a few months except the study of botany, French and German, and the completion

of a long poem which I have been meditating. In order to do this, I hoped it might be possible to utilize a tract of timberland, containing about a thousand acres, which I own in Georgia. I have somewhere heard that there was an association or institution of some sort in New York for helping literary people; and it occurred to me that such a corporation might take my lands in pledge for a loan of five or six hundred dollars. I should want it for twelve months. The lands lie immediately on a railroad which runs to Savannah, and whose main business is the transportation of lumber and timber to that port. They are in a portion of the state which is now attracting much attention from the North Carolina turpentine distillers and lumbermen, and which has recently developed great capacities for sheep-raising. They are also valuable for agricultural purposes, after all the timber is cut off.

Tell me if any such institution exists. I asked Mr. Bryant about it while in New York: he did not know of it at all. He added that if he were now as prosperous as he was five or six years ago, he would have offered to advance the money himself on the lands, — which was a very kind thought.

Don't give yourself the least concern about this. Of course it is n't at all probable that any such association exists, if Mr. Bryant does not know of it; and I don't suppose I would mention it to you at all except for the anxiety with which I long to draw my breath after a hard fight, and to get the ends of my thoughts together, as Carlyle says.

I hope Mrs. Taylor is quite recovered from her cold. As for you, you range over such an enormous compass both of literary and terrestrial ground that I would not be at all surprised to hear at any moment that you were off for

The long wash of Australian seas,
in order to deliver a lecture at Sydney

upon Limoges Enamel, thence to Cape Town for the purpose of reading a dissertation on the Elohist Division of the Book of Genesis, thence home by way of Reikiavik (I deny any obligation to spell this dreadful word correctly), where you were to recite an original poem (in Icelandic) on the Relation of Balder to Pegasus.

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

The succeeding letter is a congratulatory one from the same hand: —

February 11, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — It is long since I have had a keener pleasure than the announcement of your nomination¹ brings me. I have just read it; and without having time for more than a word I devote that to the practical question, — can I be of any service in the matter of the confirmation by the Senate? Will there be any opposition at all there? The Senator from Alabama is a dear friend of mine, and I can ask *anything* of him; besides, the Senators from Georgia and one from Mississippi — Mr. Lamar — are all gentlemen with whom my relations are very friendly. If there is the least likelihood of necessity for arraying your friends, please let me know, so that I may have the pleasure of telling these Senators what I know about you.

God speed your final appointment. Is n't it simply too delightful? I could kiss Mr. Hayes, in behalf of the Fitness of Things, — which was never more graciously worshiped than by this same nomination.

My wife joins me in hearty congratulations to you both.

Your friend, SIDNEY L.

February 19, 1878.

MY DEAR LANIER, — There's a rewarding as well as an avenging fate! What a payment for all my years of pa-

¹ As Minister to Germany.

tient and unrecognized labor! But you know just what the appointment is to me. It came as a surprise, after all; and a greater amazement is the wonderful and generous response to it from press and people. I feel as if buried under a huge warm wave of congratulation.

I heard indirectly, yesterday, that the Southern Senators are delighted, and will not fail to vote for confirmation. Still, if you could say a word to Lamar, it might be a further assurance; as a Southern man, your indorsement would certainly strengthen me. But pray don't go to any special trouble, for Bryant and Reid think the confirmation certain. I can only write a word to-day, for there is no end to the kindly telegrams and letters, and I wish to answer them all. . . .

BAYARD TAYLOR.

March 4, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The inclosed letter from Mr. Lamar came this morning. Its expressions are so cordial towards you that I thought you might care to see it.

With new delight each day I regard the prospect before you. I shall begin to love Mr. Hayes! A man who appoints you Minister to Germany and who vetoes the Silver Bill . . . is a man who goes near to redeem the time.

But I cannot now do more than send you a violet. I'm making some desperate efforts to get steady work, of any kind; for I find I cannot at all maintain our supplies of daily bread by poetry alone. So far I have failed in getting any constant work, but I keep trying for it, and I do not doubt it will come.

My wife sends hearty messages to you and Mrs. Taylor. As for me, you know how I am always your grateful and affectionate

S. L.

March 25, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Some time when you're riding in a street car, and

haven't anything important to think about, — or rather, don't *want* to think of anything important, — won't you be kind enough to read this sonnet¹ (if you can) and find out if it is quite too absurd? Of course it is merely meant to please a friend here, — a woman who plays Beethoven with the large conception of a man, and yet nurses her child all day with a noble simplicity of devotion such as I have rarely seen; being withal, in point of pure technique, the greatest piano-player I ever heard.

I have been studying German in the wee minutes allowed by other occupations, without a teacher, and don't want you to think I would with malice pre-pense try to write a poem in that tongue.

I mark a thousand pleasant things about you in the newspapers, and rejoice heartily in them all. God speed you in your whole work.

Your friend,

S. L.

There is here a gap of over six months in the correspondence, Mr. Taylor having left the United States to enter upon his duties as Minister to Germany. The last letter of the series is from Mr. Lannier: —

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,

October 20, 1878.

MY DEAREST MINISTER, — always a minister of grace to me, — I have long forborne to write you, because I knew your whole mind would be occupied with a thousand new cares, and I could not bear to add the burden of a letter thereto. But you must be getting easy in the new saddle by this; and somehow I feel that I can't wait longer before sending you a little love letter that shall at least carry my longing over the big seas to you. Not long ago I was in New York for some days; but you were in Germany, and the city seemed depopulated. There were multitudes of what Walt Whitman calls Little plenti-

¹ To Nannette Falk-Auerbach.

ful manikins skipping about in collars and tailed coats; but my Man, my *hæleða leofost* (as it is in *Beowulf*), was wanting, and I wandered disconsolately towards 142 E. 18th St., — where I used so often and so ruthlessly to break in upon your labors, — as if I could *wish* you back into your chair, rolling out the prophecy of Deucalion. Even the Westminster Hotel had new proprietors, and I felt a sense of intentional irony in its having changed from the European to the American plan, — as if for pure spite because you had left America and gone to Europe. My dear, when *are* you coming back?

A short time ago, I found in a second-hand bookstall a copy of Sir Henry Wotton's works and letters printed in 1685, and bought it — with about all the money I had; for a joke of old Sir Henry's on a minister carried my mind to you. Having been asked (he narrates the story himself, being then on a ministerial journey through Germany) to write in an album, he chose to define a Minister, and said, *a Minister is a man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country*.

I have seen your Deucalion announced, but nothing more. Indeed, I have been so buried in study for the past six months that I know not news nor gossip of any kind. Such days and nights of glory as I have had! I have been studying Early English, Middle English, and Elizabethan poetry, from *Beowulf* to Ben Jonson; and the world seems twice as large. I inclose a programme of lectures I am going to give before a class of subscribers at the Peabody Institute this winter, from which you will see the drift of my work.

You will also care to know that Scribner's has accepted three papers of mine on The Physics of Poetry, in which I have succeeded in developing a complete system of prosody for all languages

from the physical constitution of sound. It has given me indescribable pleasure to be able, through the principles therein announced, to put formal poetry on a scientific basis which renders all its processes perfectly secure.

If you should see an Appletons' Journal for the current month, — November, — you may be interested in an experiment of mine therein with logæædic dactyls, called The Revenge of Hamish. Another freer treatment of the same rhythm by me will appear in a book to be issued by Roberts Brothers in the No Name Series (called the Masque of Poets), under the heading The Marshes of Glynn, — though all this last is as yet a secret, and not to be spoken of till the book shall have been out and been cast to the critics for a while. I hope to find a publisher for my book on English prosody¹ next spring; also for my historical and critical account, in two volumes, of The English Sonnet-Makers from Surrey to Shakspeare; and I am in treaty with Scribner's Sons for a Boy's Froissart which I have proposed to them, and which they like the idea of, so far. By next autumn I trust I will have a volume of poetry (The Songs of Aldhelm) in print, which is now in a pigeon-hole of my desk half jotted down. During the coming week I go to Washington and Philadelphia, to arrange, if possible, for delivering my course of lectures before classes in those cities.

There! I have reported progress up to date. Who better than you — who looked so kindly upon my poor little beginning — has the right to know how far I've gone? . . .

God bless you and keep you ever in such fair ways as follow the fair wishes of

Your faithful

SIDNEY L.

Mr. Taylor died at Berlin a few weeks after this letter reached him.

Henry Wysham Lanier.

¹ The Science of English Verse.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE devices to which the writer of to-day resorts for securing a proper emotional attitude toward a crisis remind one rather strongly of the artifices of the melodramas of cheap theatres. In these there is a general tendency of the minor characters to explain at considerable length what a truly heroic hero their particular hero is; and when he performs any deed of valor or self-sacrifice or magnanimity, the whole company is quite obtrusively overcome with admiration. The current novelist approaches a climax in the same fashion, carefully providing some kind of explanatory chorus whose business it is to make sure that the public shall not fail to realize the impressiveness or the strangeness or the pathos.

The methods of doing this differ widely. In the old days the characters themselves frankly called our attention to what they wished us to notice. "Lucy says," observes Miss Byron, describing an agitating scene in which she took part, "that she never saw me appear more to my advantage;" but few modern writers are so ingenuous as Richardson, and generally we receive such information less directly, though no less surely. When anything approaching a climax is in prospect, Mr. Henry James becomes unusually microscopic, and Mr. Howells provides relatives and friends to talk the situation over and impress it upon the reader. When the Lady of the Aroostook finds herself the only woman on board the vessel, we are informed through the mouths of the captain, two fellow passengers, an aunt, a great-uncle, a village minister, and still another aunt that the situation is peculiar. It is perhaps not surprising to find Mr. Richard Harding Davis checking the course of a whole revolution, — to be sure it was only a South American revolution, but still it

had some momentum, — that we may realize the impressiveness of his young soldier lying dead in the stately dining hall; and Mrs. Deland, having made her hero explain to his unsuspecting and astonished wife that their marriage is a failure, and that on the very highest moral grounds they must instantly seek a divorce, pauses at the climax of the situation to remark that "it was a strange scene." Surely even in Oklahoma such marital experiences cannot be so common that any reader would be in danger of mistaking this for an every-day occurrence.

And what makes this habit of our authors peculiarly irritating is its entire ineffectiveness; for, with the natural perversity of human nature, we persist in not being impressed with what is so carefully pointed out to us. Any reader will admit that the scenes which live longest in his memory are not those which have been pointed out with guide-board and finger-post. Fancy one of the Drumtochty villagers dying with no more in the way of a chorus about his bed than Dame Quickly; yet who will ever forget that Falstaff "babbled o' green fields" as the shadows closed in around him? Would Beatrix Esmond coming down the dark old staircase, with the candle gleaming on her bravery of scarlet ribbon and tiny high-heeled shoes, haunt us as she does, had Thackeray devoted several pages to assuring us of the picturesqueness of the scene? Or would even the adventures of the much-enduring Ulysses have lived, had they been set forth in modern style, with conscious and conscientious attention to dramatic effect?

In this tendency, I am inclined to think, both author and reader are the victims of our Zeitgeist. This is an age of introspection and self-consciousness,

and writers cannot escape the common mood. Inspiration is apt to disappear when examined under the microscope; and then what is left but to elaborate details, and make sure that the reader knows at least what was intended? Most of us find it difficult to lose ourselves in the genuine emotions of actual life. How, then, can we expect the writer to forget himself in the phantom woes of an imagined world? It is too much to ask. And yet—this is an age of experiment, too. If only some enterprising author would at least assume unconsciousness, and, merely telling his story, leave us to discover what he has attempted and how he has succeeded, with what astonished relief we should welcome him!

A CLEVER English writer, with his eye on Aristophanes and Lowell, recently suggested that Americans would do well to cultivate satire. The advice is not new. It was an early surmise of Americans themselves that this form of literature was agreeable to their temper. Freneau chose it with deliberation in Revolutionary times, and defended his choice critically. Poe, in one of his book reviews, maintained a similar opinion, though the book of which he wrote had scarcely any fame except what he gave it. The success of Lowell, who attained a moral accuracy of the judgment which was unknown to Aristophanes and to Juvenal, might seem conclusive. But satire of the kind praised by Poe failed, and Freneau long ago ceased to be read by the many. So there must be something in this matter besides national aptitude.

It may be that the moods of an age have somewhat to do with the development of satiric power. The satirist must have that which arouses his ire and his wit, and of this mankind gives him a superfluity in every age. But he may need also a background of earnest feeling in the people who group themselves, with all their peculiarities, around him.

The question is whether we are in

earnest now to the degree required. Of course we are full of ideas, good, bad, and indifferent. Nothing is too trivial for our pursuit. On the other hand, nothing is powerful enough to centralize all our thoughts. Our conduct shows that we are looking for a thought capable of dominating us. We have a downright mania for organization and experiment. We start new kinds of societies every hour in the day. We are interested in religions, and genealogies, and social hobbies, and literary will-o'-the-wisps. Half the crowd of persons who gain what is called distinction do so by starting a so-called "movement," and getting a constituency that will sneeze every time they take snuff. We are very much like that flying multitude which Dante found this side of the Styx, chasing every banner that rose. We are so nearly conscious of this fatuous vagrancy of intellect that we have coined words to mark its absurd effects. Ours is the age of "fads."

Naturally we overflow with satirical suggestion. The poet who can gather up the odds and ends of our reflections upon one another, and can combine them in one view striking enough to fix our vagabond mentality, will be read long after the journals with jokes on Jews and Irish and tramps and politicians and mothers-in-law, which furnish him with much of his material, shall have gathered the dust of oblivion. His readers will know nothing of his sources. They will wonder at his keenness of vision which sees so many peculiarities of human nature beneath the general uniformity. For the uniformity is going to be hard to penetrate. The tendency of modern life is to reduce all mankind, externally, to rigid similarity. In this process the eccentricities of life must be sacrificed, or at least concealed. People would then be conscious of traits as hidden which are now public and salient, just as we are conscious of the characteristics which would have made us in

Why have
we no Sat-
ire?

another age knights and squires and serving men, but which are now hidden in clothes all of one pattern.

It is certain that life will have to become strenuous instead of merely busy, before such a poet can gain an audience. He will not be able to rely on caricature. The day for describing Hudibras with one spur or Quixote with a paste-board helmet, or even for outlining such a starveling figure as Ichabod Crane, is long past. The exaggerated Hebrew features of contemporary prints have already ceased to be humorous. The presages of future satire are seen in those glimpses of inner nature, which, rare as they are, show that the genius of satire is not dead. It is the poet's audience that is dead, — dead to everything but its "fads."

It is noticeable that the Revolution, the **A Theme for** greatest of themes for our **Novellists.** early history, still awaits adequate treatment in fiction; yet one may remind himself that where great events of history are to be dealt with in fiction, rather than spiritual experiences or a peculiar mode of life poetical in itself, a certain lapse of time is required to add glamour to the hard reality; and in the case of our Revolution there are special reasons why an adequate treatment has been impossible hitherto. The events of that war were small in appearance, and their real magnitude can be rightly appreciated only now that the prophetic enthusiasm of the leaders of the period has become a living truth. Other causes are at work. The large inroads of strange peoples into the land, the threatened dissolution of the old homogeneous life, the longing to escape the dead level of democracy, have turned men, and especially women, to contemplate the heroic age of national creation with something of extravagant patriotism. Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Colonial Dames, and what not, seem at times a somewhat wearisome travesty of the sober Society of the Cincinnati; yet

the movement is due to the same feeling that is reflected in recent literature.

In the case of the Revolution, moreover, there is need of rather delicate handling in the use of humor. It is impossible to lend the Tory society of the colonies anything like the color and stateliness of an ancient aristocracy; but it is susceptible of humorous treatment; its mingled provinciality and pretension are the proper material for kindly irony. So, too, on the Whig side, to produce any strong impression the real democratic homespun character of the movement must be accepted; and here again there is room for irony. Valley Forge will never be vividly portrayed until the vast incongruity of the scene is grasped. The ragged mob of disheartened soldiers, the utter mismanagement of the commissariat, on the one side, and on the other side the blustering debates of Congress, — there is a motive whose picturesque humor Hugh Wynne, the best novel we have yet had on the period, quite fails to seize. But the humorous must be duly mixed with the grave. There was in the hearts of these men such a settled rage as could lead John Adams to write that he thought "medals in gold, silver, and copper ought to be struck in commemoration of the shocking cruelties, the brutal barbarities, and the diabolical impieties of this war; and these should be contrasted with the kindness, tenderness, humanity, and philanthropy which have marked the conduct of Americans towards their prisoners." Nor, if we read the relations of Freneau and others who suffered imprisonment, shall we be inclined altogether to condemn this indignation. And in the breasts of wise men there was such a hope and assurance as could lead the prudent Franklin to foresee in vision the mighty realm then founding, and to predict that by the loss of her colonies the British Empire would be brought to dissolution. The hero of the story we look for must have indignation like Adams's, and assurance like Franklin's.